

Collier's

MARCH 20, 1948

TEN CENTS

**PRESIDENTIAL
ASPIRANTS
SPEAK OUT . . .**

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MARTIN • STASSEN
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COLLIER'S

March 20, 1948

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THIS WEEK

FICTION	PAGE
MADAM PRESIDENT <i>The Serial Story. The second of five parts.</i>	By JAY FRANKLIN 14
LORD AND MASTER <i>Cleo the Cat delicately points the way.</i>	By RICHARD STERN 18
MRS. BENSON <i>She didn't like the idea of Al DeSpain doing right by her.</i>	By ERNEST HAYCOX 24
FULL-BLOODED INDIAN <i>Lonnie Ramsey was a great schemer. Even his failures were a success.</i>	By WILLIAM FULLER 28
BEWARE OF THE BABY <i>The Short Short Story.</i>	By COREY FORD 69
THE RUNAWAY <i>Ben was wrong. He thought the dog was his only friend.</i>	By RODERICK LULL 90

ARTICLES

COLLIER'S SPORTS: MONEYPAN OF THE FAIRWAYS <i>South Africa's Bobby Locke is a thorn in the side of U.S. golfers.</i>	By BILL FAY 6
WHAT WE'RE AFRAID OF <i>Getting scared too easily is a menace to our national security.</i>	By HOWARD WHITMAN 13
AND NOW WE GO BEBOP! <i>It's a new kind of jazz that's hard to sing, dance or listen to.</i>	By HARRY HENDERSON and SAM SHAW 16
THE PRESIDENTIAL ASPIRANTS SPEAK OUT <i>Eight leaders state their views on the five main election issues.</i>	By ROBERT S. ALLEN 20
FOOD FOR SPECULATION <i>About the indoor sport known as "dabbling in the grain market."</i>	By LESTER VELIE 26
JOHN N. GARNER'S STORY <i>Conclusion. At 79, the former Vice-President reviews his colorful political career.</i>	By BASCOM N. TIMMONS 30
THE YOUNG LOOK <i>Now Sub Teen girls—and boys, too—have their own fashions.</i>	By RUTH CARSON 86
THE WEEK'S MAIL	From OUR READERS 4
KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD	By FRELING FOSTER 8
THE WEEK'S WORK	By TED SHANE 10
WASHINGTON PARTY LINE	By ROBERT S. ALLEN 100
EDITORIALS:	
COLLIER'S BELIEVES: <i>That Work Will Stop Inflation • The Red Cross Needs You • In a Union of Western Europe</i>	102
COVER	By DAVID PESKIN

THE WEEK'S MAIL

ROMANCE VS. MARRIAGE

DEAR SIR: Re The End of Romantic Marriage (Jan 31st). The people of the world today seem to have a confused conception of passion and love! Their meanings are really exact opposites.

Passion means, in a fine sense, to take or get for one's self. The deeper this emotion the more inclined to disregard another's feelings. While love means to give and the deeper this emotion, the more inclined one is to give even though it hurts.

So, I reach this conclusion: Are the prospective patrons of the marriage bureau today really looking for a mate whom they will have a desire to give to? Or are they looking for a mate to give to them? Marriage should be contemplated with the desire of giving to instead of getting from.

MRS. FLOYD HALL, Winamac, Ind.

DR. COLLIER'S FOR A BED OF PAIN

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Collier's for Feb. 7th arrived today and, feeling too ill to read anything better than the kind of fiction of which there is too much in all our books and magazines, I turned first to The Third Monkey, the story of a beautiful woman who at heart was a beast!

The story is an answer to the prayer of Margie Hanasz of Seattle, Washington, who, in The Week's Mail for the same issue, wished for ugly, instead of glamorous heroines. Is this proof of our belief that prayers are answered? Thanks for relieving the pains of one not well.

ARTHUR J. SNYDER, Springfield, Idaho

WISE SAW

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: In your Jan. 24th article on Harris tweed (The Big Cloth) one picture seems to show a couple of handsaws suspended from a crosspiece of the loom for the making of Harris tweed. My time, do they have to cut the stuff with a saw? And a handsaw, at that? Come to think of it I do recall some English-built tweedy garments that had that sawy look.

SAM SMALL, Los Angeles, Cal.

The cloth wears like iron (they even make tweed chains out of it)—hence the saws.

TRAYNONTRAFIFTEENOWLEAVIFAW-CHICAGRUTLANOWIO—

- DEAR EDITOR: Your editorial (Feb. 7th) Just Tell the Passengers is a great idea but as far as Missouri Pacific Lines are concerned it seems the editor is just a little (Continued on page 38)

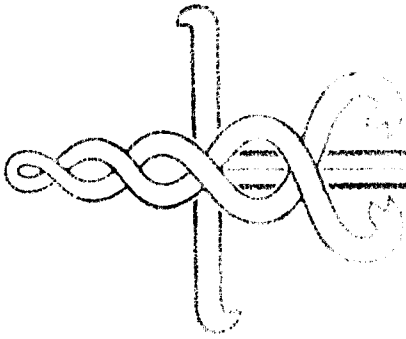
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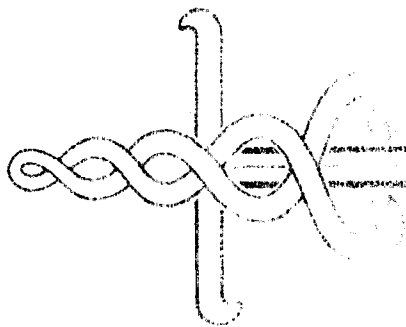
3 lines of defense against **CANCER**



YOU are the first line of defense!

Alertness is your job. It's up to you to note cancer's warnings early, while chances of cure are best. That's why you, and everyone, should learn cancer's "danger signals" (they are listed below), and

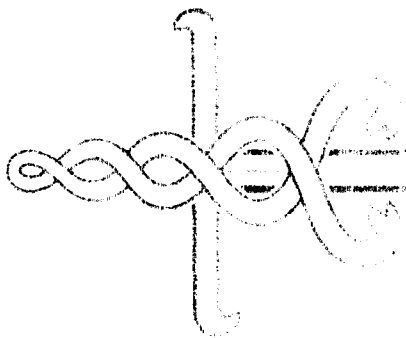
tell your doctor at once if any of these warnings appear. Sometimes cancer gives *no* warning, so it's also wise to have a thorough medical examination at least once a year.



The second line of defense is diagnosis!

This is your doctor's job. The "danger signals" are **NOT** sure signs of cancer, so it's up to your doctor to find out their cause. In many cases the doctor may advise further examination at a cancer clinic or hospital, or by a specialist. If he does, don't

be alarmed. The chances are you don't have cancer. For example, out of 654 women who visited one clinic because most of them had suspicious symptoms, *605 or 92½ per cent were found to be completely free of cancer!*



The third line of defense is prompt treatment!

There are still no drugs, no pills, no "sure cures" for cancer. The only treatments that have been successful are *surgery*, which removes the cancer, and *radiation*, which destroys it. Success often depends

upon starting treatment early. Medical experience shows that the chances of effecting a cure *are much greater* when proper treatment begins in the early stages of the disease.

These are cancer's "danger signals"

- Any unexplained lump or thickening, especially in the breast.
- Any irregular or unexplained bleeding.
- A sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips.
- Noticeable changes in the color or size of a mole or wart.
- Loss of appetite or continued unexplained indigestion.
- Any persistent change in normal elimination.
- Any persistent hoarseness or unexplained cough.

Pain is not an early symptom of cancer.

Some hopeful news about cancer

While cancer is the second greatest cause of death, exceeded only by diseases of the heart, real progress is being made in controlling it. Today, if treatment is started before the disease spreads, it is estimated that cures can be expected in 3 out of 4 cases of cancer of the breast, in 4 out of 5 cases of cancer of the mouth, and in over 9 out of 10 cases of skin cancer.

Cancer research and education are progressing through the all-out efforts of public and private agencies. But *you* are still "the first line of defense." To learn more about protecting yourself from cancer, write for Metropolitan's free booklet, "There's Something YOU Can Do About Cancer."

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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!



MONEYMAN OF THE FAIRWAYS

BY BILL FAY

JIMMY DEMARET and a group of sports writers were watching Bobby Locke chip across a water hazard at the Tam O'Shanter Club near Chicago last September. Locke chipped short into the creek and took a sopping seven. Demaret grinned at the reporters. "So Bobby's better than Ben?"

There was no malice in the question. Jimmy simply was making it plain he didn't think Locke was a better golfer than Ben Hogan (as one of the authors had written that morning). Of course, Jimmy and Ben come from Texas, and Texans stick together, but there was more than sectional pride behind Demaret's quip.

"It's like this," a top-flight American professional confided recently, "we didn't know much about Locke when he flew in from South Africa last spring. Then he gave all of us a good beating—darn' near drove us crazy with his putting. But nobody can roll the ball into the hole that way forever, and we've got a dozen players who can out-hit him from tee to green. Bobby won't win \$25,000 again this year—matter of fact, he won't finish among the first five money winners. Wait and see."

Nothing personal, you understand. The Americans like Locke. They call him Droopy Jowls and insist he's mighty spry for a man of forty. (Bobby's thirty-one, but he has that old weather-beaten look.) They appreciate Bobby's virtuosity on the banjo. They admire Bobby's nasal tenor, especially his ribald parody of Sioux City Sue which comes out "Sue Sammy Snead." The Americans like Bobby all right, but they're positive old Droopy Jowls doesn't have a chance of retaining his 1947 spot as the world's Number One golfer. Why? Well, lots of reasons.

The big reason is that Americans believe practice makes perfect. Locke believes practice makes your back ache. The average American professional, loyal to traditional Hogan methods, smacks several hundred practice shots before each tournament round, plays 18 holes under competitive tension, then practices some more.

Locke refuses to work that hard. Before tournament rounds, Bobby looks for a practice patch under a shady tree. He hits 50 balls—three or four with each club—and he's ready. Between tournaments, he keeps fit by playing 18 holes daily. "I learned how to make the shots years ago," he explains. "If you hit three good shots in warmup, why go on and hit a

dozen? You hit the eleventh poorly, and then you have to hit ten more to restore your confidence."

Strangely enough, the Americans also are somewhat critical of Locke's putting, although it was Bobby's miraculous touch on the greens that cut his average to a subpar 69.52 strokes per round last summer. American professionals putt boldly. They operate on the never-up-never-in principle. Locke putts cautiously and seldom runs past the cup. "Just-up-always-in," is the way a frustrated rival described the Locke method during the Philadelphia Inquirer tournament.

That was the meeting, incidentally, in which Locke started the final 36 holes five strokes behind Hogan—the greatest stretch runner in the game—and finished five strokes ahead. His 15-foot birdie putt on the 66th hole hesitated on the lip of the cup. Bobby took three menacing steps forward and—plop—the ball dropped in. The incident was typical of Bobby's plop-in putting all summer long. A veteran professional described this phenomenon thusly: "It was the hottest putting streak in the history of golf. When Bobby putted, the hole moved for him. However, I'm certain the bolder putting stroke used by our players will pay off with more birdies and more subpar rounds over the long run of tournaments."

The putter Locke uses is an ancient hickory-shafted affair with a rusty straight blade. Locke, Sr., a South African sporting goods dealer, entrusted the heirloom to Bobby on his 17th birthday with six prophetic words: "It will bring you luck, son."

The rusty weapon failed Locke only once last summer—in the second round of the National Open at St. Louis. Bobby three-putted one green and missed short birdie putts on three others.

In addition to being allergic to practice and forceful putting methods, Locke has another golfing peculiarity that scandalizes Americans. Bobby hits pitch-and-run approaches. He drops his iron shots in front of the green and lets the ball run up to the pin. Americans loft high backspin shots which land near the pin and dig in. They look upon the pitch-and-run as the trade-mark of a Sunday golfer.

Golf analysts, who audited Locke's 1947 record stroke for stroke, contend that old Droopy Jowls delivered his best pitch-and-run performances on open courses (wide fairways, lightly trapped greens). These analysts pre-

dict rougher going for Bobby this summer because many important tournaments are scheduled for closed courses (narrow fairways, tightly trapped greens). Example: The Riviera Club in Los Angeles, site of the National Open, June 10-12, is one of the half-dozen most difficult layouts in the Western Hemisphere.

Trap-pocked Riviera favors Hogan's pin-point approaches and works against Locke's croquet run-ups. Hogan won the Los Angeles Open for the third time at Riviera last January with a record 275. Locke, launching his second American invasion in the same event, finished in a ninth-place tie at 287 after fading to a last-round 76.

No Golf Tips for Gratis

Locke's idiosyncrasies are not confined to the fairways. Bobby is a gifted conversationalist but, for financial reasons, he rarely talks about golf. Bobby just doesn't believe in handing out golf information for the aesthetic pleasure of being quoted in newspapers and magazines.

This profound reticence—unheard of in loquacious locker-room circles—was exposed in spectacular fashion when a reporter for a national news weekly asked Locke to pose for a front-cover picture.

"I'd be happy to," Locke smiled. "The fee will be \$200."

The reporter replied that Harry Truman, Albert Einstein and Douglas MacArthur, all well-known people in their fields, had posed for covers for nothing. It would be a cold day somewhere or other, the reporter added, before Locke received a \$200 bonus for accepting a million dollars' worth of publicity.

This brief exchange eliminated any need for a photographer.

Naturally, Locke's reluctance to speak freely on golfing subjects did nothing to detract from his international reputation for thrift. Indeed, the pros concede that Bobby is far and away the most frugal member of their profession—no mean distinction, because few professionals ever have been mistaken for a Howard Hughes press agent.

When Bobby developed a blister on his right heel as his earnings passed the \$20,000 mark last August, a reporter inquired, "What's wrong with Locke?"

"Nothing," snapped a disgruntled rival whose earnings were off about \$5,000 due to Locke's presence. "You'd limp, too, if you carried that much dough around in your shoe."

At least half a dozen of Locke's contemporaries will testify they have never seen Bobby break a dollar bill. They admit he carries some small change in his watch pocket, but they insist this securely buttoned cache is so deep that Bobby's arm disappears to the elbow everytime he buys a newspaper, which isn't often.

The American pros have no reason to suspect that Bobby will become a lavish spender on his second whirl around the tournament circuit, but they're confident he will be more prodigal with his putts. An old campaigner stated the American position in simple terms. "If Locke beats us again, I'll admit I've been playing this game all wrong. I'll stop practicing and start playing the banjo every afternoon from four to six."

Obviously, somebody is wrong, because Locke fully expects to go on winning. Bobby never underestimates his ability. After the war, he played in the Inter-Allied matches at Rome and became friendly with Dugan Aycock, an American professional. Bobby also followed Stateside tournaments closely in the Rome edition of Stars and Stripes. One day he asked Aycock:

"How would I make out against the Americans?"

"Oh, you might finish in the first ten," Aycock replied.

"Really," Locke murmured, "are they that good?"

Considering what the Americans think of Locke, and what Locke thinks of Locke, it should be a jolly summer for the fairway financiers. ★★★

COLLIER'S
SPORTS



DRAWINGS BY GEORGE HARRINGTON

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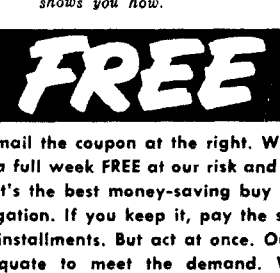
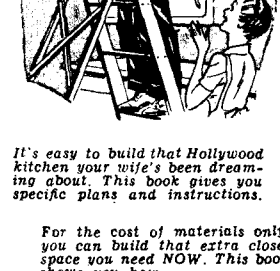
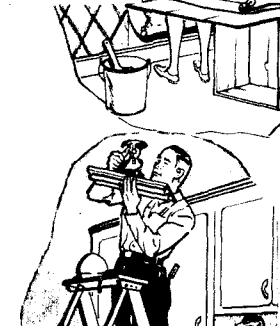
'In Detroit, a painter quoted a price of \$55 for painting a seaholder's door! Near Philadelphia, a bricklayer's bill was for 2 days' work. In Los Angeles, a 25-minute plastering cost \$25! In Pittsburgh, an indignant home owner got a bill for \$80 for 16 pieces of slate on a leaking roof!—N. Y. NEWS You can save such exorbitant costs and "do-it-yourself" at a cost of pennies where your neighbors have to spend dollars. THE COMPLETE HOME HANDYMAN'S GUIDE gives you all the information you need to do a professional job of repairing or improving any part of your house from cellar to chimney—indoors or outdoors.

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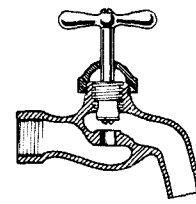
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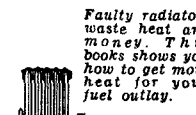
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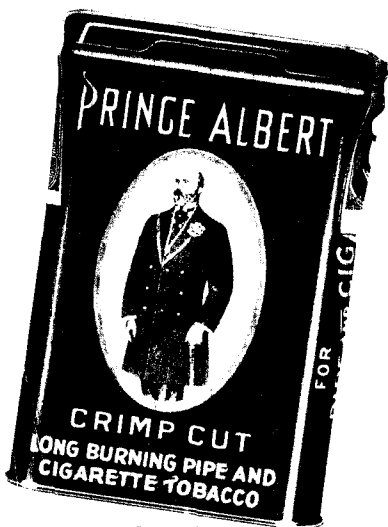
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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

GEORGE DE ZAYAS



BY
FRELING
FOSTER

A new radio device, worn under the coat, enables a watchman, policeman or prison guard to send a silent signal for help to a central office machine that sounds a buzzer, flashes a light and prints the man's identification number on a tape. The wearer can send the signal unnoticed by touching a button in his shirt cuff, by raising his arms if held up, or by falling on and squeezing a small rubber bulb attached to his belt in case he is slugged.

In 1150 in Alresford, England, a Mrs. Mabella Tichborne on her deathbed expressed her hatred of the selfishness of her wealthy husband by placing the Tichbornes under a curse—that, unless they gave a gift of flour to the villagers each year on Lady Day, March 25th, the family line and name would die through a generation producing only daughters. So the dole has been distributed throughout these 798 years except between 1796 and 1835, during which time the Tichborne who stopped it became the father of seven girls, which restored his respect for the curse and the custom.

One of the most incredible cases of mistaken identity occurred a number of years ago in Haverstraw, New York. A man named Hoag settled there, got a job, made many friends, married and then disappeared, after six months, when it was learned he already had a wife. Two years later, a Mr. Parker moved to the town and was promptly tried for bigamy. Besides a dozen other witnesses, Hoag's former employer and even Mrs. Hoag herself positively identified Parker as Hoag. To climax her testimony, Mrs. Hoag claimed that her husband had a long red scar on his right foot. Whereupon Parker showed the court he had no such scar—and the trial was over.

The House of Reuss, which ruled two German principalities between 1120 and 1918, followed the curious custom of giving the name Henry to all its male members. Thus, they had to be distinguished by numbers, the last of the line being Heinrich LXXXIV, or Henry the 84th.

Professional gamblers are so numerous in Nevada today that they constitute the state's fourth largest occupational group, the three exceeding it being, in order, those of farmers, miners and railroad workers.

The extravagance of Louis XVI, whose reign was ended in 1793 by the French Revolution, is exemplified today by a collection of some 300 of his royal court dance programs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. About the size and shape of a deck of cards, their lavishly designed cases are made of gold, studded with gems, and bear a miniature painted on ivory. As no two cases were ever alike and the most famous goldsmiths, jewelers and painters of Europe were engaged to produce them, the number given to the ladies at a single ball may have cost as much as \$500,000.

During an investigation of loan sharks in 1938, an illegal firm in Dallas was found to be collecting from its destitute customers interest at the rate of 585 per cent annually. For example, one of its victims, to settle a hospital bill, borrowed \$20 for which he was charged \$2.25 a week. When his case was discovered in this investigation nine years later, the man still owed the \$20 loan, although the interest he had paid on it amounted to \$1,053.

When the Democrats and Republicans conclude their national conventions in Philadelphia this summer, they will have held, since becoming distinct political parties in 1856, a total of 48 of these conventions in 13 cities. Nineteen were in Chicago, seven in Philadelphia, five in St. Louis, three in Baltimore and Cincinnati, two in Cleveland, Kansas City and New York; and one in Charleston, Denver, Houston, Minneapolis and San Francisco.

On April 30, 1889, this country celebrated the only national holiday in its history. Created by an act of Congress, it was the "Centennial Anniversary of the Inauguration of the First President of the United States."

Among the new devices on the latest—and 22d—yacht of an American millionaire is an exhaust system for the Diesel engines that blows the gas and smoke underwater and behind the vessel for a distance of 500 feet.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission.

"But, darling, what's wrong with hiring a baby sitter?"

ASKED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW



"WHO SAID THERE was anything wrong with hiring a baby sitter?" boomed Elmer, the bull. "I simply said a mother should do her own sitting."

"But, sweet," protested Elsie, the Borden Cow, "a mother should get away from her baby now and then. It's good for both of them."

"What's so confounded good about it?" demanded Elmer.

"Why," answered Elsie, "it teaches a child not to become too dependent on just one person. And it gives the mother a chance to get around and hear new things."



"THE WORLD'S TASTIEST SQUFFLES are made with Borden's Chateau. So fluffy, so light! Chateau omelettes are wonderful, too. And a nice cut of Chateau with your apple pie makes it set just right!" says Elsie.

"It also gives one mother I could name," snapped Elmer, "a chance to gabble, gabble, gabble about Borden's!"

"How right you are, dear," giggled Elsie. "Right now I'm simply perishing to tell folks about Borden's Fine Cheeses. I want every soul in the country to try Borden's Chateau.* It has a grand mellow-mild Cheddar flavor that's deep-down satisfying."

"I'd be satisfied," mumbled Elmer, "with a little of that grand, old, deep-down silence."

"It's hard to be silent about a cheese food you can



use a hundred different ways, dear," said Elsie. "Chateau slices, spreads, melts! Makes the most delectable sandwiches you ever put in your mouth."

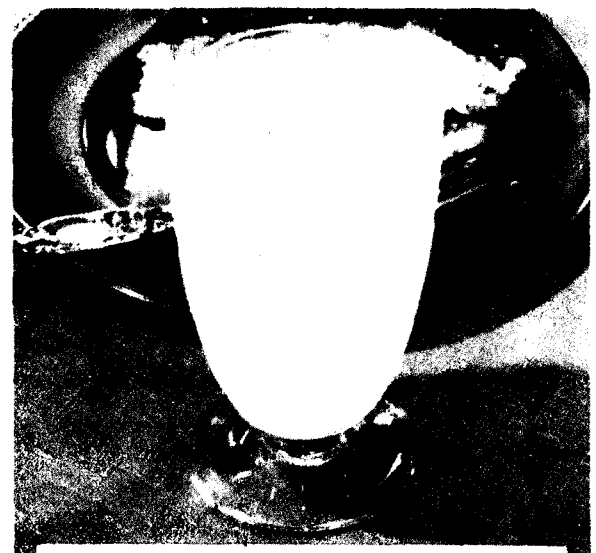
"Every time I open my mouth," groaned Elmer, "you fill my ears with Borden's."



"I'd like to fill everybody's ears," said Elsie, "with the facts about milk—Borden's Milk . . . Do you know what's the world's most economical way to add nourishment to your family's diet?"

"Suppose I answer no?" parried Elmer.

"Then I'd tell you," conceded Elsie. "I'd say: give your family more milk with meals and between meals, and serve more dishes made with milk. As you will know, penny for penny, your best food buy is milk."



"BE WISE AND BE THRIFTY!" says Elsie. "Serve more dishes made with Borden's Milk. Milk gives folks high-quality nourishment economically. In fact, penny for penny your best food buy is milk!"



- If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!

"And I suppose," snorted Elmer, "you tell your baby sitter to spend the pennies you pay her for Borden's Milk."

"No, dear," grinned Elsie, "but it's a good idea. Milk supplies vitamins, minerals, proteins and other good things everybody needs—"

"Must you go on, woman?" groaned Elmer. "Everybody and his brother know that Borden's Milk is good stuff."

"How right you are, angel," beamed Elsie. "As I always say — if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Simoniz "Builds-Up" Your Car's Beauty!



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It's true—in less time than ever your car can have that lasting, "brighter-than-new" look! The first quick step is Simoniz Kleener (liquid if slightly dull—paste if unusually drab). This brings out all the brilliance and luxurious color you've dreamed of. Then, to protect the glamorous new finish and keep colors from fading—apply famous Simoniz. After that, only a dry cloth is needed to preserve this wondrous new beauty for months.

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SIMONIZ

THE WEEK'S WORK



MARTIN HARRIS

Photographer Martin Harris and Editors Banks and Fowler working (?) to get models "in the mood" for The Young Look

ONE day we hardened cynics of the pen looked up to find ourselves up to our harnesses in child life. In preparation for Ruth Carson's *The Young Look* (p. 86), Collier's had been descended upon by all the kute kiddie models of New York and vicinity and had been turned into a baby farm. As Mr. Calvosa, the Picture Man, "bounced dream-faced urchins on his knee, the rest of the rascals got lessons in type-writing, looked over the rejection slips, squirted the water fountain, put in personal calls, entertained the secretaries, and almost turned Mr. Davenport into a baby sitter.

Then suddenly it was over; and the Pied Piper drew them away. It's taken days for us cynics to reharden.

RELUCTANCE is the word for the fictioneer Richard Martin Stern (Lord and Master, p. 18). Born, he says reluctantly, at Fresno, California, in 1915, he was educated reluctantly at a trail of schools from Berkeley to Cambridge, Massachusetts. "Picked up a vaccination of learning at each stop," he says, without reluctance, "the vaccinations taking so well that by the time I was twelve, I was practically immune to all forms of the stuff."

Married unreluctantly in '37, for a time his family consisted of his wife, and an imaginary badger named Bessie, who later became mother to five small badgers, all named Dorothy after Mrs. Stern. This predated Harvey by centuries, Stern insists.

Like a true artist Stern lists his various periods: the Stern ditchdigging period, the Stern truck-driving, grave-digging, fruit-tramping, cement-pouring, aircraft-building and publicity-writing periods. "Best of all," he reluctantly admits, "are the Stern beachcombing periods at Balboa Island, with all the free-lance hazards of swimming, sunning, sailing, no shaving and hatred of shoe-wearing."

THE serial: *Madam President* (p. 14). "People these days," says Jay Franklin (John Franklin Carter), "read the comic strips before the editorials and the columnists; prefer slapstick to Shakespeare; and would rather laugh than worry about the problems of an intelligent young Negro, or a likable Jew who can't get into the country club.

"The way the world looks, the only defense against the atom bomb, the Beast of Moscow and the Truman Back-Balcony is laughter. So when the thought flashed on me that Lysistrata, with the plot turned inside out, and the farce element centered romantically on politics instead of sex, might make up into a tasty dish of fun, I wrote *Madam President*."

No political ignoramus, Franklin confesses to fifty, a term at Yale ('19), a hobby of double Manhattans sans cherries, and a habit of work. He's been in the diplomacy business, and as a cheer leader for F.D.R. and the New Deal he long wrote a Washington syndicated column.

"My world-saving days are now over," he confesses, "even if the piping days of peace remind me of one thing: When the national income rises, the Franklin income falls, and vice versa. Like the doctor and the undertaker."

MANY honors come to many men, but Walter Davenport is proud of the latest distinction to be thrust on him. Mayor Carl G. Bachmann of Wheeling, West Virginia, has bestowed upon our editor and leader the title of Honorary Rat Catcher, a new organization founded by that sterling municipality. The mayor says it's because of Mr. Davenport's efforts in "the current national campaign to rid the country of rats and their accompanying germs, and their wasteful activities." (Deadliest Enemy, by Frank Dufresne, Dec. 13, 1947, and V.D. for Sale, by Henderson and Shaw, Nov. 23, 1946.)

With the appointment comes a handsome, shiny certificate decorated with the gold seal of Wheeling, and the society's charm: a scale-model rattap, along with the authorization for Mr. Davenport to indulge in the "Gentlemen's Sport" of rat catching in any way he wishes.

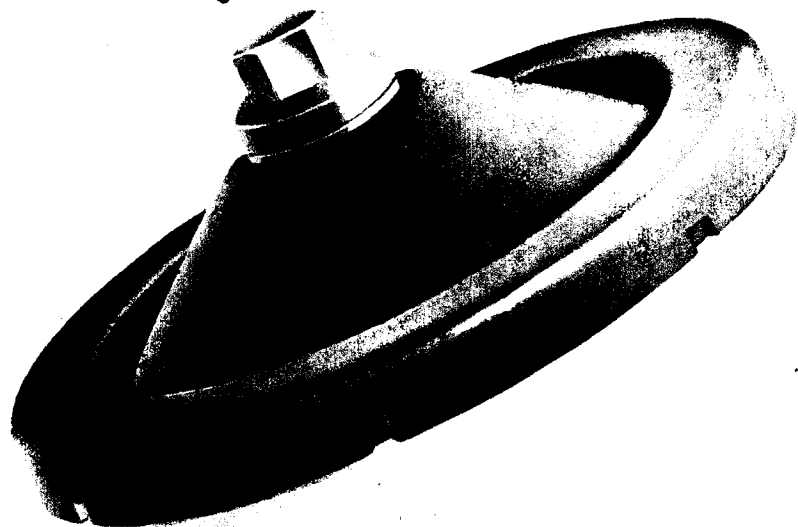
This week's cover: Lucky Dog. David (Goliath) Peskin, lolling in Hollywood, spotted Ann Blythe at lunch in the Universal-International commissary, tagged her immediately as the Ideal Cover Girl. Next day with the help of Spotty, a rugged Dalmatian, Peskin shot sweet-faced Ann on the U.-I. lot. Ann will be seen as the mermaid in the movie, Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid. . . . TED SHANE



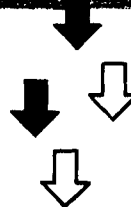
DORY-ANN

Richard Stern

A BIG HUSKY!



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The walls and cover are thick and sturdy. The cover gasket fits into a machined recess in the cover, and presses down against another machined seat on the top edge of the filter wall—double protection against leakage.



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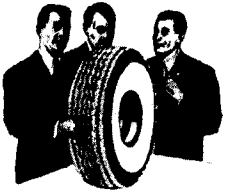
Under its handsome baked gloss finish, the "5-Star Quality" AC Oil Filter has an extra heavy metal case and cover which resist denting . . . assure perfect fit . . . cannot change form . . . and add to the durability of the entire unit. This rugged construction means that the thorough filtration which is engineered into AC Oil Filters will continue to serve you as long as you need it.

In structural features, as in filtering principles, AC's "5-Star Quality" Oil Filters are built to AC's highest standards. Ask your service man about them. There's a "5-Star Quality" Oil Filter for nearly every make of engine . . . and a Replacement Element for nearly every make of oil filter.

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Car makers say, "No tire ever did what this one does!"

NEW SUPER-CUSHION RUNS ON 24 LBS. OF AIR;
GIVES AMAZINGLY SOFTER RIDE, BETTER CAR
HANDLING; CUTS WEAR ON YOUR CAR



AUTO makers couldn't be-
lieve any tire could do what
Goodyear's Super-Cushion
does till they tested it them-
selves. Then they said:

"This tire makes a great
improvement in the performance of the mod-
ern motor car. It's the biggest tire advance in
15 years!"

They quickly ordered this new *kind* of tire
for their new cars. Super-Cushions will do won-
ders for *your* car, too. Here's why—

CONVENTIONAL TIRE



28 to 32 lbs.
of air
pressure

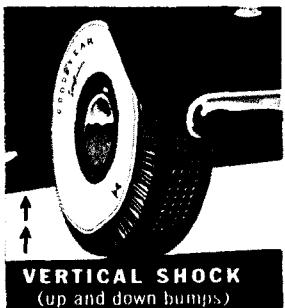
SUPER-CUSHION



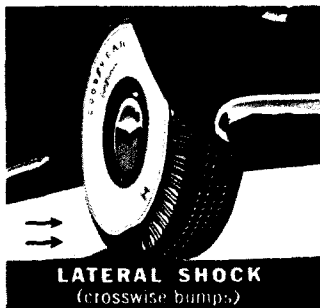
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-But only 24 lbs.
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1. Softer ride — easier, safer car handling!
The Super-Cushion is bigger and *softer*. It
runs on *only 24 pounds* of air instead of 28 to 32.

You get a noticeably smoother, *softer* ride.
And until you drive a car equipped with Super-
Cushions, you can't imagine what ease and
security they bring to car handling. Your car
seems to *hug* the road, to *float* through traffic,
to *flow* around turns!



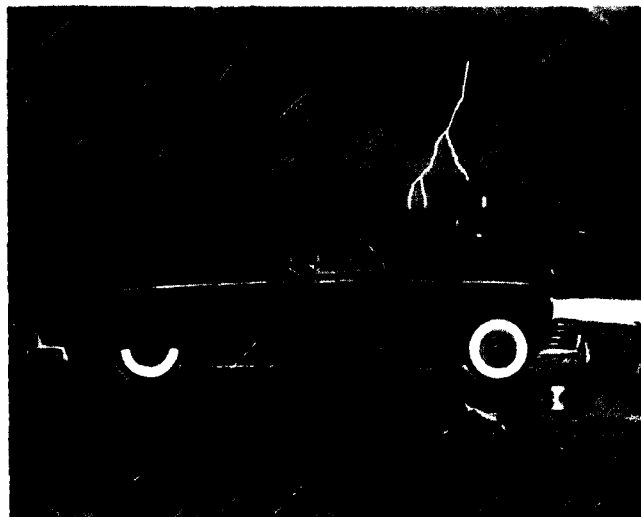
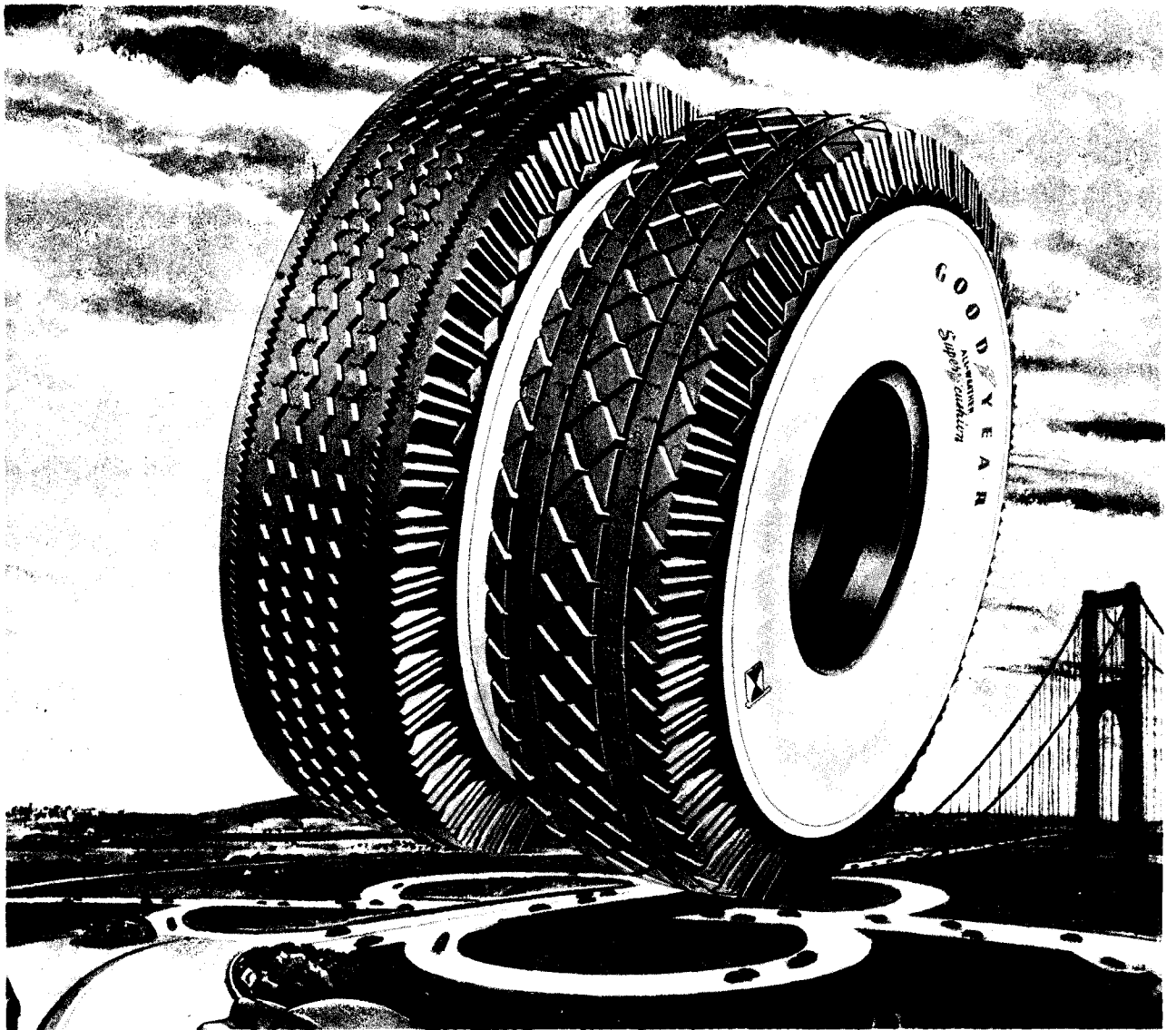
VERTICAL SHOCK
(up and down bumps)



LATERAL SHOCK
(crosswise bumps)

2. Reduces rattles, cuts car repairs! Con-
ventional tires and springs absorb vertical
shock. But till Goodyear designed the Super-
Cushion, lateral shock was one of the few problems
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Pillowy Super-Cushions *soak up* these cross-
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driving fatigue, less wear on your car, fewer rattles,
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3. Super-Cushions give greater mileage!
Super-Cushions run cooler, build up less
pressure. Because they're softer, they "roll with
the punch," are harder to cut, bruise, or blow
out.

Thus Super-Cushions consistently average more
mileage than the finest standard tires!

Two other Super-Cushion advantages: On a
small car, they give the riding comfort and feel-
ing of stability you get in a big car. They vastly
improve the appearance of your car!

For the smoothest, safest ride you've ever had,
more mileage and greater car economy, switch to
Super-Cushions—whether your car is used or new.
They'll make a big difference in its road perform-
ance. So see your Goodyear dealer now. If he doesn't
have your size at the moment, he'll have it soon.

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

The new *Super cushion*
by **GOODYEAR**



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WHAT WE'RE AFRAID OF

**BY HOWARD
WHITMAN**

Americans—of all people—are scared well nigh out of their wits of three things. This story tells how that very fear can help make those things happen

I SAID to a friend, "My daughter is nearly six years old. I think I will put in her application at Sarah Lawrence College for the freshman class of 1960."

And the friend replied, "Don't be a fool. By 1960 Sarah Lawrence College will be one fused mass of stone and steel. You'll be atomized by that time, too, and so will your daughter, and so will the whole blithering planet."

"But—"

"And if World War III doesn't get you, the next depression will. You'll be too broke to send your daughter to college."

"Well—"

"Say, haven't you heard of B.W.—biological warfare? Talk about giving America back to the Indians! We're going to give the world back to the bugs!"

You could get the same arguments from the headlines:

**LANDON SAYS U.S. TEETERS ON
ABYSS OF ANOTHER WAR**

**STRATEMEYER WARNS OF
"WAR AT ANY TIME"**

**BULLITT DECLARES SOVIETS
MOBILIZE TO ATTACK U.S.**

**DR. COMPTON WARNS WAR
OF GERMS LOOMS**

Is it as bad as all that? Or could it be that the boys on the rim—the copyreaders who write newspaper headlines—are throwing us a curve without intending to? The boss copyreader will fling a headline back if it hasn't got plenty of zing, so naturally they try to make it a four-alarm fire every time a public figure strikes a match. When a wise man says something, it can be hopped up with a "scare head." When a blatherskite talks, it is front page automatically.

Scaring ourselves has become a national sport. The big straw-poll takers report that 63 per cent of the people in this forlorn land of peace and plenty expect another war within twenty-five years. That's a 100 per cent increase in war jitters since 1945.

A levelheaded soul like Roger Babson, the New England economist, spreads his money into twenty banks within a 350-mile radius of Eureka, Kansas—to keep it safe, he says, from World War III "if and when." Less levelheaded souls scout through Colorado, looking for a mythical "lead-lined valley" to insulate them from radioactivity. A new housing project 60 miles from Chicago advertises it is out of range of radioactive mists in case atom bombs plop in Lake Michigan. (Continued on page 40)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

**DR. COMPTON WARNS
WAR OF GERMS LOOMS**

**Stratemeyer Warns Of
"War At Any Time"**

**U.S. Teeters On Abyss
Of Another War**



SOVIETS MOBILIZE TO ATTACK U.S.!

MADAM PRESIDENT

BY JAY FRANKLIN

CONTINUING A STORY OF LOVE AND INTRIGUE IN THE WHITE HOUSE



His hand was jerked forward and up and a hard shoulder oofed him in the solar plexus. Art crashed to the floor

The Story:

In smoke-filled hotel rooms at a national convention, slim, silver-haired Senator JAMES HUNTOON, a Party boss with the face of a priest, is adroitly double-crossing his original choice for the Presidential candidacy, Governor ALEXANDER HARRISON, a handsome Westerner, who hates women in public life, and has his own definite ideas about taxes and foreign policy.

Huntoon has become so alarmed about Harrison's increasing disregard for Party policy, that he is secretly switching his support to JONATHAN BECK, a far more docile candidate who offends no one because he stands for nothing.

For the success of his plans, Huntoon needs the pledged votes held by MIRANDA BRUCE, attractive and courageous young widow who is also a candidate. In a move to win her votes he offers to nominate her to the Vice-Presidency as running mate to Harrison. As he had expected, both Harrison and Miranda reject the offer; neither can accept the other's views on women in politics.

ARTHUR URN, astute young reporter, who is falling in love with MARY SMITH, redheaded secretary to Mrs. Bruce, sees through Huntoon's plans to squeeze out Mrs. Bruce and get her votes. He convinces Mrs. Bruce of the Senator's insincerity, then, with her consent, he quickly makes a secret deal with Jonathan Beck, who doesn't yet know of Huntoon's switch.

Mrs. Bruce is to use her votes to get Beck the nomination, in return for his promise to make her his Vice-President. Under Harrison, her program would have been defeated; under Beck it has a chance.

At the convention hall, the double cross is on.

II

ARICH Dixie voice resounded through the packed building: "Alabamah is proud to cast sixteen patriotic American votes for that great statesman, Jonathan Beck of Indiana!"

Again a roar, but this time different. The bull was in the center of the arena, the blood trickling down his heaving flanks, his eyes fixed on the mocking cape and gleaming sword of the dainty-stepping matador. He's had it, thought Urn, and glanced at the governor.

Harrison sat there solidly, smiling and watching the shrieking delegates tossing their state banners, as Huntoon's well-oiled machine began to mow him down. The rest, obviously, would be butchery. Arizona loyally crashed through with six Harrison votes, and California stayed in line, but when the first Bruce state came up—it was Connecticut—Anne Price called into the floor mike: "Connecticut casts fifteen votes for Jonathan Beck, one vote for Miranda Bruce." And the crowd went mad again.

Urn slipped through the intervening rows of seats and sat down beside the stricken candidate.

"Well, Arthur, this is what you might call a surprise," Harrison remarked cheerfully.

"I wanted to tell you this was all set when I saw you yesterday," Urn shouted above the tumult, "but I couldn't break a confidence."

"That's all right," Harrison roared back. "Serves you right for teaming up with Huntoon in the first place."

There was another roar. Delaware's six votes went for Beck, as Clyde Morrow rushed for the band wagon.

"Got a statement for the Record?" Urn yelled to Harrison.

"None that's fit to print, but I've got one for this convention," the governor yelled back. "You wait and see me fix Huntoon."

The gangling Westerner got to his feet and clawed his way through the crowd around the microphones. As the galleries caught sight of his white sombrero above the pink gleaming pates and red, mouthing faces, there was a fresh roar, a few cowboy yips and then a strange silence.

"Folks," said Harrison. "I'm asking all my delegates to vote for Senator Beck. Let's make it unanimous."

The shout that answered him was partly relief that the governor had not kicked over the traces. As Harrison turned away from the rostrum, the organ boomed *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow!*—which brought a fresh burst of cheers. He saw Senator Beck beaming at him. He grasped his hand and shook it warmly before the grinding movie cameras, saying with the pleasantest smile in the world, "Jonathan you old horse thief, I'm going to get you for this."

"Great going, Governor!" It was Huntoon, who rushed up with outstretched hand.

Harrison shook hands and beamed anew. "Jim," he said, "I'm not forgetting this."

"Wait a minute, Governor, while I recess this convention," Huntoon shouted. "I want to—"

As the crowd fell back to let the loser pass, he found his way blocked by the slender figure of Miranda Bruce. She was not smiling and their glances clashed like crossed swords.

"Mr. Harrison," she said quietly. "I misjudged you. You are a bigger man than I thought you were. I'm sorry it had to be this way."

He did not offer to shake hands, but just bowed slightly. "Well, ma'am," he observed, "at least you've proved I'm right about women in politics when you go for a pussycat like Beck because you don't like a man to speak his mind."

"I'm sorry you've been hurt," Miranda said, "but—"

Harrison laughed. "Don't you worry about me, ma'am," he replied. "You take care of yourself. You'll need to from now on."

"Governor!" It was Jim Huntoon plucking at his sleeve. "I've got to see you. Meet me down under the rostrum."

"Okay, Jim. I'll be there. Good luck, Mrs. Bruce."

Miranda stared after him as he strode down the unpainted pine stairs toward Huntoon's special hideaway under the speakers' platform. Darn it. Beck was a pussycat—

"Darling, you were wonderful! But wonderful!" and she was engulfed in a swirl of orchid-covered, bosomy women of the Old Guard. She wondered whether Beck would keep his

word about the Vice-Presidency. Well, even if he didn't she'd made some history. She might be in the schoolbooks, along with Lucy Stone and Mary Bloomer.

As Harrison entered Huntoon's oasis and gratefully received the tall iced bourbon and soda which the senator handed him, he saw that only Huntoon and Beck were present. Obviously, the boss was keeping Nearing out of the way for the present.

HUNTOON said abruptly, "It was a dirty trick, A.H., but I had to do it. That tax speech of yours knocked the bottom out of your campaign. New York kicked and there wasn't time to backtrack. Senator Beck here had no part of it."

"He bought up my delegations, didn't he?"

"No, A.H.," Huntoon objected. "I sold them. That's different. I'm responsible. After you turned down Miranda Bruce you didn't stand a chance."

"She turned me down," the governor replied. "You expected that, didn't you, Jim? So she'd boomerang to Beck?"

The boss nodded. "I arranged the Beck-Bruce deal," he admitted.

"Just a minute, Jim," purred Beck. "The goblins will git you ef you don't watch out. No, Little Orphant Annie herself sent over and made a deal with me before you got in touch with me. She's a mighty smart politician, Jim—for a woman."

"Well," Huntoon admitted. "She may have got ahead of me there, Senator, but she did what I wanted her to do, so it's all the same. Now about this Vice-Presidential job, it's obvious we can't put a woman on the ticket."

"Did you promise her the job?" Harrison inquired.

"No, Governor, I did not. I told her I'd support her for it. I didn't say I'd do it successfully."

Harrison laughed. "The same deal I got, eh? Someday, Jim, you'll have to double-cross yourself, because there won't be anybody left."

"How about you, A.H.?" Huntoon asked. "Why don't you take second place on the ticket and maintain Party harmony?"

"Jim," Harrison's voice was perfectly pleasant, "I wouldn't take a place on your ticket if I was the last man in the Party. You double-crossed me out of the nomination and I reckon I'll stay double-crossed."

"You won't do anything to split the Party, Governor?" Beck asked anxiously. "No woman's worth that."

"One was worth the Trojan War," said Harrison, "but I'm not saying what I'm going to do. Sure I acted the good sport up there when you were putting the hooks into me. But this is politics and I'm damned if I'm going to stand for being spilled on my ear by a woman."

(Continued on page 71)

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



As the crowd fell back he found his way blocked by Miranda Bruce. Their glances clashed like swords. "Mr. Harrison," she said, "I misjudged you"



AND NOW WE GO

You can't sing it. You can't dance it. Maybe you can't even stand it. It's bebop. Collier's sent a couple of musical-minded reporters out to listen to it. They came back bebop

BY HARRY HENDERSON AND SAM SHAW

MAN, if you want to save jazz as we know it," said a Chicago musician sadly, "you had better get busy on your old trombone."

What he meant was that the old Dixieland foundation is rocking, the joint's jumping, the bonga's bonging, and the younger generation's "gone." The cause of all this is something called bebop, probably the first revolution ever blown in on a horn. Its leading exponents are two brilliant young musicians named "Yardbird" Parker and "Dizzy" Gillespie, who have turned up with a saxophone and a trumpet to blow down the walls of Dixieland jazz.

But what brought the plaintive note into the Chicago musician's tone was the fact that more young musicians are trying to play bebop in that city—famous as the Northern spawning ground of Dixieland jazz—than anywhere else in our land. To worshipers of Bix Beiderbecke, this is the dirtiest trick of the decade.

Even without Chicago, bebop has precipitated the greatest jazz controversy since the Dixieland school was revived over a decade ago. Generally speaking, you can't sing it and you

can't dance it. It is, to use the expression of a bewildered jazz man, "head music." These abstract and intellectual qualities make bebop cles. "These birds," said one dance-hall manager, "are killing the goose that laid the golden egg."

Partisanship over the question: To be or not to bop, as Music World termed it, is intense and louder than any brass section in the world. The anti-bop school says it's a fad; the boppers say it is the music of the future.

Perhaps the strangest aspect of this battle for the All-American Ear has been that the bebop faction has swiped the terminology of the political world and applies it with abandon to the music world. Under this kind of system you can come to look upon Benny Goodman and Louis Armstrong as "reactionary, vested interests" who fail to recognize the merits of bebop because they've got their money tied up in Dixieland. Naturally, this is some mixture to smoke, us. This isn't our opium.

In order to proceed in some orderly fashion, we had better explain

that all of jazz is divided today into two countries. One of these is the land of bebop, and the other is the land of moldy figs. The bebops, or bops as they are known in the jazz mills, call themselves progressive musicians, by which they mean they believe music styles change, and that while the past jazz masters were great, that was yesterday.

On the other hand, the moldy figs, while decrying the strappy outfits, are certain that the greatest jazz ever played was New Orleans-style jazz, out of which came Chicago style and a later development, Benny Goodman's swing. The bops lump them all together as "Dixieland," but the purists want their jazz played the way it was played in New Orleans in 1915. Hence the name "moldy figs." (Even when you discuss it, you go bebop.)

Bebop represents a revolt, not only from the monumental corn of big band arrangements but from the rigidity of tradition. Consequently, the boppers have cast aside many traditional jazz ideas and forms and introduced new effects. The melody, for example, doesn't linger on. It's gone—or is only occasionally perceptible. Instead the boppers strive for dis-

sonance, or as many boppers put it, "new interesting sounds." There are swift changes of key and the simple danceable rhythms are gone. You have to be an extremely accomplished musician to attempt bop. It helps too if you happen to be more than slightly neurotic.

You can get a pretty fair idea of the difference between bop and Dixie by listening to Mr. Louis Zuccaro, who is major-domo of the pantry of Jazz, Limited, a swank Dixie palace in Chicago. Louis used to play a trumpet years ago and he says, "I dug that bebop for two months and I broke my back. The truth of the matter is that bebop is incoherent. Now that's no way to write a letter. When Louis Armstrong plays, he writes a letter. It says, 'Dear Joe, I am now in St. Louis. It is a sad city but I like it here. There is lots of night life and lots of fun, though sometimes things get blue. I wish you were here with me because we might have some fun together.' Yours truly, Louis Armstrong." See, you understand everything he says when he plays. "But," adds Zuccaro, shaking his head, "when Gillespie plays, you don't understand anything. It begins,

Collier's for March 20, 1948

Left: Drummer Mickey Scrima gave up big-name bands in order to play a bop drum in a swank strip-tease club in Chicago. Right, Charlie "Yardbird" Parker, co-creator of bop, jamming with Tommy Potter. Even anti-boppers rate "the bird" as tops



PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS

'Yours truly, Dizzy Gillespie, sad mad fun Dear Joe St. Louis.' See, it's incoherent. Doesn't make a bit of sense."

Probably most boppers would agree with Zuccaro's description, which makes this the logical place to explain that among boppers the highest praise you can give a performance is to say it is "really crazy" or "really mad."

The impulse of most first listeners to bebop is to run. Some obey that impulse.

Naturally, this affects the "gate," as one saloonkeeper put it. Consequently, bop isn't played just anywhere and most boppers, except its leading exponents, are unemployed, which may be regarded as good news. They survive by playing reactionary music for meals and playing bop for kicks in jam sessions.

Some boppers carry their idealism to the starvation point. One musician, who shall mercifully be nameless, wouldn't tell us in the presence of other bops where he played. Later he confessed he was taking moldy-fig money—\$150 a week. What brought him to this lowly state, he confessed, was that he had formed a bop combo

—a small band—played a solid four weeks on Fifty-second Street. "But after that, we couldn't get any engagements. It's too advanced for the public. So I hadda go back to my fig job. But don't tell anyone."

This has been the fate of innumerable bops. Last fall a combo was formed because a bop knew a hotel manager who needed a small band for his dining room. "But," said the idealistic bops, "we want no interference. We're progressive and we wanna play the way we like."

The manager shrugged. "Sure," he said, "play the way you like. What I want is music."

It was the open door. The boys crawled on the stand that night, happy as larks, and bopped off. The flight of the frightened patrons was so prompt that within ten minutes the bops had been canned. "But you said we could play our own style," they protested.

"Yah-yah," screamed the distraught manager, "but I said, *music!*"

It is music, the boppers are insisting, and they now claim to have won over the majority of young musicians and young jazz fans. Its nonplaying

(Continued on page 88)

Pete Messina, bop trumpeter, practices in dressing room of Pandy Morgan and Sandra. Boppers complain many spots won't hire them





CLEO—this was the name which Cook, with fine historical taste, bestowed upon the stranger—arrived in the middle of the morning.

Vincent, the McCoy monkey, saw her first and from his vantage point in the great oak tree set up an excited chattering, thereby calling out the reserves in the form of Joe who was dozing amongst the carnations. His duty done, Vincent retired to another, higher branch, and settled himself to watch the stranger's ejection.

Through the flowers and onto the drive, Joe stalked. In his movements there was unhurried efficiency; in the set of his great head and in the swell of his shoulders, there was purpose, fixed and inexorable. He eyed the approaching Cleo, noting the sedate dignity of her trot, the lift to her long tail and the brisk curl of her whiskers. She spoke once, in a chirruping throaty cry, half purr, half greeting. Then she slowed to a walk and continued without haste until her nose touched Joe's. Joe drew back and the belligerence faded from his attitude. He looked uneasy. He sat down and ignored the stranger and lifted one paw and washed it in furious unconcern. From his branch, Vincent, viewing the entire affair with alarm, set up a scolding, falsetto tirade. Neither Joe nor Cleo paid him heed.

It was shortly after noon when Joe pushed one

heavy shoulder against the back door, got it open and trotted into the kitchen. Cook turned when she saw him. Joe sat down in the center of the floor, and chirruped once. Cook said, "It's under the stove. Where it always is. There's no call for you to ask silly questions." And then she saw Cleo, coming in behind, moving unhurriedly toward Joe's food.

Cook put down her paring knife, and dried her hands on her apron. "Scat!" she said. "Shoo! I'll have none of your alley friends in my kitchen! Go along with you!" Apron flapping, she advanced. Cleo watched her in wary uncertainty.

And then Joe took a hand. Whether he was eager or reluctant is not a matter of record, but there was in his attitude more than a trace of embarrassment, as if he did, however distasteful, what in all honor had to be done. His stub tail rose and began to twitch and his whiskers laid themselves flat against his cheeks and his great head lowered itself and began to swing ominously from side to side. Deep down in his big chest a rumbling growl took shape. His eyes, fixed upon Cook, were opaque and unyielding. He moved forward one step and Cook halted abruptly, her apron still.

Another step Joe took and his growl was clearly audible. Cook retreated to the sink. "I'll have none of your—" she began again, but the words carried no conviction and her voice died quietly away. Joe had stopped. The growl was gone, but his tail con-

tinued its twitching and his head stayed low. Behind him Cleo, satisfied, began to feed in great noisy gulps. Cook looked on in impotent wrath. . . .

Lucas was waiting in the bedroom when Tim arrived home that night. Her lips were straight and her eyes were angry. She accepted Tim's kiss coolly and waited silently until he was settled in his chair. The day had not been good. Many days, these last few weeks, had not been good. And now this. "Joe," she said, "has brought home a friend. What's more, he's spent the day forcing the friend upon the family. He threatened Cook and he threatened Vincent and he even threatened me when I tried to drive the beast away."

"So," said Tim. He frowned into his highball, wondering. This last little time— He looked up. "Joe is not what you'd call gregarious. There must be more to this than meets the eye."

"Whose eye?"

Tim grinned. "All right," he said. "I'll go look. Today, I suppose, Joe is my cat, not yours."

"The thought," Lucas said, "has been in my mind." Many thoughts had been in her mind, especially a nagging worry that something was wrong if everything affected her so deeply. "Well?" she asked, and she watched Tim rise from his chair.

He was gone for some time. When he returned there was laughter in his eyes, but he held his face straight. He sat down in his chair once more and

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM



BY RICHARD STERN

Joe's wild oats had landed on fertile soil—
but he did what in all honor had to be done

Joe sat back on his haunches; his whiskers curled briskly and his big chest began to swell with pride

picked up his highball. Lucas said again, "Well?" "There are," Tim said, "certain phenomena of nature which just have to be accepted. I've been meaning to bring you up to date on them for some time, but, with one thing and another—"

"Will you tell me what you're talking about?" Her voice rose sharply, almost shrilly.

Tim took a long sip of his drink. He nodded gravely. "Joe's friend," he said, "appears also to be Joe's wife."

Lucas' jaw dropped. "You mean—"

"And," Tim said, "finding herself in a delicate condition, she has cast herself upon the bosom of her husband's family in the hope that food and understanding will be forthcoming."

"Oh, Lord!" Lucas said.

"Don't think," said Tim, "that Joe feels any better about it than you do. We had a long talk, Joe and I. Between us men he's embarrassed. He was under the impression that the young lady was self-supporting."

"But here she is."

"Here she is," Tim said. He tilted his glass and looked into it carefully.

Lucas hid a little smile. "It could happen to anyone. Any male."

Tim's snort sprayed highball around the room. He came up blowing and reached for his handkerchief. "After two years of blameless domestic life,"

he said, "this is the thanks I get." He dabbed at himself with the handkerchief.

Lucas nodded, smiling. "No complaint, my lord and master." She turned her head away, toward the window, thinking again of Joe and his friend. After the fuss she had made. "Poor thing," she said, and then she faced around once more and the smile was broad and happy. "As Joe's advocate and friend in court, you can explain it all to Cook. She's sulking in her house."

"I—" Tim began.

"Gentlemen," Lucas said, "must stick together. Joe may have to explain for you sometime."

"The point," said Tim, "is well taken. I yield." He pondered the problem for a moment. "Arguments," he said finally, "carefully marshaled and served up on a small cash bonus ought to do the trick."

AND so Cleo settled down in the McCoy household to wait out her confinement. Cook, mollified by Tim's approach, even discovered a certain amount of sympathy as well as an astonishing amount of food, all of which Cleo tucked away with a voraciousness that had to be seen to be believed. Cook, too, found in her new kinship with Cleo a more or less secure superiority over Joe, and she pushed it far, distributing the food with a maliciously unequal hand. Daily, Joe eyed the choice morsels upon Cleo's plate and then glared at the

mess upon his own before he turned away and took his wrath and his appetite outside to vent both upon the gopher and ground squirrel population.

To Vincent, the situation was immensely puzzling. He took a dim view of Cleo and she, in turn, regarded him with the unfriendliness which so many wives seem to display toward their husbands' poker-playing, pool-shooting, Wednesday-night-bowling cronies. It was fortunate that Cleo's tastes did not run to Vincent's diet of apples and bananas and prepared mash, or a crisis might have arisen. Vincent, in full action, was something to cope with.

But Vincent's food was safe, and that was the first bright spot in the entire arrangement. The second was the invulnerability of Joe's warm-milk-and-dark-rum punch, customarily served in the evening and recently shared by Vincent. Cleo, that first night, examined the punch with care, took one taste, sneezed, and promptly backed away. The men were left to their cups, and nightly they solaced themselves as males are prone to do under the goad of feminine domination.

But it was Lucas' attitude which was most remarkable. There began to grow between Cleo and her a kinship and a sympathetic understanding which surpassed belief. Small goodies began to appear for Cleo's delectation, goodies which didn't come from Cook's shopping list. A slice of rich, succulent liver; a can of (Continued on page 61)

Some of America's most stirring history is found in its political debates. Mighty oratorical cannonades once resounded through the nation as opposing candidates met to fight out great issues. This was election-year routine until the development of wire and radio communications dried up a fine old American custom.

In an effort to revive it COL-LIER'S conceived the idea of conducting a political debate in its

pages. Thirty newspapermen in every part of the country were polled as to the issues most vital to all classes of people. From their replies were picked five questions which were submitted to the leading Presidential aspirants.

Each submitted his answers without having any idea what the others said. Each will read his opponents' replies here for the first time.

—Robert S. Allen

1. **PRICES.** Who or what is responsible for the high cost of living, and what measures do you think would be most effective in coping with it?
2. **DEPRESSION.** How can a depression be avoided? Most people in this country feel a crash is inevitable, and their chief questions are, "How soon?" and "How hard will it hit?"
3. **TAXES.** Are the federal income and excise taxes that were levied to support a world war still necessary? A number of people questioned in our own poll see reduction in taxes as the only immediate means of relief from the high cost of living.
4. **RUSSIA.** In the light of recent experiences with Russian expansionism do you think war with the Soviets can be avoided? How?
5. **LABOR.** Will the Taft-Hartley law stand as it is without hampering successful labor relations, or must Congress revise it?

HENRY CABOT LODGE, JR.

SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS

(1) Some of the factors which are in varying degrees and at various times responsible for the high cost of living are: speculation in commodity markets, government support of farm commodities, government buying of foodstuffs at the wrong time, hoarding, extravagant administration of government, high taxes, and the desire for exorbitant profits which, in its turn, leads to high prices. The great added burden placed on our production of foodstuffs by the necessity of shipping food abroad is perhaps the principal current factor. If the need for such shipments would disappear, we could reasonably expect a drop in prices.

Inasmuch as these shipments are necessary for some time to come we are all facing shortages which will cause some reduction in our living standard. This puts the duty on government to make the reduction as just and as orderly as possible.

The most effective immediate measures to give people relief from the high cost of living would be to raise the income-tax exemptions. This would put more money in the hands of the housewife and make it easier for her to make both ends meet.

(2) A serious depression in this country can be avoided if we cling to the basic principles of wise public finance, maintain sound money and see to it that the economic structures of all segments of the community remain in balance with the rest. We believe, of course, in a competitive economic system as the indispensable foundation for a free political system. Any other course invites dictatorship. But we must not hesitate to take special temporary control measures to meet situations with which at the present time the free system cannot deal.

(3) We can reduce our taxes and we should do so, in some respects. When taxes are high, there is an incentive to increase the price of



INTERNATIONAL

products in order to make up for the tax. For this reason tax reduction would have the effect of removing some of the pressure for high prices. This is the thought behind my proposal for a tax rebate to producers, manufacturers, retailers, etc., as a reward for reducing the prices of their products to the consumer.

(4) I do not believe that war with Russia is unavoidable. A strong America pursuing a firm, high-minded and truthful policy can avoid war. The words "strong America" imply strength in the economic and military spheres. But they also imply the spiritual strength which comes from an enthusiastic and affirmative belief in our own institutions.

(5) If past history is any guide, the Labor-Management Relations law, like all other major laws, will probably be revised as experience dictates. I do not anticipate radical changes in its provisions, however, until it has been in operation long enough for the principal defects to become evident.

The Politicians Speak

THOMAS E. DEWEY

GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK

(1) The primary cause of the present high cost of living is the war, but the condition has been greatly aggravated by the mistaken policies, bad management and poor judgment of our federal government.

Under the New Deal, the dollar was depreciated, the national debt soared, and production was discouraged. War increased the national debt to almost \$300,000,000,000, while real wealth was being destroyed. A large part of this deficit the government financed by expanding bank-deposit money. When the war ended, the country had three times as much money, and practically nothing to buy.

At this point, instead of maintaining controls until peacetime production could get started, the Truman Administration sabotaged wartime inflation control by abolishing an essential part—wage controls—launching the wage-price-profit spiral.

Mr. Truman has proposed going back to the controls he abandoned. It won't work now any better than it did before, without wage controls, and they should not be restored.

We must adopt basic government policies to halt inflation of the money supply and to stimulate increased production. We must reduce government spending, restrain further expansion of bank credit for speculative or nonproductive purposes; expand the sale of government savings bonds; encourage other savings; maintain a government surplus and use it to retire bank-held government debt; and revise taxes to provide increased incentive for production and thrift, while maintaining penalties upon luxury spending.

(2) Depressions are not acts of God but are the product of human folly, having as their primary cause the excesses of preceding booms. The most important single way to prevent a future depression is to prevent the present boom from running away. The next most important method is to keep a mild business corrective from turning into a deflationary spiral. Government fiscal policies can help immensely. In boom times, governments—state and local as well as federal—should save money, retire debt, defer postponable public works and strengthen their credit. In hard times, they should undertake the public works they have deferred.

(3) An outstanding problem of government today is: How can we maintain and expand governmental services without bankrupting the country and government? We must finance the advances of the future out of the savings achieved by better management.

I have advocated the following tax program: 1. Extend the benefit of the community-property law now enjoyed by the people of 13 states to those of the entire nation. 2. Moderate lowering of all personal income taxes. 3. Overhaul our complicated tax laws and establish a consistent national tax policy that will maintain full employment, a rising national income and assure us of a solvent nation.

(4) We must honestly face up to the facts and know where the dangers are.



WIDE WORLD

Everyone is aware that there is now a movement which is advancing an ambitious, well-organized program to undermine, then overthrow the free societies of the world. The only risk of war comes from Soviet attempts to establish police states and dictatorship over people who have known and love freedom. The surest way to avoid war is to create a strong, determined world of free nations.

By skillful and bold use of our aid to European recovery we can and must promote a great federation of free nations in Europe with a population of 270 million people, to act as a great bulwark of lasting peace.

(5) A number of the provisions of the Federal Labor Relations Act of 1947 have been in operation in New York State. For some years we have had an independent Mediation Service and a State Labor Relations Board, with an outstanding record of settling labor disputes. Furthermore, in New York both employees and employers have the right to seek an election to determine collective bargaining agencies and both are also guaranteed equally the right of free speech at all times. Other progressive advances we have made to protect labor's rights and privileges include a law prohibiting discrimination in employment because of race, creed, color or national origin; an unemployment insurance program that has been continually liberalized; a workmen's compensation act that has been completely overhauled; an experience-rating plan to reward employers maintaining steady year-round employment opportunities; an equal-pay law, prohibiting discrimination because of sex in rate of pay; apprentice training and "on-the-job" training programs for veterans; and a state school of industrial and labor relations at Cornell.

As to the other objectives of the Federal Labor Relations Act of 1947, they were soberly conceived and carefully thought out in order to enlarge the rights and privileges of all the working people of the nation. With such modifications as experience may prove necessary, the act should serve the people of the nation well.

Collier's for March 20, 1948

Out On War, Taxes And The High Cost Of Living →

ROBERT A. TAFT

SENATOR FROM OHIO

(1) The high cost of living is due to the excess of demand over the supply available even with a greatly expanded production. This demand was brought about by the past and present policies of the Administration, which has controlled the government for the past fifteen years. Through the devaluation of the dollar, the spending policies of the 1930s and the \$50,000,000,000 deficits during the war, currency and demand deposits have been tripled. They are available to fulfill the pent-up demand for civilian goods created during the war period.

The OPA and the President adopted the extraordinary theory that wages could be increased without increasing prices. The theory was disproved almost as soon as it was announced, and in order to obtain production, prices had to be boosted to meet increased costs of labor and materials.

The increase since last May has been due primarily to the tremendous excess of exports over imports. This has increased the cost of food particularly. Other policies have created loose credit for bank loans and housing loans, agricultural loans and the like.

The most effective measures to cope with inflation would be reduction of exports, particularly those financed on credit or by gift, the reduction of bank credit through the orthodox methods, the tightening up of credit on housing, the reduction of government spending, and an effective campaign to urge the people to spend less and save more. There is no use imposing controls which would be wholly ineffective if we continue the causes which create inflation. It is like trying to tie down the safety valve while you go on stoking the boiler.

(2) Even the economists cannot agree on the causes of our recurrent depressions. We have a very delicately adjusted economic machine. It does not work unless the adjustment is maintained with reasonable accuracy. If you let one gear get out of adjustment too long and too much, the whole works breaks down until that part of the machinery can be repaired.

We have to maintain a balance between production and purchasing power, between saving and spending, between expenditures on consumption goods and expenditures on capital goods, between prices and wages, between agricultural prices and industrial prices, and government income and government outgo.

I don't suppose anyone can prevent depressions, but I believe a sound government policy and leadership can prevent a distortion so great as to bring on another great depression. The difficulty is that the political thing to do is often not the sound economic policy. If we turn prices down today, it may produce a minor recession, but it may be far better to do that than to wait until they get still more out of line, so that the adjustment is more violent.

I see no reason why we should have a serious crash in the immediate



INTERNATIONAL

future. With sound administration, I believe we can avoid one five or ten years from now when the threat is likely to be more severe.

(3) I do not agree with the latter view because, as I have said, government policy, I think, can reduce prices today if the government really wants to use its powers. I do not think that federal income and excise taxes levied to support a world war are still necessary. They are necessary, however, if we go on spending \$8,000,000,000 a year for Europe, and more than \$10,000,000,000 for the armed services.

I believe government expenses can be reduced, and that a reduction in federal income taxes at least will be made possible thereby.

(4) I still hope that war with the Soviet Union can be avoided. But of course I cannot foresee what Stalin may do. Russia has not itself taken any active military steps to expand its territory up to this time. Its methods have been indirect through its efforts to impose Communism on other countries by creating chaos and confusion.

We cannot prevent Russia from going to war with us. If she does not do so, peace depends on our maintaining from day to day a wise, firm and consistent policy, inspired however with the ultimate determination that we will do nothing and say nothing unnecessarily which may make war more probable.

(5) The committee created by the Taft-Hartley law to study its operations is inviting those who feel they have been aggrieved to present the matter to the committee and suggest amendments. As far as we can judge at the present time there is no serious injustice calling for revision. The law seems to be working very well.

The only serious controversy involves the question of principle—shall the government sanction and approve the closed shop?

Undoubtedly amendments to the law will be necessary because difficulties are bound to develop in the operation of some of the 50 important amendments made by the law. It is desirable, however, that we have more experience with its operation.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN

(1) "The responsibility rests squarely on a few men in Congress who, in the service of selfish interest, have been determined for some time to wreck price controls no matter what the cost might be to our people." (Broadcast, October 15, 1946.)

"To deal with the critical present, I recommend the following 10-point program. It is an emergency program which should be adopted to protect our standard of living for the immediate present and to make possible economic security in the future.

"This 10-point program is to: (1) Restore consumer credit controls and restrain the creation of inflationary bank credit. (2) Authorize the regulation of speculative trading on the commodity exchanges. (3) Extend and strengthen export controls. (4) Extend authority to allocate transportation facilities and equipment. (5) Authorize measures which will induce the marketing of livestock and poultry at weights and grades that represent the most efficient utilization of grain. (6) Enable the Department of Agriculture to expand its program of encouraging conservation practices in this country, and to authorize measures designed to increase the production of foods in foreign countries. (7) Authorize allocation and inventory control of scarce commodities which basically affect the cost of living or industrial production. (8) Extend and strengthen rent control. (9) Authorize consumer rationing on products in short supply which basically affect the cost of living. (10) Authorize price ceilings on products in short supply which basically affect the cost of living or industrial production, and to authorize such wage ceilings as are essential to maintain the necessary price ceilings." (Message to Congress, November 17, 1947.)

(2) "The record of prices, wages and profits during 1947 shows how they fed upon one another in a developing process of inflation. In spite of the heartening production record of the year, this inflationary trend was profoundly disturbing. It not only produced great inequities among our people, but also created the danger of a serious setback . . . Unless we as a nation show an ability to impose restraints upon ourselves and to utilize the machinery of our representative government to devise well-considered regulatory measures, we stand in great danger that runaway prices, overextended credit and unbalanced developments will lead to an economic recession. We cannot be sure that such a recession would not be severe and recovery slow and painful." (Economic report to Congress, January 14, 1948.)

(3) "I recognize, frankly, that the present burden of taxation on our people is too heavy to be considered as permanent, and at a proper time I will support tax reduction and tax readjustment designed to reduce the burden and to adjust that burden to the needs of a peaceful economy." (Jefferson Day Dinner, April 5, 1947.)

"Government revenues must not be reduced. Until inflation has been stopped there should be no cut in taxes



HARRIS & EWING

that is not offset by additions in another point in our tax structure. Certain adjustments should be made within our existing tax structure that will not affect total receipts, yet will adjust the burden so that those least able to pay will have their burden lessened by the transfer of a portion of it to those best able to pay. . . ." (State of the Union Message, Jan. 7, 1948.)

(4) "We can't stand another global war. We can't ever have another war, unless it is total war, and that means the end of our civilization as we know it. We are not going to do that." (County Fair talk at Carruthersville, Missouri, October 7, 1945.)

"The existence of the United Nations obviously affords no guarantee that every international problem can be solved easily, or automatically, or immediately. It should not be a matter for surprise or disillusionment that many issues arising as a result of the war remain unsettled. The strength of the United Nations lies in the recognition by the member states that, despite all differences, they have a common interest in the preservation of international peace and in the attainment of international security." (Broadcast on June 26, 1947.)

(5) "I vetoed this bill because I am convinced that it is a bad bill. It is bad for labor, bad for management and bad for the country. . . . The bill is deliberately designed to weaken labor unions . . . The bill would not aid fair and early settlement of disputes in vital industries. On the contrary, I am convinced that it would increase industrial strife.

"The bill would open up opportunities for endless lawsuits by employers against unions and by unions against employers. In so far as employers are concerned, the bill is loaded with provisions that would plague and hamper management. It is filled with hidden legal traps that would take labor relations out of the plants, where they belong, and place them in the courts . . . In trying to correct labor abuses the Taft-Hartley bill goes so far that it would threaten fundamental democratic freedoms." (Broadcast on June 30, 1947.)

... These Men Want The Support Of The Voters. In A

JOSEPH W. MARTIN, JR.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

(1) These are the causes for our high cost of living:

A. The years of reckless deficit spending and unbalanced budgets under the New Deal.

B. The inflationary effects of war activities during which goods were sunk at sea, destroyed on the battlefields, or consumed by ourselves and our allies while wages and salaries increased the supply of unspent money in the United States.

C. The postwar drain on the U.S. products shipped out to help other countries, which aggravated the shortage and increased still more the oversupply of unspent money at home.

D. The backlog of unsatisfied demands for various goods and services which, spurred by unspent money, is intensifying bidding for the limited supply of goods and services.

E. Crop failures, which have added to the problem of scarcity.

F. High taxes, which constitute 20 per cent of prices.

To cope with high prices we should lower tax rates, keep the federal government from bidding up prices against our own consumers in the markets, and expand production, improve the quality of goods, and lower prices without cutting wages. This means more production under conditions that will not end in unemployment.

(2) A depression can, should and must be avoided. A crash is not inevitable. A depression can be avoided by a continually expanding economy producing more and more goods and services, at reduced costs and prices, and of improved quality. This would give everybody an increase in real income and would penalize nobody anywhere. To achieve this expanding economy we must have (a) co-operation between labor, management and agriculture; (b) the use of the most modern technological methods of increasing per-man-hour production, and, at the same time, decreasing costs per unit of production, without decreasing wages; (c) a sensible tax system which will encourage the investment of risk capital in production; (d) permanent expansion of agricultural production to result in a permanent increase in agricultural income; and (e) promote equitable distribution of income and purchasing power in all sections, and among all classes, in accordance with their capacity, willingness and ability to produce. In short, we can have a continually expanding prosperity in America if we will all work together as Americans for the common good instead of working against each other for some real or fancied momentary personal or group advantage.

(3) There certainly is no sound reason to accept an overswollen federal government, with its expanded army of pay-rollers, as a permanent necessity, or for federal peacetime income and excise taxes to be continued at wartime levels. One answer is to strip the federal government of functions not properly belonging to it—functions which it has usurped from the



PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

states for the past fifteen years. Those functions should be returned to state and local levels, or to private endeavor, wherever they belong. At the same time the number and size of the bureaus which spend and waste the people's tax money should be reduced. A joint commission is working on this problem.

It is true that about twenty cents of every dollar the citizen spends at the retail counter goes for some form of taxes hidden in prices and not spent at all for goods and services. Of course there should be a reduction in this sort of tax burden.

(4) I cannot believe that Russia wants war at this time. I think such a conflict can be avoided. But I also believe that until we are absolutely certain of that we must maintain a national defense that will be adequate to meet any emergency. That does not mean, however, that Congress should accept any estimate blindly and appropriate without question any sum of money demanded in the budget for national defense. The more the national defense costs, the more reason there is for Congress to see that economy and efficiency are practiced to the greatest degree possible. In the meantime, if the Kremlin is open to reason at all, there need be no war between the United States and the Soviet Union.

If, on the contrary, the Kremlin is determined to fight a war, then America ought to take no chances of being defeated. It is needless to say that in the next war nobody can win. It will mean inconceivable loss of life and destruction of property and possibly the destruction of civilization as we now know it.

(5) The Congress provided a joint committee, which might be termed a "watchdog committee" to observe carefully the operations of the Taft-Hartley Act and report back to the Congress any modifications, amendments or extensions it finds would be helpful in promoting peace and better relations in the field of labor-management relations. Until the committee presents some recommendations, this question could not be definitely answered.

HAROLD E. STASSEN

GOVERNOR OF MINNESOTA 1939-1943

(1) The primary cause for the high cost of living is the world-wide and nation-wide shortage of the necessities of life. This has been aggravated by the Administration's gross error, after the war, in foreseeing 8,000,000 unemployed and deflation as America's problem; by the excessive strikes of 1946; by the ineptness of our European aid program and the very low production in Europe under semi-Socialism and bad currencies, and by the too rapid release of controls in the United States after the war.

The following measures would be successful in coping with the high cost of living: (a) A new inventory control power vested in the government to be used to combat hoarding, profiteering in scarce articles, and monopolies. (b) The establishment of consumer credit controls to relieve the pressure of installment and credit buying. (c) New restrictions on the commodity credit exchanges to reduce excessive speculation based on governmental purchasing. (d) Official encouragement of buyers' resistance to high prices through information on profits and attractive specialized savings bond plans. (e) Continual food conservation. (f) A new U.S. agency to control and co-ordinate purchasing for foreign aid programs thus easing the impact of these necessary measures on the American market. (g) Less spending by the civilian activities of government, and a reduction in the number of governmental employees, transferring them to the producing side of our economy. (h) A small cut in taxes. (i) Maintain emphasis constantly on high production.

I am opposed to the reimposition now of OPA or over-all price, wage and rationing controls. These would dislocate the economy, reduce production and bring about a state of affairs that would be worse than that which we are now experiencing. I am convinced that the intelligent use of limited powers will gradually reduce the cost of living without a depression break, unless we have a serious crop failure in 1948.

(2) I consider that a depression can and must be avoided. I have consistently stated since the end of the war that predictions of an immediate crash were wrong. In addition to the steps I have proposed to check the inflationary rise, I would urge that an extensive program of public improvements, including highway, airport, reclamation and water conservation projects, and construction of public buildings, be ready for prompt initiation under private contract the moment unemployment hits more than 6 per cent of our working population.

An extensive and continuous mass home-building program should be initiated in the metropolitan centers by the federal government to relieve the housing shortage. When employment goes down, consumer credit should be eased and taxes reduced. As a parallel in agriculture to unemployment compensation now in effect for labor, a floor should be established below which the income of a family-sized farm should not be permitted to drop.



INTERNATIONAL

There should be a distinct government policy against the nationalization or socialization of any industry or enterprise in the United States. With measures like these I consider that our modern people's capitalism in the United States can operate without booms or busts.

(3) The federal income tax should be cut approximately \$3,000,000,000 at this time, with further reductions to come as expenditure requirements decrease. With our high gross income this can be done, another \$3,000,000,000 can be paid on the national debt, the European aid program can be met in full, and the budget balanced.

(4) I believe that war with Russia can be avoided if we follow a consistent and intelligent policy.

Specifically we should stop sending Russia machine tools, electrical equipment and other materials that could become a part of a Communist war machine. We should maintain a strong military position, providing priority for air power and for research, and making certain that our sources of military man power and reserves are adequate. Both proponents and opponents of Universal Military Training should promptly agree on a reasonable compromise.

As it becomes evident to the Kremlin that there will not be the economic crash they expect in America, that Communist infiltration in America will not be successful, and that we will not be militarily weak, then I consider there will be hope that a change for the better will occur in Russian policy and a third world war can be avoided. But we must remain strong and alert as no one can guarantee that World War III will not begin through a mad decision of the Russian leaders.

(5) Taken as a whole, the Taft-Hartley law is a good law and will stand as the basis for a fair and balanced labor policy in America in the future. It should be revised in three particulars—the extreme limitation it puts on expenditures of unions for political purposes, the unworkable union-shop vote provision, and the all-inclusive Communist affidavit clause. The need for other modifications will be indicated by experience.

Collier's for March 20, 1948

Collier's Poll They Give Their Reasons

HENRY A. WALLACE

VICE-PRESIDENT 1941-1945



INTERNATIONAL

(1) The way to stop inflation is to take the profit out of it. The present inflationary crisis is a direct result of the drive by big business for super-profits. Following the lapse of price controls, profits reached an all-time peak of \$17,000,000,000 in 1947—\$4,500,000,000 more than in 1946.

Last year corporations paid \$11,000,000,000 in taxes. This could be raised to \$22,000,000,000 and corporate profits after taxes would still be 50 per cent higher than the prewar average.

To nail down and roll back prices, general price control should be imposed at all levels of production and distribution, rationing of foods in short supply should be re-established, and the allocation of essential materials and goods should be undertaken to keep them from the speculators and profiteers.

Prices of essential foodstuffs should be rolled back about 20 per cent through a program of subsidies.

Rent controls over new as well as old housing should be extended until July 1, 1950.

(2) As more and more consumers are priced out of the market, and the gap between production and consumption becomes unbridgeable, we shall have a crash, unless the powers of the federal government are invoked to stop the present policies of big business. The timing of the expected crash cannot be set with precision because of the influence on the economy of the government's huge war expenditures.

The depression can be headed off by bolstering and expanding the purchasing power of the people and increasing our economy's productive capacity. Since the second quarter of 1946 the purchasing power of wages and salaries has fallen eight per cent. This drop must be covered by substantial wage and salary increases coupled with halting the inflationary spiral.

(3) The federal income taxes on the low- and middle-income groups should be cut to bolster their shrinking purchasing power. The personal exemptions of \$2,000 for a family of four should be raised to \$3,500 with exemptions for single persons raised to \$1,500 and for married couples to \$2,500. Increased taxes on corporations could more than offset this.

Today the bipartisan foreign policy which is heading us toward war takes 79 per cent of the federal budget. A change in that policy would not only permit further cuts in taxes, but would also allow for the financing of an expanded Social Security program, the building of millions of low-cost homes, genuinely useful reconstruction abroad, and many other programs needed to protect and raise the American standard of living.

(4) Since the end of the last war I have insisted that those who preach the inevitability of another war are criminals. When we start talking peace, we shall get peace. We are the only nation in the world capable of waging a major war.

When we take the profit out of de-

fense and make it a duty and not a juicy business, and when control of foreign policy is taken from the big business and military interests, we shall be in a position to plan for peace.

There are those who insist that Communism and capitalism cannot exist in the same world. This is the view of the extreme rightists in this country who fear the mere idea of Socialism and thus reveal distrust of the democratic free flow of ideas. It is also the view of some Marxists who have insisted that it is impossible to build a Socialist country that can stand by itself. This was the fight between Stalin, who thought he could conduct a successful experiment with Socialism in Russia, and the exiled Trotsky, who insisted that world revolution was necessary. I don't like to see American reactionaries lend support to the Trotsky position of world revolution by constant threats against the Russians.

I am convinced that much of so-called Russian expansionism and Russian curtailment of civil liberties is a result of fear of our plans. Our own expansionism includes maintenance of military bases around the world and demands that we have exclusive rights to exploit the mineral resources of many other countries. If we look into a mirror honestly, we shall see that we are guilty of almost every charge we level against the Stalin regime.

(5) Not revision, but outright repeal of the Taft-Hartley law is necessary to guarantee workers the right of collective bargaining.

The act is a fraud. It makes no provision under which unions can sue employers for unfair labor practices, while employers are granted the right to sue unions. An employer is permitted to hire strikebreakers during a strike and to petition for a National Labor Relations Board election in which his "scabs" but not the strikers can vote.

Unions must file full financial data in order to utilize the NLRB but employers need not, and union officers must reveal political beliefs before their unions can use the board, while employers need not.

EARL WARREN

GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA



WIDE WORLD

(1) The basic reason for the present inflationary trend is that our demand for goods far exceeds our supply. We are all competing for goods that are not being produced in proportion to our increased national income and the number of people now employed. Higher standards of living have produced customers for more goods. Arbitrary practices in industry and labor, wartime depletion of our resources, and diversion of billions for foreign aid all tend to limit the available supply of goods and services.

Because no single thing has caused this condition, no single measure will remedy it. We must either produce more or use less. Failing to do one or the other, we must regulate either the use of goods or their price, or both. If voluntary measures prove ineffectual, we must resort to legal measures. Peacetime controls are distasteful to me as they are to most Americans, but however distasteful, I would prefer them to a runaway inflation.

(2) A depression can be avoided by dealing beforehand with the inflationary conditions that lead to depression. Production must be increased; more efficient production methods must be found; greater individual production efforts must be stimulated; savings for surplus dollars must be encouraged; waste must be outlawed.

Tax readjustment, encouraging reinvestment of profits as capital, can increase plant capacity. Curbing of monopoly, whether caused by trusts or other arbitrary limitations on production brought about by management or labor, would result in more efficient productive methods. Issuance of new long-term government securities, limited to and attractive to individual purchasers, could slow down purchases without decreasing the standard of living.

Ultimate solution depends as much upon the spirit and energy of our people, and the efficiency of our government, as upon regulative measures.

If we act promptly now, with only the public interest in view, there should be no depression soon. Should one eventually occur, it need not be beyond our power of adjustment.

(3) I do not subscribe to the theory that because we are in an inflationary cycle, taxes must for that reason alone be kept high. It is not the level of taxes, but the way we use tax revenues that determines the reasonableness and the inflationary or anti-inflationary character of the levy.

Government should be as frugal and as efficient now as it is in normal times. However, the increased necessity for a strong defense, the re-establishment of our veterans in society, the helping of stricken nations, and the desirability of reducing the national debt, added together, make an enormous budget and require a high level of taxes. If we are to be on the road of solvency, we must stop deficit financing, balance the budget and make a substantial annual payment on the national debt. In any tax-reduction program the ability to pay should be fully considered.

(4) War with Russia is not inevita-

ble and, if the decision rested solely with the United States, there could be no such conflict. The most disturbing factors, however, are not to be found in the direct relations between this country and Russia, but in the relations of many other nations with these two countries.

The ultimate outcome must, therefore, depend upon the principle of world co-operation. We must co-operate with Russia if she will co-operate with us through the United Nations. When we sponsored that organization both directly and impliedly, we made commitments to the small and weak nations to work for permanent peace through justice. We must persevere in those efforts.

Unless we keep our commitments, there can be no just peace. In order to keep them, we must maintain ourselves spiritually, economically and militarily strong enough to assure the nations of the world of our ability and determination to do so. Vacillation will not improve our relations with Russia. We must be forthright, and when principle is involved, firm.

(5) The Labor-Management Relations Act of 1947 should be continually re-examined. The demand for legislation of this kind arose out of our neglect to develop a national labor relations policy gradually through the years. Congress was obliged to deal with the whole subject at once, acting under pressure of intense emotion on the part of both proponents and opponents of the legislation. It would be too much to expect that under such circumstances the present act would cover all exigencies or satisfy either side. Everyone now has his own ideas about specific provisions of the act. Congress itself recognized the probability of amendment by setting up an interim committee to study its effects. If any provisions are found to be oppressive, unnecessary or unworkable, they should be changed until the act fully guarantees democratic principles within labor organizations and establishes a sound national policy based upon equity to employers, employees and the public in the process of collective bargaining and the settlement of disputes.

MRS. BENSON

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

DeSpain did the right thing by two women—and one of them wasn't wise enough to be grateful

AL DESPAIN returned from his ride to the Elk Creek diggings somewhat before supertime and left his horse at Lasher's stable. "Tomorrow," he said to Lasher, "take the mare over and get a new set of shoes."

"All right, Al. Anything good up there?"

"It's in pockets," said DeSpain. "Anything from a dollar to twenty dollars a pan." He stopped on the street to light a cigar and to have a quiet look at the town of Auburn lying along the gulch—its people walking toward their log houses and framed-in tents, its tin chimneys sending up a fat smoke to cloud the late fall air. Three women stood in front of the Powder River store, and Mrs. Benson came from the store with her grocery basket and turned past them. They paused in their talking and spoke to her when she smiled at them; then, rather noticeably, they resumed their conversation while Mrs. Benson, not having stopped, came along the walk.

It was, DeSpain had observed before, a habit with her to smile at people, particularly women, and to walk on; she never seemed to belong to groups. He knew her to be thirty-four and at this age she seemed arrested in the crowded maturity of dead summer. Her face was of that final smoothness which arrives directly before the lines of experience or discipline begin to shatter it; her mouth still had the erect tensions of youth, and her eyes were a dark flower-blue, easily holding shadows but never intensity.

He lifted his hat when she came near, the gesture bringing from her a glance of more than ordinary courtesy; for a moment her interest lay on him with its direct warmth. Then she passed him, leaving behind the expanding ripples of that brief meeting.

He walked on to the doors of the Blue Bucket and waited for Clyde Dill to cross the street and join

him. Dill said, "I want to see you about Fisher."

"Come inside," said DeSpain. He turned to catch another look at Mrs. Benson, who now had reached her house beyond the edge of the business row. She was late getting supper, he thought; but maybe this was one of the many nights that her husband wasn't coming back from the Ditch. Benson was the engineer on that job and lived out at the construction shanty as much as he did in town with his wife. He was ten years older than she was. At the door of her house she turned her head, and he caught her attention again across the distance. He moved into the saloon, irritated by the knowledge that Dill's eyes were prying into him. He passed through the bar-room of the Blue Bucket and into his own office in the rear, Dill following. He said to Dill, "Shut the door."

"Listen," said Dill. "Fisher gave me a fight when I arrested him."

"He was drunk when he tried to smash the bar mirror. He dropped his pay at the poker table—he was entitled to some fun. Let him go. Tell him to come see me."

"I don't want the town to think he can wrestle with me," said Dill.

"Do as I say," said DeSpain. "Let him go."

HE HAD no great regard for this marshal who, with a handsomeness of a sort, thought himself to be both a lady-killer and a rough character at his job. Actually Dill was afraid of his job; he was a two-bit man who spent too much time jumping out of bedroom windows.

"All right," said Dill resentfully, and went out.

The barkeep came in, and DeSpain was busy for a quarter hour checking the dust and the gold and silver coins of the day's business. He opened the safe and stored the dust, and watched the barkeep

"That's for Maude Hemsley; she's got to have it for a party next week." "Looks pretty good," said Al



count out change for the night. Mrs. Benson came back to his mind and he walked a slow circle around the office, his hands thrust into his trouser pockets and his large shoulders dropped forward. He was a tall man who in another five years would begin to grow heavy; he had ash-gray eyes against an ivory-olive skin and his hair was short and curled and Irish-black. The excitement wouldn't stay out of him. He knew what he was right now: he was a tomcat prowling.

The door opened before a little man who showed the effects of a remarkable drunk. His nerves still twitched, his face was scarred by the beating which Clyde Dill had given him at the time of arrest. The stale odors of whisky and tobacco were unpleasant upon him.

DeSpain said, "You've got the world's worst hang-over, Ben. Had a pickup?"

Collier's for March 20, 1948



"If I take one, I'd take another," said Ben Fisher, "and then I'd smash hell out of the place again. Never should touch the stuff."

"How much did you drop at poker last night?" "Eleven hundred."

"Now you're on the town," said DeSpain. "Broke for winter and nothing to show for a year's sweat. You're a sucker at cards, Ben."

"We're all suckers, Al, at one thing or another."

"Go tell Burns to take the price of the mirror out of the eleven hundred, and give you back the rest."

"I don't welsh, Al," said Fisher.

"You were drunk, and I don't roll drunks." Al walked over to the smaller man and laid an arm around his shoulders. "If I could get as much fun out of a bottle as you, maybe I'd try it."

"It ain't fun," said Ben. "You know what it is, Al? A man ain't much. A little whisky makes him

big enough to think he can take a fall out of this damned world that's been niggerin' at him since he was born. Then he sobers up and he ain't much again."

"You're a damned good man, Ben."

Ben Fisher lifted his shoulders to put on his pride as he would have put on a warm overcoat. "Not another drop this winter," he said, and left the room.

DESPAIN left the office by the rear way, walked along the trashy back edge of the building line and came to Clara Calhoun's house standing tight between Bull's drugstore and the dry-goods shop of Teal and Simpson. He knocked once, gently, and went into her back room. She was at the stove, an apron thrown around a crimson, gold-threaded dress, which gave her an air of overdressed luxury.

"Like to see the place?" "Yes," she said after a pause. He got down from the saddle and offered a hand

Enamel-black hair lay in heavy folds on her head; her face, turning a moment from the stove, contained an indulgent, smiling knowledge of this man. She was a big woman who kept her body shapely only by effort; she was a comfortable and pretty woman. "Take off your coat, Al. Warm in here."

A dress dummy, half covered with sections of cloth tacked together by pins, stood near by. This was her business and the room beyond this back room was her shop; she had brought the dummy to the kitchen for late work.

"Clara," he said, "you've (Continued on page 44)

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FOOD FOR SPECULATION

Just what is behind all this talk about speculation in wheat and other foodstuffs which was recently investigated by Congress? Here is a play-by-play answer to that burning question



Grain brokers, in linen coats, man the wheat pit in the Chicago Board of Trade, use hand signals and shouts to dicker in millions of bushels of wheat daily

BY LESTER VELIE



AT NEWARK, New Jersey, a housewife who had been taking a flier in egg futures, called up her broker.

"What am I going to do with 36,000 dozen eggs?" she wailed. "They're waiting for me in two carlots at Chicago."

Innocent of the meaning of tenders, or close-outs, or deliveries and other such trade jargon she had become the tearful owner of enough eggs to fry an omelette the size of Rhode Island.

In New York's East Fifty-second Street, operators of the town's plushiest saloons got a tip on a good thing—

cotton. An antique dealer who had made \$60,000 by heeding the advice of a congressman-speculator, told his night-club pals, "It's surer than the horses." Night-club row put its money down just in time for cotton prices to take so disastrous a header that the cotton exchanges were forced to close, and up to the eve of the commodity market break in February, the food brokers did a land-office business.

Before grain prices tumbled in February, price-conscious Americans saw wheat, corn and lard soar to famine price levels and asked customers' men:

"Can you make me some money in the markets?"

And when the government looked to see who was trading in wheat on the Chicago Board of Trade one day

Traders keep informed continually of price changes—as witness this ticker tape in the men's washroom

Collier's for March 20, 1948

last fall, it found, among 3,287 speculators, a cross section of America that included: six clergymen, 24 students, six butlers and maids, 308 housewives, 846 farmers, 181 barbers, butchers, bakers—even 44 unemployed.

The public has been dabbling in the markets again, all sorts of markets. Eggs? "The volume of futures trading in eggs at Chicago in 1947 was the largest on record," reports the Commodity Exchange Authority, federal policeman of the commodity market places. Cotton? Corn? "Speculation in these is greater than at any time since the 20s," says the agency.

At a time when prices are on the move, dabbling in grains, lard, butter is as safe as picking your way through quicksands. In the wheat pit at Chicago, prices change from minute to minute as news and rumor and just plain guesses boot them up or hammer them down.

"Will the government continue to buy grain for Europe? What's the weather doing to crops? How much grain will Europe grow? Canada? Argentina? Will there be war?" The informed professional speculator studies crop reports and political trends. The little people feel their way by tips and rumors. In any event, nobody knows the answers for sure. Big and little speculators alike are simply betting on the outcome.

When this betting blossomed into big money last fall and high food prices set Washington to hunting a scapegoat, speculation became a livelier political issue than at any time since the days of the great plungers.

"The cost of living must not be a football to be kicked about by gamblers," President Truman told the country.

"Government insiders are cleaning up fortunes on secret information," the Republican opposition countered.

The result, as you probably know, has been an open season on speculators. And as sometimes happens during open seasons, it isn't the quarry alone that could be hurt.

A Necessary Economic Role

Speculating on inside information is like betting on a sure thing. But the honest speculator, as any economist will tell you, plays a necessary role in moving crops from the farm to your table. We need him. Speculator has become almost a dirty word. Yet he's the man who takes the risk of owning raw materials. If he didn't, the grain merchant, the miller, the cotton-cloth manufacturer would have to do it themselves and flirt with disaster.

The question is: How much speculation do we need? When does it become unhealthy?

When the government checked the trading in the Chicago wheat pit on last September 17th it found that 11 per cent of the day's traders were hedgers, i.e., they engaged in commercial transactions having nothing to do with speculation. The other 89 per cent were speculators. The government charged this was undue speculation that forced erratic temporary price fluctuations in an era of abysmal prices.

"What right have the speculators to make fortunes out of the high prices I'm paying?" the wage earner in Detroit and his counterpart in Philadelphia want to know.

"Who, me?" the speculator answers. "You've got me wrong, buddy. I haven't made money. I lost it."

It takes talent to lose money on wheat, for instance, when wheat rises

from \$1.55 a bushel to \$3. And yet a careful check among brokerage houses and government officials indicates that last year, while prices soared, speculation didn't pay. Most speculators lost money.

For every Edwin Pauley who went long, i.e., bought and made profits on the rising prices, there were many Henry Morgenthau who went short, i.e., bet on declining prices, and lost.

It happens like this: When the stock markets tumbled in September, 1946, and the public, its fingers burned, quit the securities markets, stockbrokers sought new fields. Their hungry eyes fell on the roaring bull market in grains, in produce, in hides, in cotton, and they went to work getting former securities customers into commodities.

"Rising prices mean there's profits to be made, don't they?" they told customers. "Besides, you don't even have to put up much money." The margin, or deposit, prior to last October was still a modest one. In contrast with the 75 per cent a customer had to put up to buy stocks, he had only to put up 10 to 15 per cent to buy futures contracts in cotton or pepper or wheat or oats.

Happily or otherwise, the public climbed aboard. But the ride was a rough one, and the direction all wrong. It seems that the customers' men, particularly in New York, no students of commodities themselves, had hastily studied up on the jargon of futures trading, put on a knowing air and advised customers to go short—that is, sell on the expectation that prices would fall.

"It'll be just like 1921," they advised. "These prices are too high, and they'll crack just as they did after the first World War. You sell a futures contract now with wheat at \$1.50. You see, you really don't sell anything, you just agree by written contract to sell later. By the time you have to make good your agreement (make delivery), you'll be able to buy wheat at a dollar which you have already sold at \$1.50."

Instead, the price went to \$2.00, then to \$2.50, then to \$3.06 before it broke early in February. Newcomers to the futures markets had to pay dear for the things they had sold cheap. In the lingo of Wall Street, "They took a bath."

But the intelligentsia of the commodity markets, the professional and informed speculators, got their lumps, too. Theirs was a different story, the story of the sold-out bull.

A bull is one who expects prices to rise. When he thinks prices have hit the top and sells out at a profit, he becomes a sold-out bull. The trouble, in 1947, was that prices kept rising on rising after many bulls had sold out. Lying awake nights thinking bitter thoughts of the fortunes they could have made if they hadn't sold their contracts, the sold-out bulls decided prices had no business being so high anyway. They turned about and became bears (i.e., bet on a decline). They sold short, bucked the rising tide of prices and so fed back their winnings into the markets.

Many speculators made money, of course. On the assurance that his name would be withheld, one member of the Chicago Board of Trade described his profitable operations. He bought more than a million bushels of May wheat futures when the price was well below \$2 and when wheat advanced to \$3, stood to make over a million on this deal alone. In his speculative hand he also held long contracts for thousands of bushels of

corn and oats and considerable cotton and lard—a grand slam which could net him over \$2,000,000. No wonder the suckers keep coming.

Yet grand slams like this were so few that A. C. Beane, a partner of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Beane, world's biggest brokerage house, told me, "The fellow who made money in commodity speculation is an exception. Our books would show that customers are losing money."

"It's true as gospel," Robert Gardner, market analyst for Lamson Brothers in Chicago, said. "Most people, including the wise money, bucked the market and lost."

Speculators Plead Not Guilty

Nursing their losses, speculators wanted to know, "Why blame us for the high prices?" Called on the carpet they could argue: "We speculators operate in the futures markets, that is, we buy and sell futures contracts and don't take deliveries. All I'm buying and selling is contracts—not actual wheat. We have nothing to do with the cash markets where users buy grain for actual delivery. Now then, look at the price of futures in which we operate, and look at the price of cash grains. What do you see? The futures prices are lower. What does the President mean, we're kicking the cost of living around?"

Early last month economic pulse takers in Washington, Wall Street and elsewhere turned anxious eyes toward Chicago. There, in a 35-foot-wide octagon bowl, composed of shallow steps that descend in narrowing rings to a six-foot-wide pit, a crowd of jostling and shouting men in linen coats provided the signal that could mean the boom is over.

The octagon bowl is the wheat pit of the Chicago Board of Trade, a kind of trading post which telephone and telegraph have turned into a national market place where 85 per cent of all grain contracts are traded. In the pit, brokers executing orders for grain merchants, millers and farmers and speculators flashed the prices for the new wheat crop that buyers and sellers established. Falling grain prices could mean that other raw materials would follow suit, that manufacturers might lighten inventories and jobs fall off—at least temporarily. This was the way economic bad weather was first signaled in 1937 and 1921.

The all-important wheat crop price emerged miraculously from the seemingly chaotic shouting, finger flexing and arm whirling of some 200 brokers, traders and scalpers crowding the wheat pit. Two men in a pulpit cage just above and to one side of the pit caught the crop prices and relayed them to telegraphers who put them on the ticker tape to make the world-wide news.

Let's get into the pit with Carl Adam, pit broker. A punctual man, who sleeps nine hours nightly to prepare for his grueling day, Carl Adam hustles into the 45-story marble Board of Trade Building at precisely 9 A.M. As he dons a bleached linen coat at the fourth-floor cloakroom and enters the half-block-long Board of Trade floor, the sun filters in from the La Salle Street canyon and gives the five-story vault of the trading floor a cathedral-like appearance.

Carl pauses before a large-scale weather map, a daily rite, notes that blizzards are menacing the winter wheat crop (bullish news), then passes to the battery of telephones, flanking

(Continued on page 98)



Above, Broker Douglas McKay, who has been in the wheat market since 1915, raises two fingers to indicate he is selling 20,000 bushels



Above, this signal means McKay is selling at $\frac{3}{8}$ of a cent over the quoted market price. Below, McKay is now selling at $\frac{5}{8}$ of a cent





"Close up that dad-burned jackknife, Eagle!" Paw shouted. "Close her up and put her back in your pocket"

FULL-BLOODED INDIAN

BY WILLIAM FULLER

That Lonnie Ramsey, he was a schemer all right. Without no struggle, he could turn a silk purse into a sow's ear

PAW came on into the house. He was hot and dirty. Maw stood to meet him. She had her fry pan in her hand.

"I'll ask you to leave, Mister Ramsey," she said.

"Howdy, Viney," Paw said.

"Howdy, foot!" Maw said. "Get going!"

"Howdy, Virgil," Paw said to me.

"Howdy, Paw," I said.

"Howdy, Maybird," Paw said to Maybird.

Maybird, she didn't say a word.

Maw said, "I'll 'howdy' you, Lonnie Ramsey!"

Paw, he didn't fear her. He never feared her. He had a way with Maw, Paw did. He'd braved out that fry pan before.

"You're mighty pretty," Paw said to Maw. "You're a mighty pretty

thing, Viney. Now I'm a man that never had much money. I'm a man that never had much land. Them things count, and I know it. But they don't stand up to a pretty woman. I got me the prettiest woman this side of the Suwannee River, and I know it."

I watched Paw. Paw, he'd been at the fruit jar. He walked a mite unsteady. His face was stubbly with

beard. His old pants hung down below his little round paunch. His old black felt was on the back of his head. He wasn't a pretty thing to see. But Paw, he could charm an ovenbird right out of a tree.

Maw lowered her fry pan.

"You, Lonnie," she said.

I knew Paw was about to best her. I couldn't hardly keep from laughing.

"All day long," Paw said, "I been studying on kissing the prettiest girl in south Florida. Now, by gonnies, I'm fixing to do it. I'm fixing to grab me off a great big old kiss. Now squinch up your face, honey, and hold!"

PAW had been gone for three days. He'd driven away in the pickup—told Maw he was going on into town for some coal oil. He'd told Maw he'd be home that night for supper. That was three days earlier. Maw and Maybird and me had been doing all the chores. Maw and Maybird had got a bait of doing the chores. They were plenty puckered at Paw. I didn't care none, myself. I was used to Paw taking on off. I figured a man, fully growed, had a right to his comings and his goings. I figured I'd do the same when I was growed.

Paw reached for Maw. Maw twisted from him.

"Dad burn!" Paw said.

"Old ninny!" Maw said. She turned to her cook stove. I saw she was fighting off a smile.

Maybird said, "Paw, you got to clean up."

Paw said, "Maybird, I'll do it." He sat down.

"Right now!" Maybird said.

"I'm fixing to clean up right soon," Paw said. "I don't hold none with going dirty. A dirty man's no good to hisself nor anyone else. About tomorrow morning I'm fixing to wash off all over. That is," he said, "if it don't turn off too cold."

He winked at me. Paw, he really did love to tease Maybird. Old Maybird, she didn't like it at all. Old Maybird's trouble was being a girl. Maybird's trouble was worrying about the boys. Maybird, she didn't hold with no fun poking.

Maw said, "Bubber Bufert's coming, Paw."

Paw slapped his thigh. "Call me from Georgia!" he howled. "That's a woman for you, Virgil," he said to me. "A dad-burned woman don't know doodly squat when it comes to picking a man—"

Maw interrupted him: "You said that true!"

Paw paid her no mind. Paw said, "A section full of fine young bucks. Ever danged one of them nosing about the place. And I'll be choked with a saw log if Maybird don't go and pick the sorriest one of the lot."

"Bubber's not sorry!" Maybird yelled.

"There's a man don't know B from a bull's tail about a thing in the world but counting money," Paw said.

"You're dang tooting, Paw!" I said.

"You keep out of this, Virgil!" Maybird said.

Paw said, "There's a man that sets up there behind them little iron bars at the bank all day long worrying about nothing in this world but interest rates and mortgages. There's a man'll best you out of a dollar bill quicker'n a gator can chew a puppy. There's a man—"

Maw waved her fry pan at Paw.

This time Paw knew she meant it.

(Continued on page 32)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

NEW STANDARD OF THE HIGHWAY

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL KB-8-1

- ★ Speeds Deliveries
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THE KB-8-1—READY FOR THE ROAD—Engine: International Red Diamond 401; brake HP 140. **Wheelbase:** 137, 149 and 161 inches. **Transmission:** 5-speed, over-drive or direct in fifth. **Rear Axle:** Single-speed or two-speed. **Brakes:** Heavy-duty, extra-capacity, hydraulic, hydrovac actuated, or air brakes. **Fuel Tank:** Large capacity, safety type. **Generator:** 300-watt, 6-volt for fast charging. **Cab:** International; seat and back adjustable; sponge rubber cushions; dual windshield wipers; tachometer; marker lights; hand-control valve and connections for semi-trailer brakes. **Tires:** 10.00 x 20.

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Right now International Dealers and Branches are equipped for expert application of all benefits the new KB-8-1 brings.

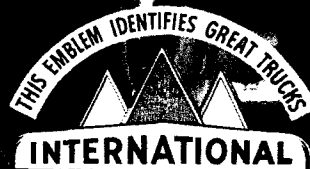
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INTERNATIONAL Trucks



JOHN N. GARNER'S STORY

At peace in his comfortable home in Uvalde, Texas, John Garner, at seventy-nine, looks back over a satisfactory life and gives his judgments on people and politics

BY BASCOM N. TIMMONS

Conclusion

JOHN NANCE GARNER at seventy-nine is having just the sort of life he planned for himself. The former Speaker of the House and former Vice-President of the United States sat on the sun-spangled glassed-in porch of his home in Uvalde and said:

"I have had a lot of fun since I came back here. I get just the exercise I want, just the reading I want, just the amount of work I want, just the associations I want. But for the fact that Mrs. Garner has been ill I think I could say that the seven years since

I came back have been the seven happiest of my life."

It took Mr. Garner a long time to get home to the sand-colored brick house he built in 1918. He had two conflicting ambitions. One was to be Speaker of the House of Representatives and one was to retire. He achieved both but neither as speedily as he desired.

It took him 28 years in Congress to realize his ambition to be Speaker. The retirement project was consummated 21 years later than he had

In the twilight of his life, Garner takes quiet pleasure from his chickens and his bird sanctuary

planned. Garner, who has never guessed a national election wrong, was convinced that the Democrats would be defeated in 1920 and that the country was in for a long period of Republican ascendancy. He had no desire to serve in the minority. He made known his plan to retire in 1920, with his desire for the Speakership ungratified, but because of some special conditions in the district, he agreed to serve one more term.

In those two years the Ku Klux Klan mushroomed in the country. It became such a political power in Texas, and in other states, that some public men joined its ranks to save their political skins. But Garner detested what the Klan stood for, and though the secret order had made no open move against him, he made many open moves against it, denouncing it as something unworthy of America.

Tense Relations with the Ku Kluxers

The Klan retaliated by swearing it would get him in the 1922 election. That was the kind of threat and the kind of situation that stirred Garner's zeal for a tough fight. He accepted the Klan's challenge and won. After that he found no convenient time to quit office. A few weeks ago when I asked Garner if he ever talked with his colleagues about their Klan memberships, he said he had not because he thought he might say something so hot that working relationships with them would be upset.

Getting used to private life required very little readjustment for Mr. Garner. He never wore Washington very thick.

"Some people would stay in Washington if they had to live in trees," he said. "I always took the last train that would get me there for whatever business there was and I took the first train out when it was finished."

But because he has no nostalgia for Washington does not mean that he did not enjoy his long service there. "From the time I came to Uvalde more than fifty years ago my days have been cast in pleasant places—here, at Austin and in Washington," he said. "None of my days are lamented."

But he says being a citizen requires his full time. "I threw all my energy into public life for 40 years, now I need all my energy for my duties as a citizen," he said. "My activities leave me little time to think of the past. I can work nine hours a day and usually do and I have a grand time."

The Garner town place is set among giant live oak trees. The eight acres of lawn are carpeted with rich St. Augustine grass, known as "Garner grass." It grows under trees. Around the house are 180 towering pecan trees. Fenced off to the rear are chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese. Sometimes he receives visitors on the back porch and breakfast room of his home. It has an oilcloth-covered table, an icebox and pitchers of what he calls "branch water."

He lives at 33 Park Street and calls your attention that it is not Park Avenue. But he thinks there are good people on Park Avenue, too.

"But right here is the United States of America," he says. "My neighbors are people of sincerity and kindness. No one lives in great luxury, but they apply the essentials of sound living. All of them seem to accumulate a few more things each year, to live a little better and have more comforts. It isn't Utopia, of course, and they have their struggles, but they get along. They are mighty good neighbors."

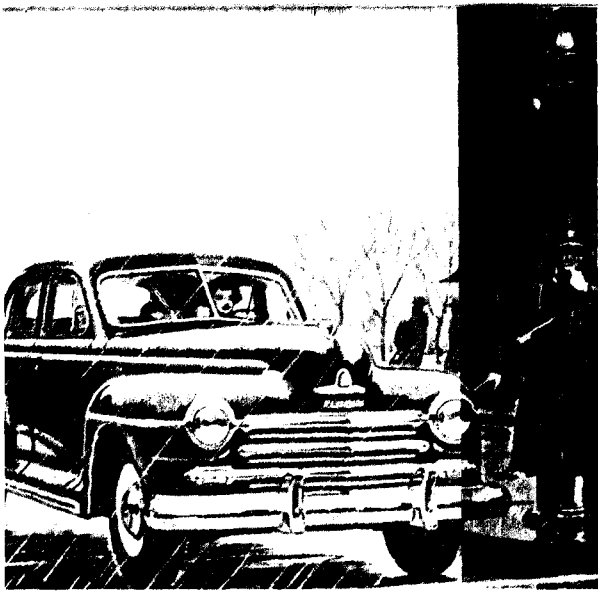
Mr. Garner owns three banks, many business houses, residences, farms and ranches. His ranches total 46,000 acres in three counties. All are leased for oil exploration.

"I hope they don't bring in oil any time soon," he said. "That would bring on a lot of things to pester me."

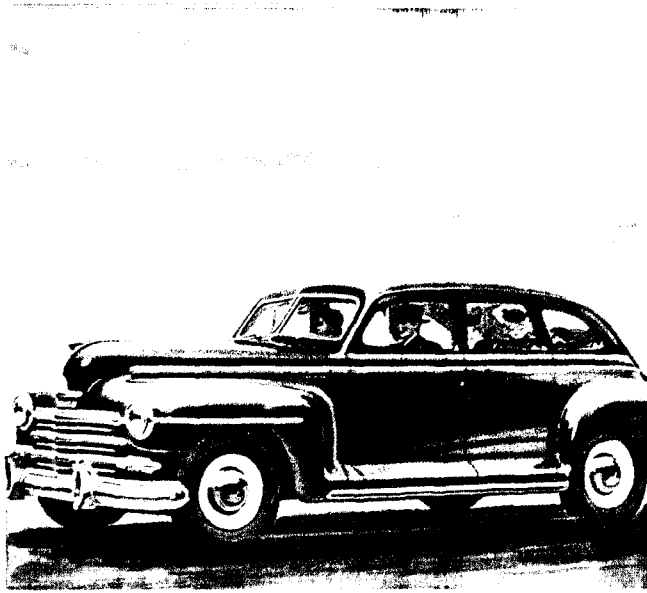
The former Vice-President used to spend much time among the jaulilla, huisache, mesquite and cactus of his brush-country ranch near the Mexican border and was the camp cook on fishing trips there. Sometimes now he goes on such a trip with Ross Brumfield, local garage owner and the only man in the world who calls him "Johnny."

No one in Uvalde is on informal enough terms to call him "Jack." Nicknames such as "Cactus Jack" and "Chaparral Jack" were (Continued on page 62)

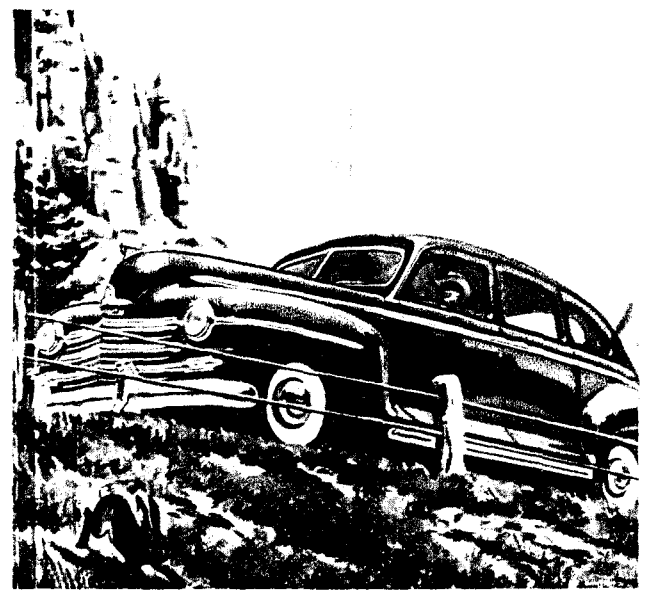
PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.



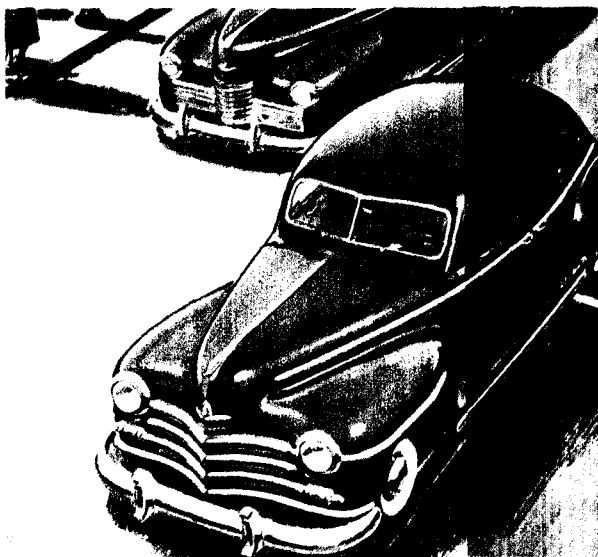
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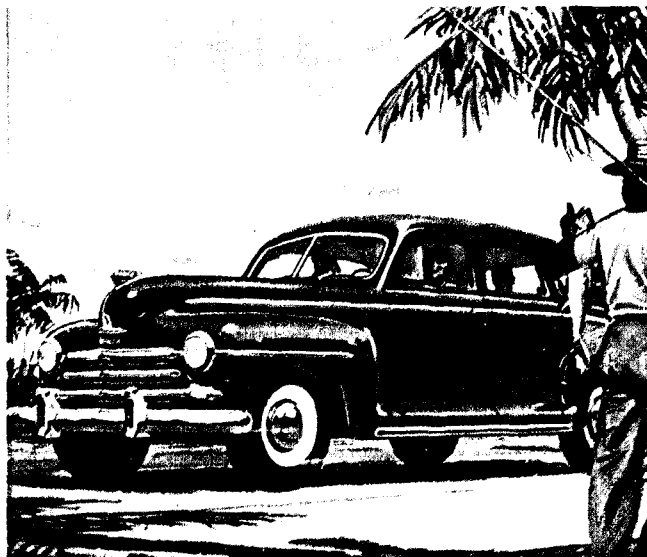
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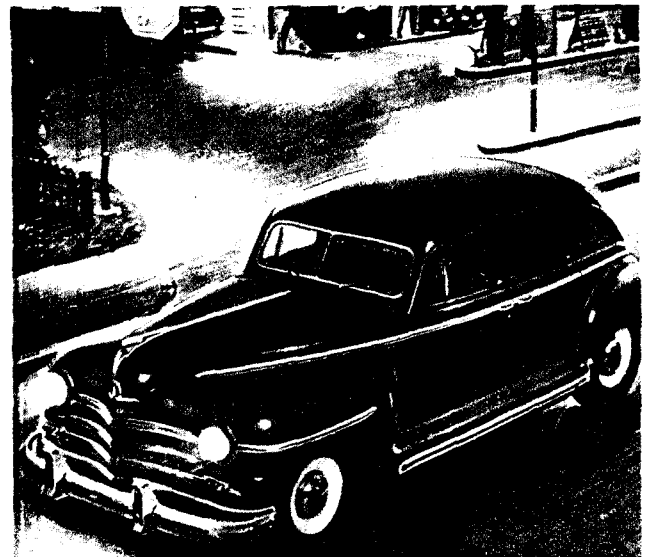
FLOATING POWER ENGINE MOUNTINGS
for smoothest performance



CUSHIONED STARTING AND STOPPING
of Hotchkiss Drive



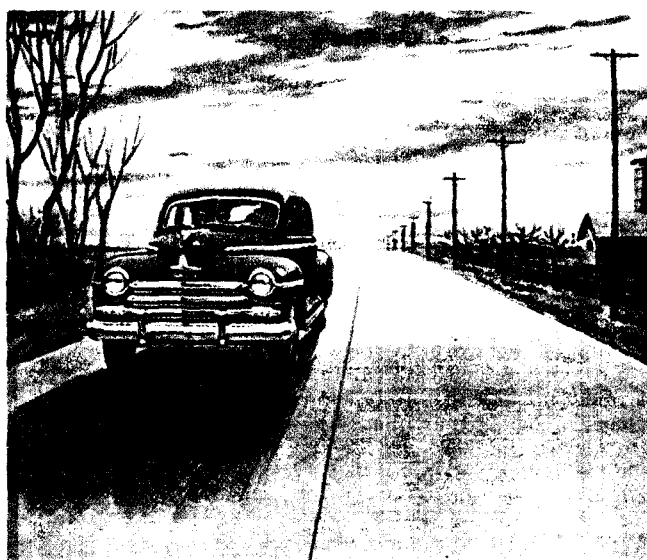
CLOG-FREE FUEL SYSTEM . . .
with Oilite Gas Filter in the tank



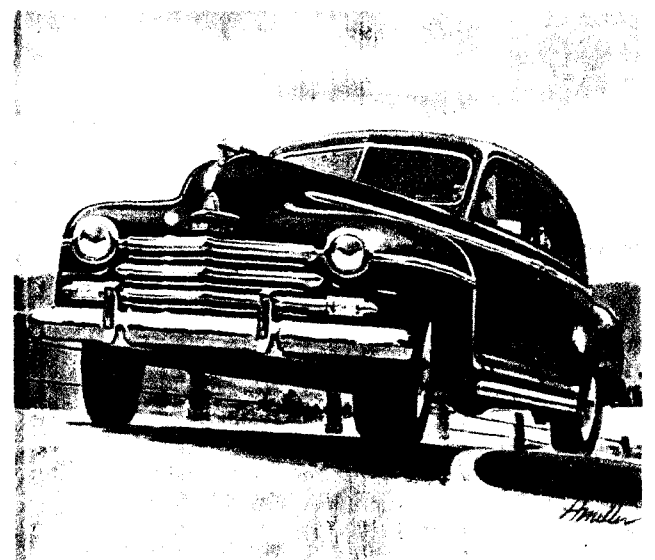
SLUDGE-FREE ENGINE LUBRICATION
with Floating Oil Intake



SOFTER-RIDING SUPER-CUSHION TIRES
as standard equipment



SILENT OPERATION . . .
of Chain Camshaft Drive

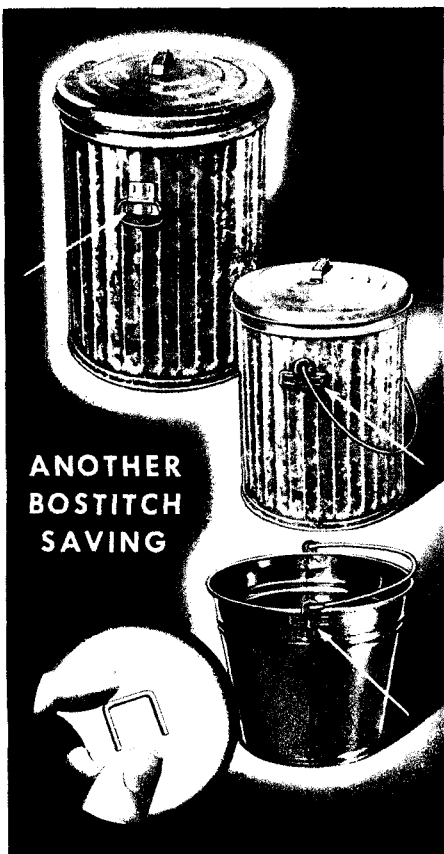


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ANOTHER
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Handle cleats on these metal containers were formerly riveted or spot-welded. Changing to the Bostitch method of metal stitching resulted in more secure fastening, cut costs in half, doubled output . . . made operation safer and easier.

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FULL-BLOODED INDIAN

Continued from page 28

"I ain't said a word, Viney," Paw said. "We ain't said a word, Maw," I said.

Paw went on out back to clean up. I went with him. I held the towel for him. Paw moaned and groaned. I felt sorry for him. I figured it was a crying shame when a man like Paw had to go and clean off all over for a white-faced, scrawny, big-talking little scofer like Bubber Bufert.

When Paw got all clean, when he'd scraped the whiskers off his face, he said to me, "Come on, Virgil, boy. This house is no place for us. We better get a hump on. It's a dad-burned shame when a man don't get proper respect from his women."

We went out to the barn. Old Bessy started in to mooing.

"Shush up, Bessy," Paw said.

"Shush up, you old fool," I said.

Paw reached up into the haymow. He pulled down his fruit jar. He sat down on an old piece of rusty fender he'd been saving around the place. He tipped that fruit jar to his face till the rim came flush with the ridge of his nose. Then he brought her down.

"Son," he said, "the menfolks have got to stick together. By gonnies, it's a constant struggle—the men against the women—in this world. I'm not saying your maw ain't a fine woman. There ain't a finer woman in this section. What I'm saying is, a man can't do a thing out of the ordinary without some woman crawling his frame."

Paw reached for the fruit jar.

"Now you take that Maybird . . ." Paw said.

"Maybird used to be a mighty fine girl," I said. "Maybird used to hunt squirrels with me. She used to go fishing on the Little Deer with me."

Paw shook his head. "I well remember."

"It seems like Maybird all of a sudden went and changed," I said.

Paw sighed. "I seen it coming."

"One week she likes squirrels . . ."

"Squirrels to men," Paw said. "Ain't it a shame?"

"And now it's that sorry scofer, Bubber Bufert!"

"Son," Paw said, "a woman's that way. You'll learn the truth. A young girl's all right till she reaches a certain age. Then she's hell on wheels. I tell you I'm worried about that Maybird."

"What're we going to do, Paw?" I asked him.

"Ain't a thing in this world to do, son, but let nature take its course. We can't be fooling around none with nature, and that's for true." Paw taken another short drink from the fruit jar. He put the jar back in the haymow.

"Come on, boy," he said.

WE WENT around to the tool shed. We walked back to where Paw kept the pickup.

"Eagle!" Paw shouted.

If I hadn't known that Paw was the smartest man in that section I'd have thought he was losing his mind.

"Eagle!" Paw shouted again.

There wasn't a sound.

"Moe Eagle, I say!" Paw shouted.

Then I heard a snore. That snore came from the back of the pickup. It was about three-fourths dark in that tool shed. Paw kept the bed of that pickup full of old rags and rusty tools and spare parts. He'd had that pickup for as long as I could remember. He hadn't never cleaned her out. He always said there wasn't a need in the world of throwing away any of those old rags and rusty tools and spare parts. He always said a man never knew when he might be needing something like that.

"Roust up, Eagle!" Paw shouted.

He went over and rustled around in the back of that pickup. He came up with what I took to be a gunny sack. Then I saw it was a man. A little fat man.

"Clamber down, Eagle," Paw said.

The little fat man groaned. He clambered down.

We all went out into the light. I had a good look at the fat man. I was used to Paw bringing almost anything home with him when he took on off on one of those trips of his. This one had me beat. I hadn't never seen a little old fat man to beat that one. His face was brown and wrinkled. He was barefoot as a yard dog. He didn't have a hat to his head. He had on the raggediest old pair of overalls I ever did see. He just stood there blinking and scratching himself.

"Virgil," Paw said, "I want you to meet Mister Eagle."

"I'm proud to know you, Mister Eagle," I said.

"Howdy," Mister Eagle yawned.

"Mister Eagle, son,"—Paw held off for a spell—"is a full-blooded Cherokee Indian. He's descended right on down from the former chiefs of the tribe. Ain't that right, Moe?" Paw asked Mister Eagle.

"Right on down," that Indian said.

I sure was mighty proud to meet a full-blooded Cherokee Indian—or any other kind of an Indian. An Indian was something I hadn't never seen. I'd seen a passel of pictures of them, though. The Indians I'd seen in pictures were great big, fierce, fine-looking men. Paw's Indian, he was pretty sorry-looking. The more I thought on it, the more disappointed I got. I sure didn't let it on to Paw, though.

"What you aiming to do with this here Indian, Paw?"

"Son, I'm aiming to make us a pile of money. There ain't a thing in this world that'll out-much an Indian when it comes to making money if he's handled right."

I'd heard a many of Paw's schemes for making money. There hadn't none of them turned out just right. But I knew Paw'd hit on the right thing one of these times. This here full-blooded Indian might be the answer. I didn't say a word.

"Now your maw might have thought I was frittering away my time on a pleasure trip these last few days. I want to tell

you, Virgil, that I respect your maw's judgment. But your maw was wrong this time. That there trip I taken was a business trip. I went plumb to north Georgia to find me this here full-blooded Indian, Moe Eagle."

"How'd you find this Indian, Paw?"

"I found this Indian alongside the road. He was just setting there whittling a stick. I pulled up beside him. He didn't say a dad-burned word, nor neither did I. I just sat there in the pickup watching him whittle. When he'd whittled that stick down to a shaving he got up and clambered on into the pickup. I asked him where he was going and he said no place. I asked him where he wanted to go and he said he didn't give a dang. I turned that pickup around and come on home. Me and this Indian."

MISTER EAGLE sat down in the sand. An old rusty crankcase Paw had been saving around the place was there in the sand beside him. Mister Eagle leaned his head up against that crankcase. He yawned. It looked to me like he was going on off to sleep. About that time Paw and me saw Bubber Bufert's car drive up opposite the front stoop.

Paw cursed Bubber.

I cursed him, too.

"Watch your language, son," Paw said.

Paw bent over and picked up an old curtain rod out of the sand. He poked Mister Eagle in the back of the neck with that curtain rod. "Wake up, Moe," Paw said. "Food!"

Mister Eagle stood up fast.

I could hardly keep from laughing at Maw's face when she saw that Indian. Paw handled it real smooth. He carried it off nice. "Viney," he said, "I'd like to make you acquainted with this full-blooded Cherokee Indian, Mister Eagle. Mister Eagle is a business associate of mine."

Maw's eyes like to bugged right out of her head.

That Indian stood there scratching himself.

"How are you, Mister Eagle?" Maw asked.

"Hungry," that Indian said.

Paw said, "Mister Eagle is eating with us, Viney."

He steered that Indian out of the

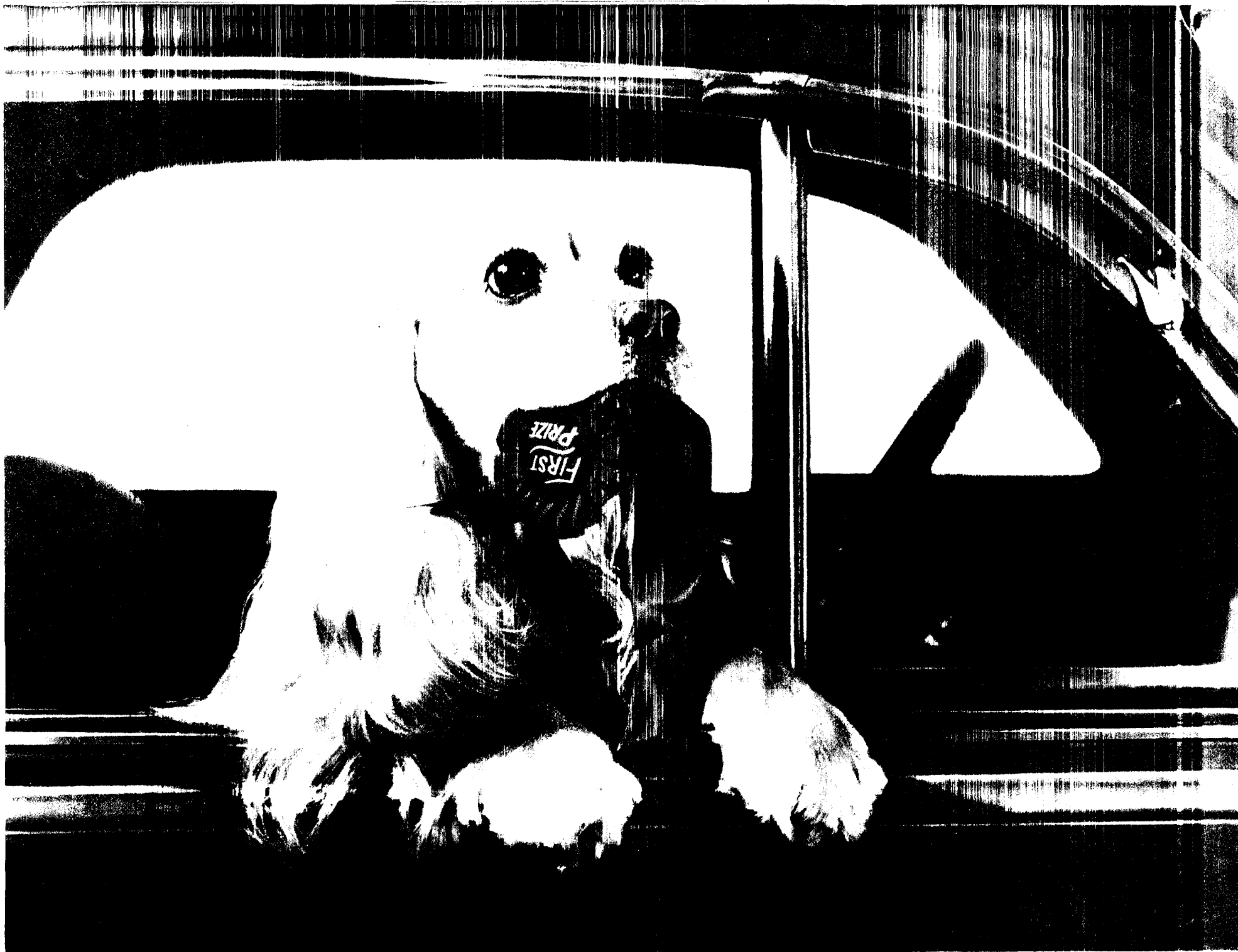
BUTCH

by LARRY REYNOLDS



"He says to just ignore him; he's walkin' in his sleep"

COLLIER'S



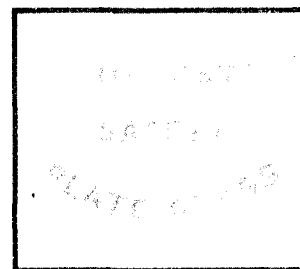
QUESTION:

Which car feature walks off
with the most blue ribbons for style,
comfort and safety, too?

ANSWER: The trademarked feature

most motorists prefer on their cars—Body by Fisher!

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The Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher has safety plate glass all around—an advantage possessed by Chevrolet alone in the low-price field. No "wavy" distortions to cause eye-fatigue which sometimes occurs with lower-cost safety sheet glass. Enjoy greater safety, better "see-through" vision from safety plate glass where it counts—another reason why your next car should have Body by Fisher.

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On the air: Henry J. Taylor, twice weekly

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Say, the Director wants ME in, too!"



ANN: Look, son—I've been in the movies long enough to know that actors like you are *always* out to steal the scene. Now move over!

KEN: Why—er—sorry, Miss! I just thought the Boss would like a good, clear shot of my Arrow Collar. After all, it's—

ANN: Go ahead, say it! Sure it's the handsomest thing on the set. But it just happens that I'm supposed to have the lead in this production.

KEN: No offense meant, I'm sure, Miss! But after all, how often do you see a shirt with a nice form-fit like this? They call it MITOGA and—by the way, Miss, you're standing on my feet.

ANN: Sorry, son, but I had to do it to get even part of my face in the sequence. When you threw open that coat, I was behind it! What a man! You'd shrink me right out of the picture.

KEN: Not you, sister. You should be labeled *Sanforized*—like Arrow shirts. Shrinkage less than 1%, get it! Joke.

You know, Arrows and I are going places, Annie. This scene'll put our names up in lights! Me and Arrow! What a—



DIRECTOR: Cut! O.K., that's all. You know, kids, I was inspired today. I only shot your *feet* in this last scene. They'll tell the whole story by suggestion. And WHAT a story!

Arrow, Mitoga, Sanforized: Registered Trade-marks Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

ARROW SHIRTS

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kitchen before Maw had a chance to say a thing. I followed them.

Old Bubber Bufert was setting in the porch swing with Maybird. Old Bubber had on his blue serge trousers and his tan shoes. His little old bow courting tie was tied up tight around his neck. He was as full of himself as a little banty rooster.

Maybird was giggling her sparking giggle.

Mister Eagle, he stepped out on the front porch first of all. He stood there scratching himself.

Maybird's giggle choked off into a gurgling sound.

Paw stepped out and introduced his Indian.

Mister Eagle said, "When we fixing to eat, Ramsey?"

Paw said, "Pretty soon now, Moe."

Mister Eagle sat down on the floor of the porch. He leaned his head up against a post. He yawned a couple of times.

Bubber said, "You want to watch that Indian, Lonnie. That scofer's going on off to sleep."

I saw Mister Eagle staring at Bubber. That Indian's eyes were expressionless. You couldn't tell a thing in this world about what that Indian was thinking. He just sat there staring at old Bubber. His eyes didn't even blink. All I knew was, I sure wouldn't want that Indian looking at me like that.

Paw said, "The poor feller's plumb wore out."

Bubber laughed. He had a mean, high, cackling laugh. I reckon that was one of the main reasons why Paw and me didn't hold none with Bubber.

Maybird was looking at Paw like he'd stole the lock off the henhouse door.

WHEN Bubber got through laughing, he said, "Lonnie, what on earth did you go and bring a daggoned itchy Indian home with you for?"

I could see Paw getting puckered. Paw, he might do some things wrong sometimes, he might get a little mixed up sometimes, but he don't hold none with hurting the feelings of a living thing—man nor beast. For some reason, though, it seemed like Paw was trying to be nice to old Bubber.

"Me and this full-blooded Indian, Mister Eagle, are doing some figuring on a business venture, Bubber," Paw said.

"Don't tell me you've gone and got yourself another idea for making your fortune, Lonnie," Bubber said.

"You said that right, Bubber," Paw said. "I've got one that can't miss. I've got a little proposition that might interest you, Bubber."

Bubber grinned. His little old varminty face twisted all sideways.

Maw called, "Supper," and I could tell she was puckered by the way she said it.

Paw picked up an old piece of hoe handle he'd been saving around the place. He poked Mister Eagle's bare foot with that hoe handle.

"Supper, Moe!" he said.

I never did see a little old fat feller to move out that fast. That full-blooded Indian was setting at the table scratching himself by the time Maybird and Paw and Bubber and me got through the door.

Maw served us. She brought us turnip greens and black-eyed peas, corn bread and ham.

Mister Eagle piled his plate so full of food that I couldn't hardly see a thing in the world of him but the top of his head.

"That's a mighty hungry Indian you've gone and brought home with you, Lonnie," Bubber said.

I could see Paw turning red in the face.

"A man gets fed in my house, Bubber," Paw said. "He gets him a gracious plenty. I ain't a man—like some men I know—to build his life around a dollar bill. When a man comes to my house to eat he gets as much as he wants of the best that we've got."

"You tell him, Paw!" I said.

Maybird kicked me under the table. I looked at her. She was rolling her eyes up at Bubber Bufert. I remembered when Maybird used to shoot squirrels with me. I watched her rolling those eyes. I watched her picking at her plate with her little finger stuck out like a sucker on an orange tree. It like to made me sick.

Maw got us all served. She sat down. There wasn't much said at the supper table. Maw and Maybird were puckered at Paw. Paw was being quiet for once. Bubber was all eyes for Maybird. Mister Eagle was moving into that plate of food like a man tossing hay out of a wagon into the haymow.

After supper Paw scrunched his chair back from the table. He took to picking his teeth with a stove match. He cleared his throat.

"Now, about this here business venture, Bubber," Paw said.

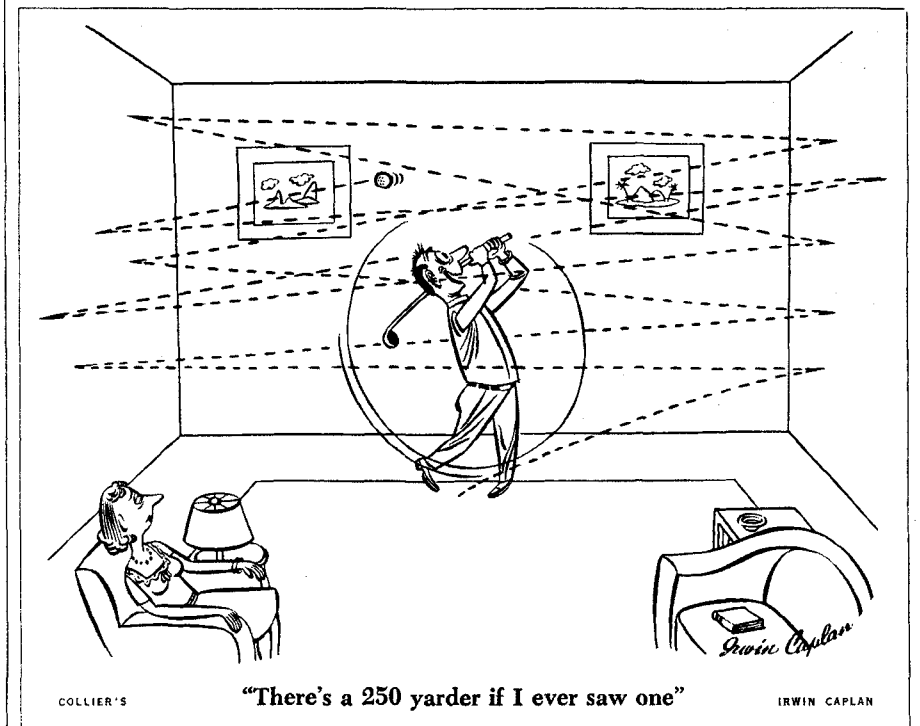
"Humph!" Maw said.

Paw paid her no mind.

"Let's go for a ride, Bubber," Maybird said.

"I want you to stay on the place," Paw said. "I'm fixing to start talking business. I want Bubber Bufert, here, to hear what I'm about to say. I've got a thing or two to say that might interest a man in the business of making loans on sound business ventures."

Bubber laughed. "This isn't going to be like the time you went to raising chin-



"There's a 250 yarder if I ever saw one"

IRWIN CAPLAN

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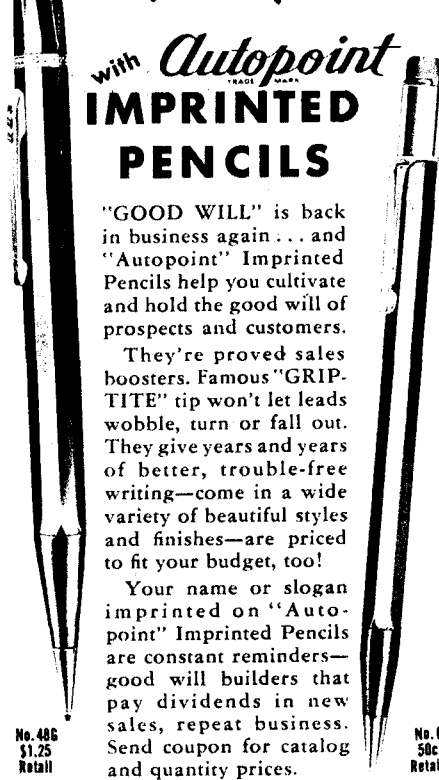
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chillas in your henhouse, is it, Lonnie, and those chinchillas you'd paid a pretty sum of money for turned out to be guinea pigs?"

Paw started in to mumbling.

Bubber went on. "Or the time you dammed Marigold Creek to irrigate your back forty and the dike broke and the water washed Old Man Yancey and his wife right out of bed? And Old Man Yancey sued you?"

"Paw's the smartest man in this section!" I shouted.

"Shush, Virgil," Paw said.

I hadn't never seen Paw acting this way.

PAW said, "Them things is past history. A man can't always be right. The main thing is to keep on trying. Now this time I got me a sure-fire deal. You know, and I know, that there ain't an Indian—outside of Mister Eagle, here—in this section. And Mister Eagle, a full-blooded Cherokee Indian, wouldn't be here if I hadn't of gone plumb through the State of Georgia to fetch him. Way south of here, down through the 'glades, you can't hardly see the saw grass in some sections for Seminole Indians. Them Indians have got little villages alongside the road. In them little villages they sell curios: snakeskin belts and purses; live baby turtles and gators; painted fans and fancy cloth; little old do-jiggers made out of bark. They keep a grist of them curios on hand. When the Yankees come down that highway them Indians do a mighty fine business."

"God save us!" Maw said.

Paw didn't pay her no mind. "Now I'm aiming to set Mister Eagle, this full-blooded Indian, up alongside of Highway 41. Mister Eagle and Virgil and me, we'll build him a camp. Mister Eagle is the only Indian in this section. He'll do a land-office business."

Bubber was smiling that varminty smile. "What're you planning to do about stocking this Indian's store, Lonnie?"

"That's where you come in, Bubber," Paw said. "You're in the business of making loans on sound business ventures. I found out about a mail-order house in Atlanta, Georgia, that makes a business of supplying Indians with curios to sell alongside the road. All we need is five hundred dollars. The rest will take care of itself."

"You're crazy, Lonnie!" Bubber said. I saw Mister Eagle looking at Bubber. Those dusty eyes weren't even blinking. "Now, Bubber, you hadn't ought to talk to me like that," Paw said.

I swear I just didn't know what had got into Paw. Paw wasn't the kind of a man to take talk like that from a little old scrawny, big-talking, varminty man like Bubber Bufert. Then all of a sudden the truth hit me. It hit me, and it like to made me sick to realize how a man's pride must suffer just because he's got no money and another man has. It like to made me sick and then it made me mad.

"I tell you, we can't miss," Paw said. "Go on out to the pickup and open up that poke of yours, Moe. Go on out there and put on that fine-looking hat of yours. That's about the finest-looking hat I ever did see. Let's you and me give Bubber Bufert, here, an idea how this thing will stack up." Paw sounded kind of desperate.

Mister Eagle went out through the kitchen.

"You're making a fool of yourself, Paw," Maybird said.

"You shush!" I shouted.

"Wait'll you folks see that full-blooded Indian in that hat!" Paw said. "It'll give you an idea."

"Lonnie," Bubber said, "I don't care a thing in the world about seeing that sorry-looking Indian in a moth-eaten headdress. This thing's gone far enough. You've had some mighty crazy schemes since I've known you. This scheme of

yours about going into the curio business with that half-witted, scratchy redskin is the craziest scheme of all."

Bubber stood. Maybird stood with him.

"Set down!" The voice came from the kitchen door.

I twisted in my chair.

Mister Eagle was standing there in the doorway. He was wearing that head-dress. The colored feathers rose like plumes from his forehead and they swept down behind him almost to the floor. He might have been a sorry-looking little old fat Indian, but right at that moment he was about five feet and three inches of solid dignity.

I could almost see him standing around a council of war somewhere off in the forest.

His eyes were fastened on Bubber Bufert.

"Set down!" he said again.

Bubber started to set down. Then he saw Maybird staring at him. He straightened.

"Set!"

That Indian's voice purely did pack a grist of command. I was mighty glad that Indian wasn't talking to me like that.

"You want to watch out who you're talking to like that, Indian," Bubber said. He didn't sound so sure of hisself.

Mister Eagle reached slowly into the hip pocket of his overalls. He pulled out an old jackknife with a hair handle. He opened her up. That blade was at least six inches long. I could tell she was fresh-honed by the way she glistened in the lamplight.

Mister Eagle stepped forward.

Maw screamed.

Paw jumped to his feet.

"Set down, Bubber!" Paw said. "You don't want to fool around with that Indian and go and get yourself cut!"

Bubber was excited. That varminty little old scofer didn't hardly know what to do. Maybird was sitting there looking at him. Mister Eagle was coming towards him. Maw was screaming. I was reaching over into the corner for an old rusty lug wrench that Paw had been saving around the place. I didn't aim to use that lug wrench on Mister Eagle, neither. I aimed to use that lug wrench on old Bubber, if I got a chance, for talking to Paw like he'd been talking.

Bubber backed off from the table. His

little old varminty face was dead white, now.

"Close up that dad-burned jackknife, Eagle!" Paw shouted. "Close her up and put her back in that pocket of your overalls. You don't want to go and cut Bubber Bufert with that dad-burned jackknife and mess up our business venture!"

Mister Eagle didn't pay him no mind. Bubber was edging towards the front door.

"Stand up to that Indian, Bubber, honey!" Maybird shouted.

Bubber jumped for the door. He was too quick for Mister Eagle. He was too quick for me. I missed him a yard with that lug wrench, he was traveling so fast. He took on off through that front door. "You're all crazy!" he shouted. "A dag-goned house full of redskins and crazies!"

Mister Eagle stood there for a minute. He closed up his jackknife. He put it into the hip pocket of his overalls. Then he sat back down in his chair. The tail feathers of his hat slumped into a pile on the floor.

He scratched hisself. "More pie," he said.

Maw started in to laughing. Then Maybird taken it up. Pretty soon we were all laughing but Mister Eagle. Mister Eagle had a mouth full of pie.

Maybird said, "That sorry scaper, Bubber Bufert, went through that door like lightning through a gooseberry bush!"

We all laughed some more.

Paw said to Maw, "Now squinch up your face, honey, and hold—for I'm aiming to give you a great big old kiss!"

Paw kissed her. He kissed her real nice.

THE next morning I found Paw by the tool shed. He was just setting there on the edge of an old rusty truck bed he'd been saving around the place.

"Put old Charley to the wagon, son," he said. "We got to go on into town."

"Pickup broke, Paw?"

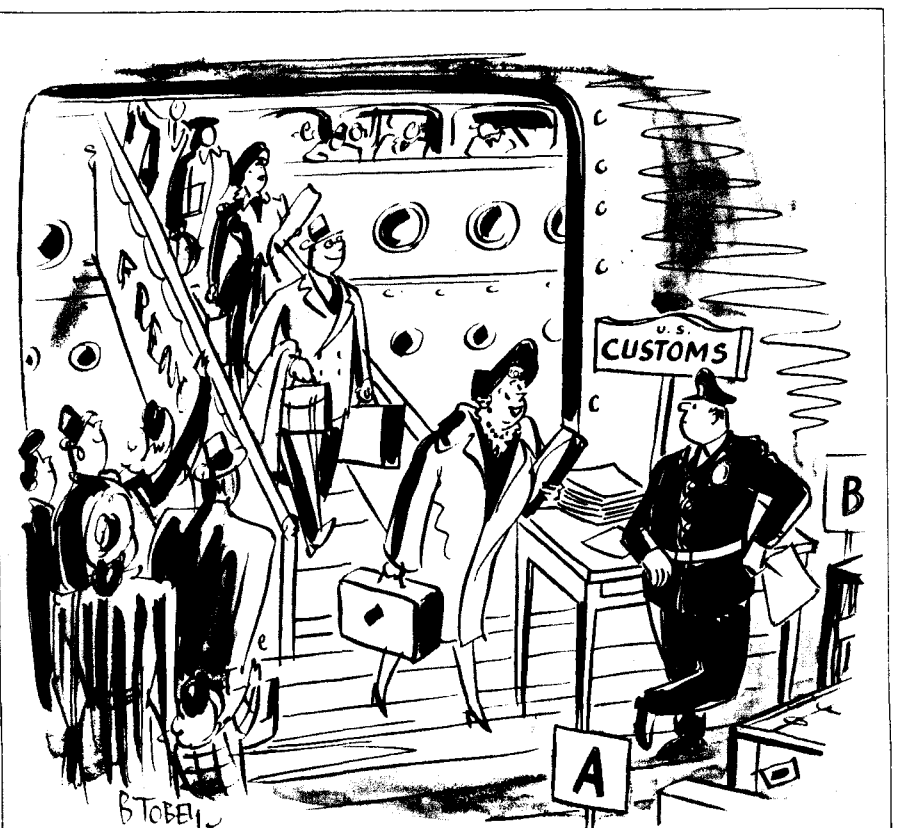
"Broke? Broke, foot! That dad-burned Indian pulled his freight last night in that pickup, is what!"

"Dog my cats!" I said.

"Full-blooded Indian!" Paw said. "I ought to have known better than to fool around with any dad-burned full-blooded Indian from the State of Georgia!"

I sure did hate it when Paw was puck-ered.

THE END



"Is this where I get frisked?"

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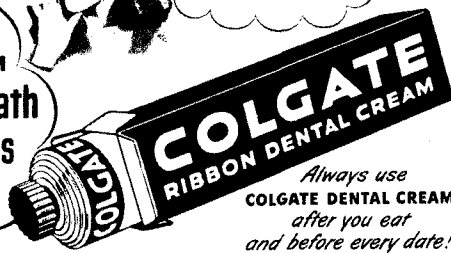
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Always use
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after you eat
and before every date!

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

late. The MoPac Lines have been practicing announcing the reasons for train delays for some time. I wonder if this could be one of the reasons why MoPac Lines have always been voted by the public the most courteous railroad in U.S.A.? Why not try one of our trains sometime if you haven't already and see for yourself?

P. B. NIGH, Local Agt. MoPac Lines,
Kiowa, Kan.

... This is just a pat on the back for your timely editorial—and I hope some railroad officials read it—and act. There is one diner on a famous train I'm now riding on and the observation car is cold. ...
RICHARD E. VERNOR, En Route to Chicago

... And how about enunciating the reason for delay, clearly, and putting observation cars and snack bars on commutation trains and painting way stations an unnauseating color and installing windows that open and ...

EARL PEIRCE, New York, N. Y.

TEXAS STRIKES BACK!

DEAR SIR: Re Beauty on a Bend (Jan. 31st), we in this country think it stinks!

There are a few facts concerning the park that are very good, e.g.: description. But it was not lengthy or detailed enough.

And that one picture of the scenery is as exemplary as the lobby of the Empire State Building would be to show the enormous height of said edifice.

Your story did not truly depict the Big Bend National Park and citizens in this part of the country as they truly are. We are not a hillbilly type of people, nor do we really live as crudely as was portrayed.

J. A. GILBREATH, Sanderson, Texas

Collier's dreams, pardner, of issuing a special Texas number—the Encyclopedia Tex-
asiana. Only 24 vols. would do the subject justice. Meanwhile we salute Beauty!

ONE STANDING BOO FOR THE DENTIST

DEAR SIR: Yes, by all means, let us extend sympathy to the poor standing dentists and the barbers (The Week's Mail)—both well dressed and perfumed—flowers and magazines on the tables—resilient mats under their feet—working quarters heated and air-conditioned and both receiving very good compensation for their labors. Then let us consider the handicaps of other workers (excluding govt.) of the Stand-Up varieties: Cooks, Waiters, Bank Tellers, Store Clerks, Letter Carriers, Masons, Loggers, Longshoremen, Section Men, Machinists, Carpenters, Painters, Structural Iron Workers, Miners, Chambermaids and Housewives, and think of the working and weather conditions to which many of them are subject. Let us also think of the additional strain of using heavy tools and of lifting and moving heavy materials and the strain on back and arches and then let us also sympathize with them.

I have hunted and fished with dentist friends and have often seen them at the golf clubs and dances but seemingly I had acquired an erroneous idea of the dog's life they were enduring. However, I am not as much interested in taking the strain off my dentist's feet as I am of taking the strain off his forceps and drill (Ugh).

A. C. SEELY, Ouzinkie, Alaska

CUT OUT STARCHES!

DEAR SIR: Have just read the Mystery Chef's menus (Jack the Cost Killer, Feb. 7th) and think the chef had better let his wife take over the kitchen. Of all the monotonous, poorly balanced meals, they take the cake (if the budget allows it).

Ask any home economist her opinion of four starches: pea soup, chili con carne, potatoes, and rice pudding in the same meal, not to mention griddle cakes and another

bread for breakfast. That would be a diet-er's dilemma and a nutritionist's nightmare.

The lack of fruit, vegetables and salads make it fall far short of meeting the necessary daily requirements. Leave food tips and menus to the women's magazines.

MRS. J. L. CAZER, Denver, Colo.

... The article on the Mystery Chef was mighty interesting and helpful. It takes a Scotsman to cut corners. I should know, I feed a family of four on \$11.60 a week and clothe them on \$2.00 a week. We have balanced diets and don't look shabby.

VIRGINIA PAULUS, W. Toledo, Ohio

IRON CURTAIN, U. S. A.

DEAR SIR: After reading Twilight On the Navajo Trail (Feb. 7th) one wonders if perhaps Russia hasn't got the right idea in lowering an "Iron Curtain" around herself to prevent the influence of a people who permit such appalling conditions to exist from contaminating their economy.

If the Navajos were an isolated case it would be bad enough but to anyone who has been in the South you will find the Navajo case duplicated hundreds of times.

CECIL T. LEVIN, Somerville, Mass.

... If all blankets sold to tourists as genuine Navajos were required by law to be manufactured only by Navajos, all their financial problems might be solved.

BOB SWEENEY, Hollywood, Cal.

EAT YOUR WAY TO HEALTH

DEAR SIR: I have just read with interest and enthusiasm The Miracles of Dr. Spies, by Dickson Hartwell (Jan. 31st).

We in nutrition watch Dr. Spies' work closely and thrill to his accomplishments, and feel sure that Dr. Spies would agree that, marvelous though it is to be able to cure starvation illnesses, it will be even more marvelous when people everywhere eat an adequate diet.

I cannot help wishing that your article had included somewhere a positive recommendation for a good diet. Eating the Basic Seven way provides a diet which promotes good health and vitality. The Basic Seven food groups are: (1) green and yellow vegetables; (2) citrus fruits and tomatoes; (3) potatoes; (4) milk and milk products; (5) meat, fish, poultry, eggs; (6) cereals and bread; (7) butter or fortified margarine. Eat from each group daily!

RUTH ROTH, Public Health Federation,
Cincinnati, Ohio

COON CAT FIGHT

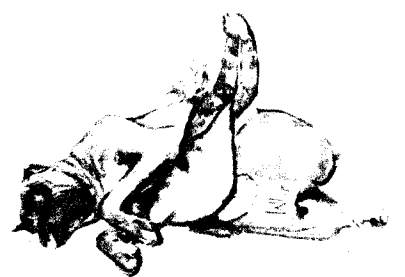
DEAR SIR: I hereby challenge the writer of the coon cat letter, Mr. A. C. Towne, to prove there is, or ever has been, such an animal as a cross between a coon and a cat. (The Week's Mail, Feb. 7th.)

My husband and I have spent our lives along Crooked Creek, in southwestern Kansas, where coons abound, also cats, many of which have grown up wild. No one in this country has even seen anything remotely resembling the so-called coon cat. They are very different in their habits, a coon being quite a vegetarian.

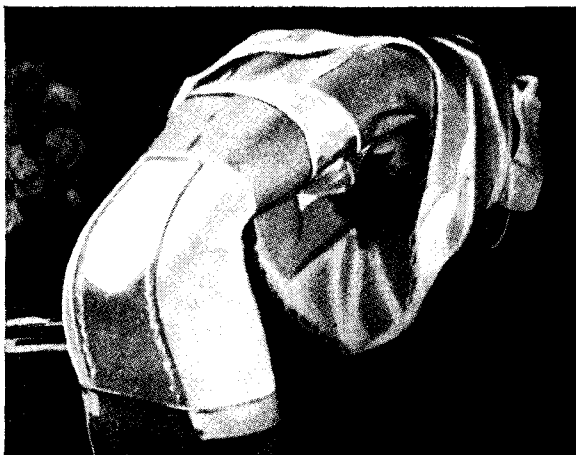
MRS. W. J. MERKLE, Meade, Kan.

... No coon cats? Joe, the rum-soaked dog-beater of Collier's fame, is mighty strong argument for their existence.

HENRY YAMADA, New York, N. Y.



Collier's for March 20, 1948



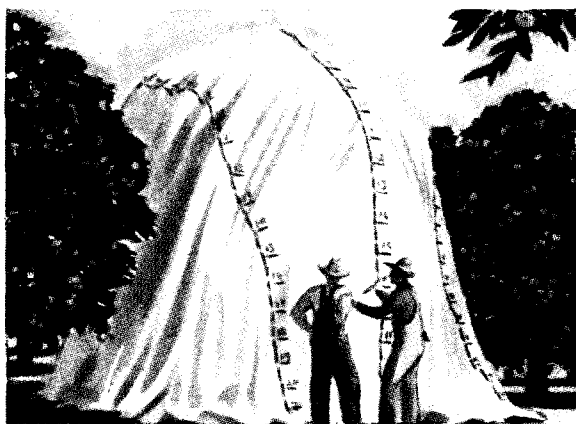
IF IT DRIES OVERNIGHT—tubs as simply as a hankie, holds its shape and yours through countless washings . . . lady, your girdle's nylon! Nylon is light, cool, perspiration-resistant, pleasant to wear . . . yet nylon is so strong it wears lots longer.



THEY HOLD THEIR SHAPE! Nylon curtains hold their shape through many washings, don't pick up much dust. No stretching, no pinning—just toss them in the tub, hang up to dry, and press lightly with a lukewarm iron if you want to.



MEN: Want good looking comfortable socks—kind to your feet? Socks never harmed by perspiration! Stylish socks that hold their original size and shape in the wash. Socks that wear and wear. Look for the words—made of nylon!



STRONGER! For fumigation tents—and other tents—that are lighter, stronger, easy to handle, hard to tear, quick to dry—not destroyed by mildew or soil rot—for tents that save your money—now there's something new and better . . . NYLON!

news about nylon

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LONG WEAR • ELASTICITY • RESILIENCE
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WHAT WE'RE AFRAID OF

Continued from page 13

Fear is playing hob with us. Fear of the atom. Fear of Russia. Fear of depression. A British observer visits this country and reports, "Every hand seemed to be on the wrist of business, waiting for the first fluctuation which would herald the inevitable slump."

We're so jittery that even the dentists protest. No joke. Dr. Louis Willinger, of New York, put it on record at a recent dental convention. "Most people who come into dentists' offices today appear anxious, have fears and show jitters—hence, a greater demand for anesthesia," he complained.

Interview with a Cabdriver

As we pulled up outside the headquarters of the Federation of American Scientists (the atomic bomb makers) in Washington, D.C., the cabdriver noticed the sign on the building and said, "Uh, oh!"

"Scared of atomic bombs?" I inquired. "Who the hell ain't?" he replied. "If those Russians weren't scared of the atomic bomb they'd be after our tail long ago. There's only one way to play it smart—that's blast 'em first!"

This was a fine specimen of what the scientists call "atom bomb psychology." They feel partly responsible for it and are somewhat abashed that their crusade for peace by thumping on the horrors of atomic war has yielded an unexpected by-product: a demand for "preventive war."

One physicist who had been to Bikini dropped out of the scientists' federation after telling them, "I don't believe in scaring people. That makes them panicky. It makes them hateful and suspicious." He recalled that all the pictures of war horror flashed upon the public mind between 1918 and 1939 did not stave off World War II or make it any milder.

A memorandum has quietly been circulated in the federation's educational office in New York asserting that if the fear talk brings this boomerang it is "better left unsaid." In fact, says Dr. Walter C. Beard, Jr., director of the Association of Scientists for Atomic Education, a whole new approach is being born. He calls it the "preach sanity" idea. "We're going to try to get people to realize what the facts are, but not get hysterical about them," he declares.

The new formula is simple: Let's have enough healthy fear of the atom bomb to spur our energies toward gaining an enduring peace. Let's not have unhealthy fear which curdles into hatred and suspicion, bringing us relentlessly closer to atomic war.

Nowhere was the fresh air of the new sanity more invigorating than in the office of Nobel prize winner Professor Isidor I. Rabi, nuclear physicist of Columbia University.

"It would seem," said this sane, soft-spoken man, "that there is an excellent chance that the world will work out its problems and we will go peacefully into the Atomic Age. I feel optimistic about it. As for the United Nations—political stalling, filibustering and hornswoggling has never terrified us in Washington. Why should it at Lake Success?"

"You mean doomsday may not be around the corner?"

"I mean we're like the people 100 years ago, at the dawn of the age of electricity. They didn't know what electricity would lead to. We don't know what atomic energy will lead to. Why assume the worst? We may have some pleasant surprises—if we keep our shirts on."

Shirts were definitely on in the offices of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which, being the largest finan-

cial institution in the world, would likely be knocked for a loop in case enemy atoms started splitting indiscriminately in the U.S.A. Yet the great sagacious Met, insuring the lives of more than 32,000,000 Americans, is not quaking in its statistic-lined boots. With the world's best facilities for calculating risks and an eminent record for sound predictions of things to come, the Met is calmly betting that Americans will not be atom-bombed.

As Dr. Louis I. Dublin, the firm's statistician, put it, "Every policy we write is insurance against the atomic bomb—yet the advent of the bomb did not increase our rates one cent!"

What about fear of Russia?

In Washington, I put the problem to Congressman Walter H. Judd, Republican of Minnesota. In addition to being a lawmaker, Judd is a doctor. As *Doctor* Judd, he knows what fear does to people. As *Congressman* Judd, he is familiar with power politics. You have to know

"We have a typical visceral, or emotional, ambivalence. We are afraid of war with Russia. We are afraid of appeasement. So we just tremble. Yet, doesn't a calm, intellectual fear of Russia indicate a clear course of action? We know that the United Nations, like any new piece of machinery, has bugs. Let's redesign it, take the bugs out. Right now, any of the Big Five can use the U.N. to make war instead of peace. Let's redesign the structure to form, as our own Constitution says, 'a more perfect Union.' Let's invite Russia to join in. But if Russia refuses, let's go ahead with a new, strong United Nations—with Russia or without her."

What about the third poltergeist, that depression which is going to make apple sellers of us all? The least we can say is that it's a hobgoblin with no sense of punctuality. It was supposed to come rattling along in early 1946. Remember the "postwar unemployment" scare? It never materialized. So we dreamed up

fully employed. Suddenly, however, *confidence became impaired*, 'runs' on banks started, factories shut down, and business generally became paralyzed."

What shall we do in 1948 America? Close our eyes, rub a rabbit's foot and charge blithely on? No, that's just as unreal as seeing a ghost under the chaise longue. Ernest Dale, economist for the American Management Association, suggests we look the real danger—inflation—squarely in the eye.

"A healthy fear of inflation," Dale counsels, "can alert us to its perils and bend our efforts toward avoiding it. Such fear deters us from panicky buying. It spurs us toward individual and group action to stave off inflation. On the other hand, hysterical fear would plunge us into a buying spree. It would pit individuals and groups against one another in efforts to save their skins—and bring on the very spiral we want to avoid."

Healthy fears of a postwar letdown prompted the Committee for Economic Development to look ahead and help communities prepare to take up the slack of closing war plants in 1945 and '46. Here undoubtedly is one reason why the postwar letdown never materialized. Many economists believe the United States ought to have a plan in readiness for an economic "D-Day"—"D" standing for depression. Just the knowledge that we had a plan, that we were ready to cope with depression, if and when, would water down a good many unhealthy fears.

Since unhealthy fears often help cause depressions, we might avoid one simply by being well prepared for it.

The Healthy Urge of an Emotion

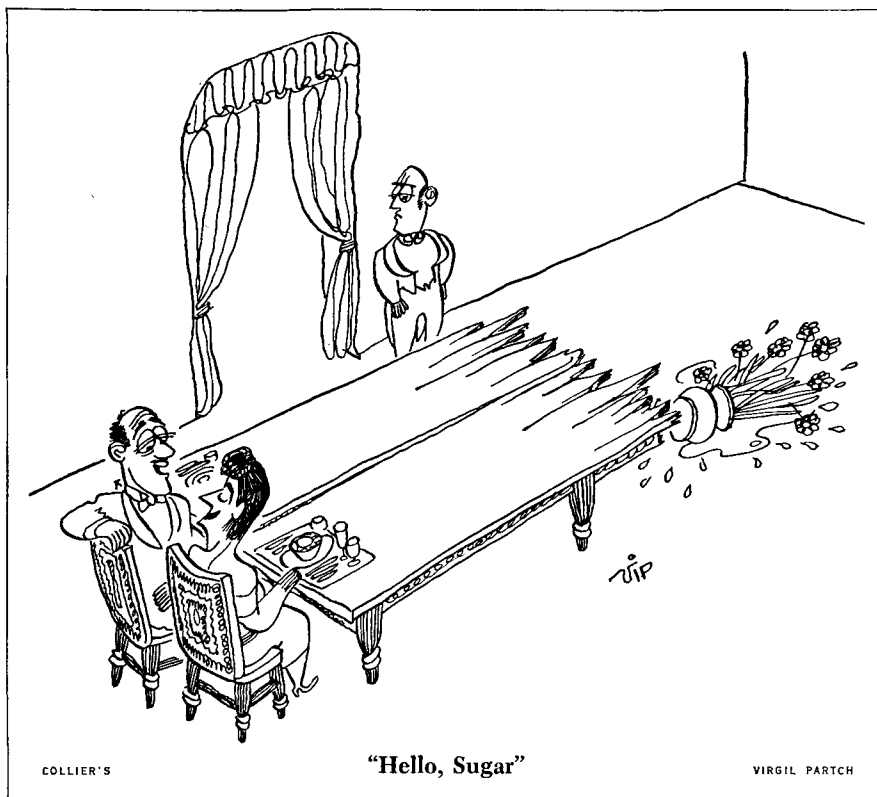
Fear is one of the most powerful human emotions. Healthy and controlled, it makes us virtual supermen. Adrenalin is poured into our blood streams to give us emergency power, our hearts beat faster to supply our muscles, our livers release stored-up sugar to give us quick energy, our lungs draw harder to give us more oxygen. Healthy fear puts us on an emergency footing, sharpens our perceptions, makes us think faster, act more effectively.

Hunters tell of deer which run with such tremendous bounds under the stimulus of fear that sometimes, even when mortally wounded, they travel so far their carcasses cannot be found. The psychologists' classic story is of the athlete who, when chased by a dog, was able to leap over a fence six inches higher than his top jump in any track meet. In the sagas of the old West, John Colter tells how, pursued by Montana redskins, he ran three miles, stopped and killed the only Indian who was able to keep up with him, and then ran on "with renewed strength, feeling as if I had not run a mile."

It is fear which makes the eagle build his aerie at the top of a crag, which makes the coyote flee from a forest fire, which strengthens the mongoose to kill the cobra, which makes you and me stop at railroad crossings, read the labels on medicine bottles, carefully put out our cigarettes, bundle up in snow and rain, and perform acts of incomprehensible heroism when our lives or loved ones are threatened.

"A life without fear," says Yale's Professor Albert Galloway Keller, "would resemble a railroad that has scrapped its red signals in favor of a policy of sheer recklessness."

We ought always to have an optimum of fear, like body temperature. But when we get an overdose, like an overly high temperature, we're in trouble. Hyper-fear confuses our brain, paralyzes our



"Hello, Sugar"

both to write a prescription for Russophobia.

"Should we fear Russia?" I inquired.

"Indeed we should!" the congressman-doctor replied. "Russian totalitarianism is an organized movement to destroy all we've stood for and fought for. It is a calculated, determined, world-scale assault on our tenets."

"What course should our fear take?"

"It should strengthen us. Fear of the Communist onslaught should make us improve our own house. We must work vigorously to expand our freedoms and make our democracy work better than it has ever worked before."

"Are we doing it?"

"Not entirely. A lot of visceral, or emotional, fears are tying our hands. I mean the kind of fear that makes us go out Red-baiting and name-calling. That's panicky. It only makes matters worse. These witch-hunters are the panicky ones who clog the exits in a fire. Let's forget the visceral fears. Calm, intellectual fears are the ones which work for us. Such fears indicate that instead of Red-baiting, we should go after and improve those weaknesses in our democracy which the Communists exploit. That's fear put to protective rather than panicky purposes."

"And on the international scene?"

another spook called the "recession," scheduled to appear late in 1946, then early in 1947, then late in 1947. It never came out of the closet.

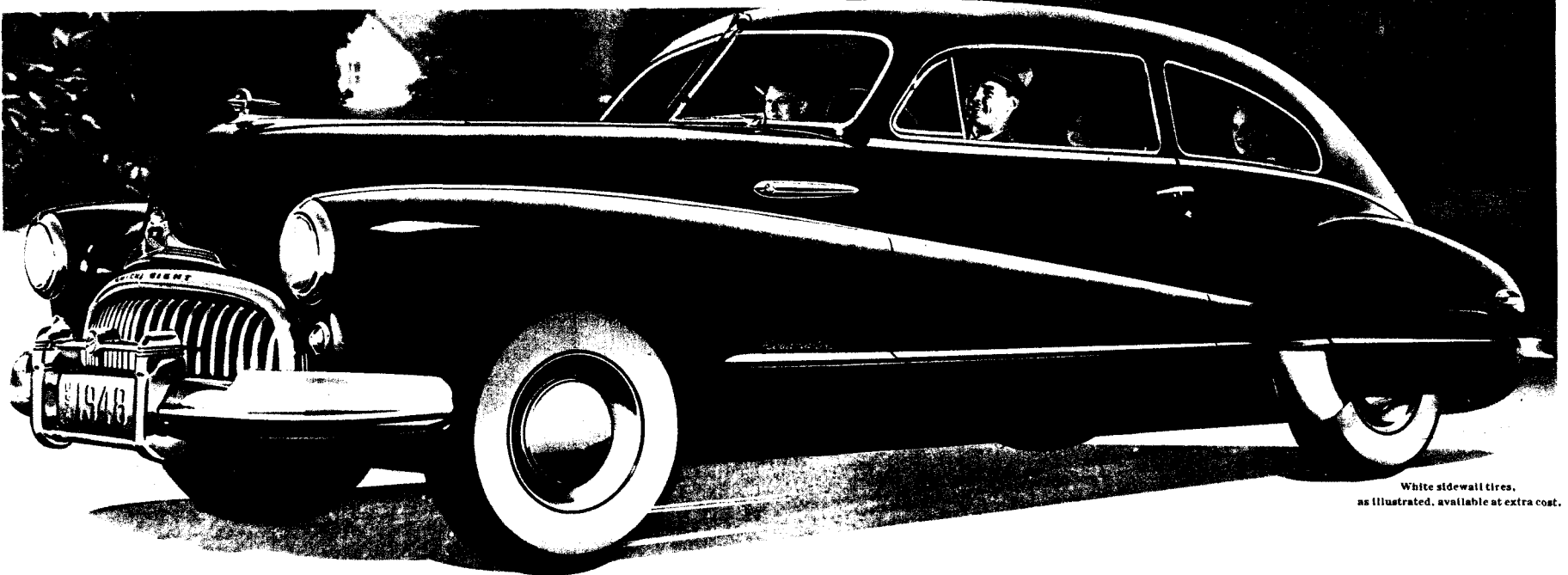
Robert C. Goodwin, chief of the U.S. Employment Service, points out that the latest count of noses showed 58,595,000 Americans gainfully employed and only 1,621,000 out of work, many of them between jobs or coasting on savings. "This is the lowest ratio of unemployment in the peacetime history of our country," Goodwin reminds us.

What are we afraid of? "We've been through a bad depression and we think depressions are inevitable. We've got depression on the brain. We're like a man who's smashed up his car and thinks that every time he goes driving he'll smash it up again," Goodwin declares.

A good many congressmen share this view—and see the peril in it. Representative Thomas E. Morgan, Pennsylvania Democrat, remarked, "Our people are suffering from 1929 psychology. They keep asking, 'How long until the next depression? Five years? Two years? One year?' Man, that's the way to bring a depression on!"

Look what fear did, for example, in the panic of 1907. The record says, "Most banks were in excellent condition, industries flourishing, and labor

A Look tells a Lot —but not all!



White sidewall tires,
as illustrated, available at extra cost.

ONE look and you know that here you see a happy man — happy for a number of reasons . . .

For car-styling bright and lovely and unmistakable as evening's first star—for a bonnetful of power a man can be proud of—for a car big in size and room and steadiness, and at the easy command of his wife's or daughter's gentle touch.

A look tells you this because a look tells you this is a Buick—but a look can't quite tell it all.

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It can't show the new measure of quiet that is in bodies topped off with Sound-

Sorber top lining to soak up travel noises.

And if this Buick you see flashes the word "Dynaflow"* on its rear deck ornament, a look can't begin to show the amazing new ease and smoothness Buick's new drive provides.

Here for the first time in any American passenger car, the power plant does what gears used to do.

Here is the near-miracle of driving without a gear ever shifting—here is the simplest, sweetest, smoothest motoring you have ever known.

Spot the name "Dynaflow" on the Buick Roadmaster with this new drive and you'll see a car not only smart,

not only big, not only lively and eager and ready—but the first and only American passenger car to bring you this sensational new development in liquid-smooth transmissions.

See your Buick dealer about it—and get your order in.

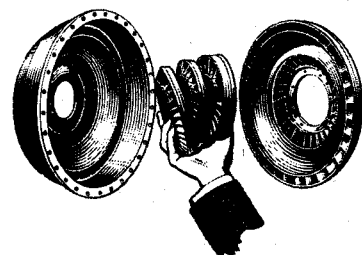
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To an efficient new pump (left in picture), Buick engineers have added a true turbine (right) and an ingenious new super-charging assembly (in hand) which produce a torque-boosting action in starting and accelerating. The result is the first device on any American passenger car which employs liquid to fill the function of both the clutch and the usual low, second and high gears. The clutch pedal is eliminated and a simple control gives you manual selection of power ranges and direction.

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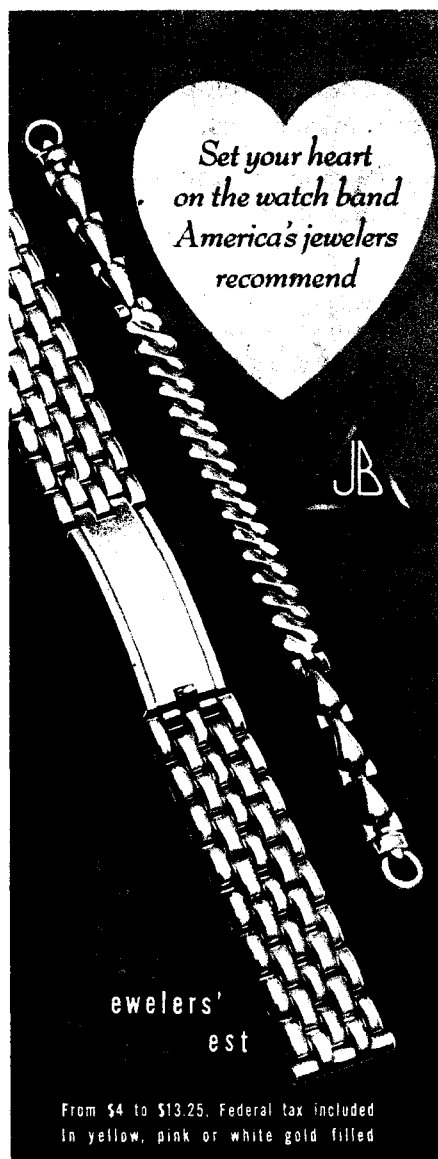


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muscles, plunges us into harum-scarum activities which we live to regret (if we live) and makes us ineffective, panicky, a menace to ourselves and to others.

Dr. Leland E. Hinsie, of the New York State Psychiatric Institute and Hospital, points out that mass fear of unhealthy proportions can make whole groups of people "run amuck" as in riots, panics, pogroms, lynchings. "Such fear causes an accumulation of tension, of inordinate energy, which may break through sooner or later with fierce destructive power," Dr. Hinsie explains. "When fear is raised to a high enough pitch, people will strike out at anyone—even their neighbors or their own government."

Fear in the overdose becomes a hate drug. It makes us withdraw, tighten up in our own little shells, break off relationships, grow irritable and suspicious, and finally—like the paranoiac—we are suspecting everybody else in the world of having nasty designs on us. In such a state, we are human tinderboxes.

Invaders from Mars Panic U.S.

This country's best demonstration of unhealthy fear was provided, inadvertently, by Orson Welles on October 30, 1938, in a radio program called *The War of the Worlds*.

After space rockets full of ferocious Martians had been landing all over the place, searing this poor earth with horrid, incandescent heat, a parched and breathless announcer gasped:

"I'm speaking from the roof of Broadcasting Building, New York City. The bells you hear are ringing to warn the people to evacuate the city as the Martians approach. . . . Avoid bridges to Long Island. Hopelessly jammed. All communication with Jersey shore closed ten minutes ago. No more defenses. Our Army wiped out . . . artillery, air force, everything wiped out."

"This is the end now. Smoke comes out. . . . black smoke drifting over the city. People in the streets see it now. They're running toward the East River . . . thousands of them, dropping in like rats. Now the smoke's spreading faster. It's reached Times Square. People trying to run away from it, but it's no use. They're falling like flies. Now the smoke's crossing Sixth Avenue. . . . Fifth Avenue . . . One hundred yards away . . . It's fifty feet!"

Wow! You'd expect a yowl at the end of this like the sound the villain used to make when Deadeye Dick sent him spiraling over the precipice in the nickelodeon serials. But corny or not, this broadcast tapped wellsprings of unhealthy fear. It started a panic.

Hadley Cantril, of Princeton University, put the incident up for scientific study, sent researchers into the field, weighed the evidence. He reports, "People all over the United States were praying, crying, fleeing frantically to escape death from the Martians. Some ran to rescue loved ones. Others telephoned farewells or warnings . . . summoned ambulances and police cars."

Weighing the findings, Cantril declares, "The anxiety and fear revealed by the panic were latent in the general population. . . . Our data have indicated the role which the war scare of the summer and early fall of 1938 played in producing the panic."

What would a similar scare do today? Several congressmen I talked to shuddered at the thought. Representative Erland H. Hedrick, West Virginia Democrat, remarked, "Suppose we got a report that three or four hundred planes were headed our way from Alaska? There's no telling what would happen, or what we'd do. This Atomic Age has given the whole world a trigger finger."

The Federation of American Scientists is much concerned with what will happen when we get our first report that Russia has conducted an atomic bomb test. This,

the scientists feel certain, Russia will do one of these days.

Dr. Richard Meier, director of the federation, told me, "Undoubtedly, Russia's first atom bomb test will be detected whether they tell us about it or not. But how should the announcement be given to the American people without making them panicky? That's what we're wondering. We've got sociologists working on it."

It is to be hoped that the scientists and the sociologists, and the Army and the Navy and the White House, will come clean with the people and tell them all there is to know—and tell it straight.

Unhealthy fear has ever fed upon ignorance. Man quailed at the eclipse of the sun until astronomy gave him the facts. The "fearless" spahis of North Africa trembled at tanks until they learned to know tanks as "mechanized elephants." The Atlantic Ocean was a caldron of sea monsters until Columbus made his eyewitness report.

Have you ever feared a dark room? What you fear is the darkness, the unknown. Turn on the light and where are your spooks?

Light, then, is the first step in the conquest of unhealthy fear. It is earnestly prescribed by the guardian of our national psyche, Dr. Robert H. Felix, chief of mental hygiene for the U.S. Public Health Service.

"People grow fearful when kept in darkness. We must give them all the facts possible," Dr. Felix urges. "If they fear war, they must know all about its causes and what steps we are taking day after day to avoid it. If they fear economic collapse, they must understand what produces panics, inflations, and depressions—and what we can do to prevent them. The healthy reaction to such knowledge is to use one's fear energy to do something about it. As we start doing, neurotic fear melts away."

We Should Own Up to Our Fears

Secondly, we must admit we're afraid. The reasoning, according to Yale's Professor John Dollard, goes like this: "Many people try to smother their fears. They pretend not to be afraid when they actually are. They whistle to keep up a courage which they haven't got. Those who react this way cannot control their fears. They are controlled by fear."

"Others react entirely differently. They are not afraid to say, 'I am afraid.' Once they are aware of fear, they start thinking and planning."

These, Professor Dollard declares, are the people who can rid themselves of unhealthy fear. And a glorious accomplishment, too. "Nowhere," he asserts, "does the human mind show such nobility as in thinking against fear."

Thirdly, we must halt fear's contagion. Dr. Karl Menninger, the eminent psychiatrist, tells us that fear "communicates itself from person to person, from group to group, as certainly and much more rapidly than disease."

If you cough in a man's face you are likely to give him your cold. If you whisper a rumor in his ear you are likely to give him your jitters. London, during the blitz, learned that rumor was the virus of fear and bent prodigious efforts via press and radio to stem the contagion. Rumors about the atom bomb, rumors about Russia, rumors of depression are the viruses of today.

How to quarantine against them? "By recognizing the nature of the contagiousness and avoiding making matters worse by exaggerating and spreading the disease," Dr. Menninger advises. "Nearly everyone becomes a 'carrier' in a fear contagion because of the peculiar fascination that is derived from spreading the news of calamity." But he reminds us that "although courage and self-confidence do not spread as rapidly as fear, they are contagious emotions also."

STAY IN THE CENTER
OF THINGS IN

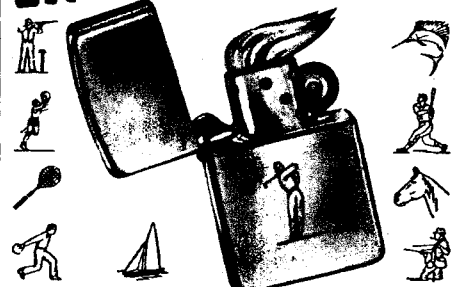
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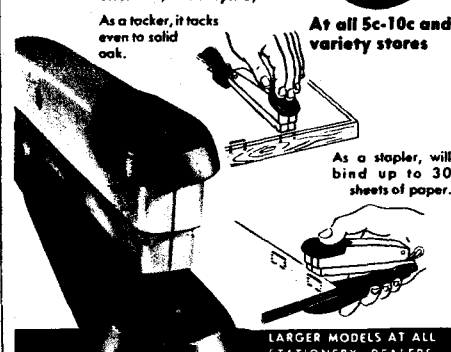
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LARGER MODELS AT ALL STATIONERY DEALERS

Collier's for March 20, 1948

Maybe a few million Americans spreading the virus of confidence and hope could do a lot of good.

What is there to be hopeful about?

Take atomic energy . . . No one is more concerned with the fear of it than Major General Brock Chisholm, war-time head of medical services for the Canadian army, now chief of the World Health Organization under U.N.

Healthy fear, in today's world, can wake millions of us to the psychological truth that "we must give security in order to get it for ourselves," he believes.

Instead of cowering before visions of rack and ruin, perhaps we ought to take the long view of the atom, as David E. Lilienthal did when he wrote (in Collier's, May 3, 1947), "The people throughout the whole of American society must realize that we have in the unfolding knowledge of the atom the means for making our time one of the two or three most vital, most intense and stimulating periods of all history."

To this view by the chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, Congressman Arthur L. Miller, Republican, of Nebraska, would hitch the practical addendum, "We've worried for years about the exhaustion of our natural resources. Perhaps atomic energy is the one thing that will save us."

And what of Russia?

The United Nations has a "social tensions" project under the U. N. Educational Scientific and Cultural Organization. One of its leading lights is James Marshall, of the New York City Board of Education. Perhaps no group has studied so thoroughly the tensions between this country and Russia—the rubs, frictions and downright collisions which bring on the fear of war.

"We must face the fact that some Russian behavior is aggressive and arbitrary," Marshall said. "We must find out why. Toward such a neighbor we must be firm but we must not ourselves be aggressive. We must neither let ourselves be trampled upon, nor go trampling."

"Relations with such a neighbor are not smoothed in a week. We must recognize this as a towering problem. We must learn to live with it, and to work at it. If we solve the problem in ten years we shall be lucky. It is going to take time. Yet isn't it better to take this calculated risk on peace than to rush headlong into war?"

War is the consummate failure. Why court it without first giving the utmost chance to success?

Finally, what of depression?

A glance at the record makes us feel a little foolish for moaning over our beer. We built 5,000,000 cars last year, equaling our prewar record. We put up 800,000 homes, and are nailing more roofs down every day. We ran the national income up above 200 billions, and with all the moaning and groaning, Americans stashed away \$11,000,000,000 in their savings banks in 1947. Employment is at a peacetime peak, we're making more steel than ever before, and we're eating the most meat in history.

Sure, we have our problems. What nation upon this good, green earth now or within the furthest reach of time has been without its problems? The point is, we have a titanic power to cope with ours—if we don't let the meemies get us.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I'd like to write a letter. I want to put in my daughter's application at Sarah Lawrence College for the freshman class of 1960.

THE END

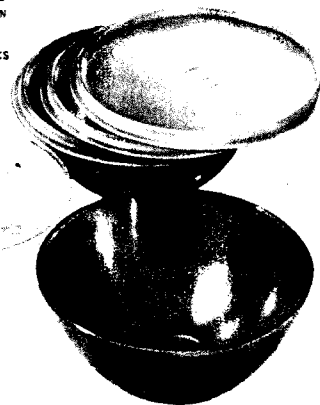
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STYRON

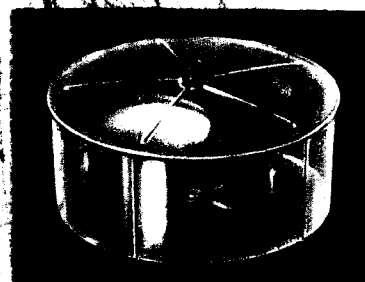
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A DOUBLE LIFE is destined for these colorful bowls—right on the table—or in the refrigerator. They're transparent Styron with Tupper-Seal flexible covers. By Tupper Corporation.



KEEP IT UNDER COVER—yet plainly visible—in this transparent Re-Fresher Box made of Styron. Suitable for cookies or doughnuts, it maintains their freshness—for Styron holds goodness in, yet imparts no taste or odor to edibles. By W. & A. Co., affiliated with Ruzak Industries.

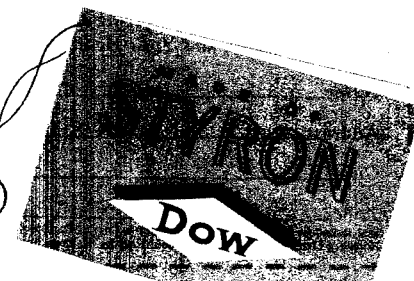


CUTTING, SLICING, PARING are no longer chores in food preparation when the right knife is conveniently at hand. This set of seven, with colorful, light weight handles of Styron, won't chip or peel, and are shaped for ease in grasping. By Lanfare Molded Products for the Clyde Casting Company.

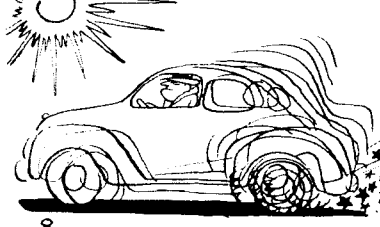
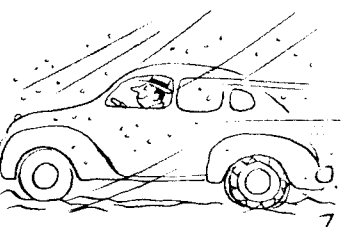
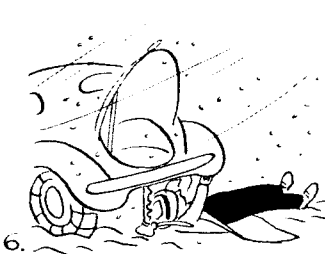
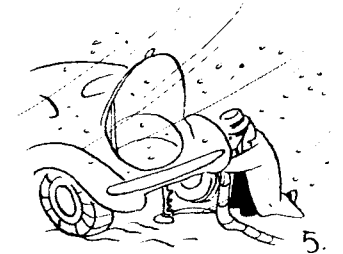
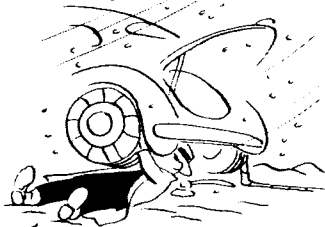
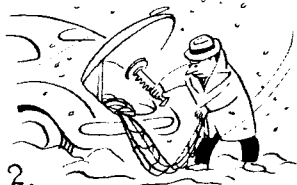
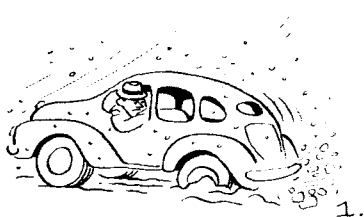
EGG-CESSORY of colorful Styron is a new type egg cup so practical you'll wonder why it hasn't been thought of before! It can't tip over, thanks to its special saucer base that serves also to catch drippings and hold the shells. By American Injection Molders, Inc.



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THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY
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POOR HEARING?

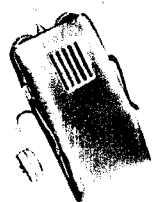


How much are YOU missing?

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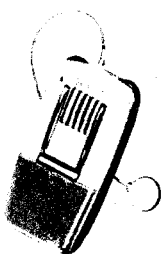
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only got one set of eyes—and you'll ruin 'em working by lamplight."

"That's for Maude Hemsley, and she's got to have it for a party next week."

"Looks pretty good."

"She's extravagant, Al."

"Get your pay for it soon," he said. "Hemsley won't afford it next year."

She dished out the meal and removed her apron; when he passed her he put a hand on her waist, and her head came around in a moment's agreeable interest. Then they sat down.

"Why won't Hemsley afford a dress next year, Al?"

"The placer's too spotty. About spring you'll see a rush out of here for the Boise diggings. Three years from now there'll be cows in the streets of Auburn. It happens to every mining camp. I'm selling out this winter, before the break comes."

"Where'll you go?"

"No idea. I'd thought this might be the place I stopped at for good. I'm tired of moving around. I'm not a young man any more to run around for the hell of it." He paused. "Lately I've had the notion that maybe I started wrong and never will get straight."

She smiled curiously. "Well," she said, "you've had more than most. You'll never go kicking around like these miners, finally ending up an old man tending horses for a bed in the barn."

They finished the meal and rose to do the dishes. He stood beside her with the towel, a cigar clenched between his teeth. "Ought to be enough, shouldn't it?"

"Oh, you'll always want something else."

"Maybe I'm growing old and don't like it."

HE FINISHED drying the dishes and sat down to finish his cigar while she straightened the room and turned to the dummy; she stood back from it, visualizing how the dress was to be.

"How many years have you been doing this, Clara?"

"Ten or so."

"Daytime and nighttime," he said. "Gets old, doesn't it?"

"Anything gets old," she said. "But I don't ask myself funny questions like you do." She looked down at him, her face partly turned, her glance slanting toward him with its shaded knowledge and its affection. "I take what comes. This dummy will be with me a long time after you're gone."

He got up. "I'm dropping in at Masterson's party. Why don't you go?"

"I wasn't asked." Then she changed the subject. "Notice what the women are wearing."

"I wouldn't have been asked, either, if Masterson didn't owe me money."

He said it with a wry soberness that brought a laugh from her. "Oh, Al," she said, "you're funny." He was puzzled by it for a moment, but presently her pleasure made him smile and he went to her and put his arms around her. She lifted her face, growing soon sober and they stood together a moment, looking silently at each other. He kissed her and got her heavy-mouthed response; then he left the house, noting that she had dropped to her knees before the dummy and had begun to work. That stayed with him all the way to the Mastersons; it troubled him.

Masterson's party was in a back yard lighted by Chinese lanterns hanging from pine limbs. There were thirty couples more or less—all of them from the group which ran the town—business people, lawyers, a couple of doctors, a rancher and his wife, the local manager of the stage line, Bartells, who had opened up a quartz vein.

Al DeSpain paid his respects to Mr.

MRS. BENSON

Continued from page 25

and Mrs. Masterson and passed along the crowd, neither at ease nor ill at ease. He would be treated with respect, as a businessman; what they privately thought of him as a saloonkeeper was another matter. He sampled the punch and walked over to a group of men talking politics, finding ready entrance.

Jimmy Swann said, "What'd you find on your trip?"

"Looks all right," said DeSpain, and took pains not to add his private convictions concerning Auburn's future. That knowledge was for his profit, not for theirs. He talked a little and listened a little, and half an hour went by. Remembering Clara's instructions, he tried to describe the dresses to himself, but could make nothing of them. He also remembered she hadn't been invited here and he grew quietly irritated and decided to go home; as he turned to leave, he noticed Mrs. Benson and her husband in a corner of the yard.

No doubt there had been people with them, but at this moment they were alone and on Mrs. Benson's face was that composed mask of a smile he had noted before. Her glance touched him and the light of a Chinese lantern sparkled against her eyes and brightness flashed in them. He balanced on a moment of indecision until a thrust of aggressiveness moved him over to the Bensons. He avoided her attention and spoke to Benson.

"George," he said, "I don't see you down here often."

"I'll have more time to loaf now, winter coming," said Benson. He had a small skull and rather exact features. There was a grayness along his temples and his face was a hickory brown. He took care of himself; he had some deliberate indifference within him which preserved him from the storms that weathered others; he met people with courtesy enough, but his manner measured out only so much friendliness, as though he had only so much to waste.

Mrs. Benson looked beyond her husband toward the house. Her face was in profile to DeSpain when he turned to

her, and suddenly he knew she only seemed to ignore him. He said, "Good night," and drew her attention and saw something faintly alive in the swimming blue of her eyes. He made his bow to them and turned away. Going across the yard he observed Clyde Dill near the punch bowl and he left the yard with a growing dislike for the marshal's inquisitive interest.

He returned to the saloon office, suddenly understanding that the Mastersons had slighted Clara Calhoun. Be damned to them—he'd never accept another invitation from them. The memory of Mrs. Benson's glance clung to him and would not leave. Around ten o'clock he went into the barroom to have his night's drink and saw that George Benson had dropped in for a game of poker. DeSpain thought: The man's a plain damned fool to leave his wife alone.

He went to bed.

MORNING'S fragrance was the sirup of a thousand distilled odors out of the pine hills and the sagebrush flats. He smoked his cigar and watched Mrs. Benson leave Ponderoy's stable for her usual ride. As soon as she had disappeared into the gulch behind town he walked toward Lasher's for his own horse, followed the street to its end and took another trail into the hills. The bare ridge led him upward toward a belt of pines; half an hour of roundabout riding brought him to the trail he knew Mrs. Benson followed and, halting the horse in the sun-mottled shade of the forest, he waited.

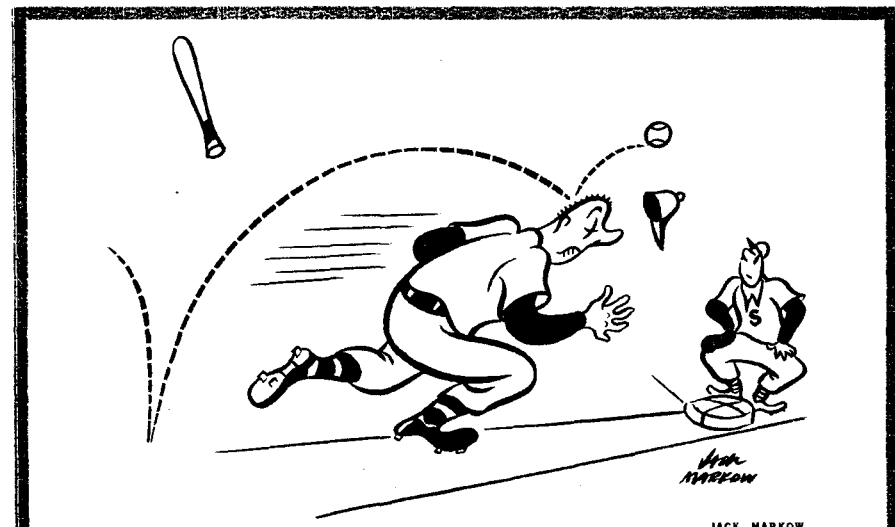
She broke through the timber, saw him and smiled at him without surprise; she had expected him to be here. "You ride fast," she said. "I saw you leave town behind me."

He turned his horse, and the two went casually along the trail. "Usually I take the road up the other gulch. I've got a cabin in that direction—just a place to go when I find Auburn too much."

"I don't find Auburn too much," she said. "I find it too little."

"I judged so."

"Is it so plain on me?"

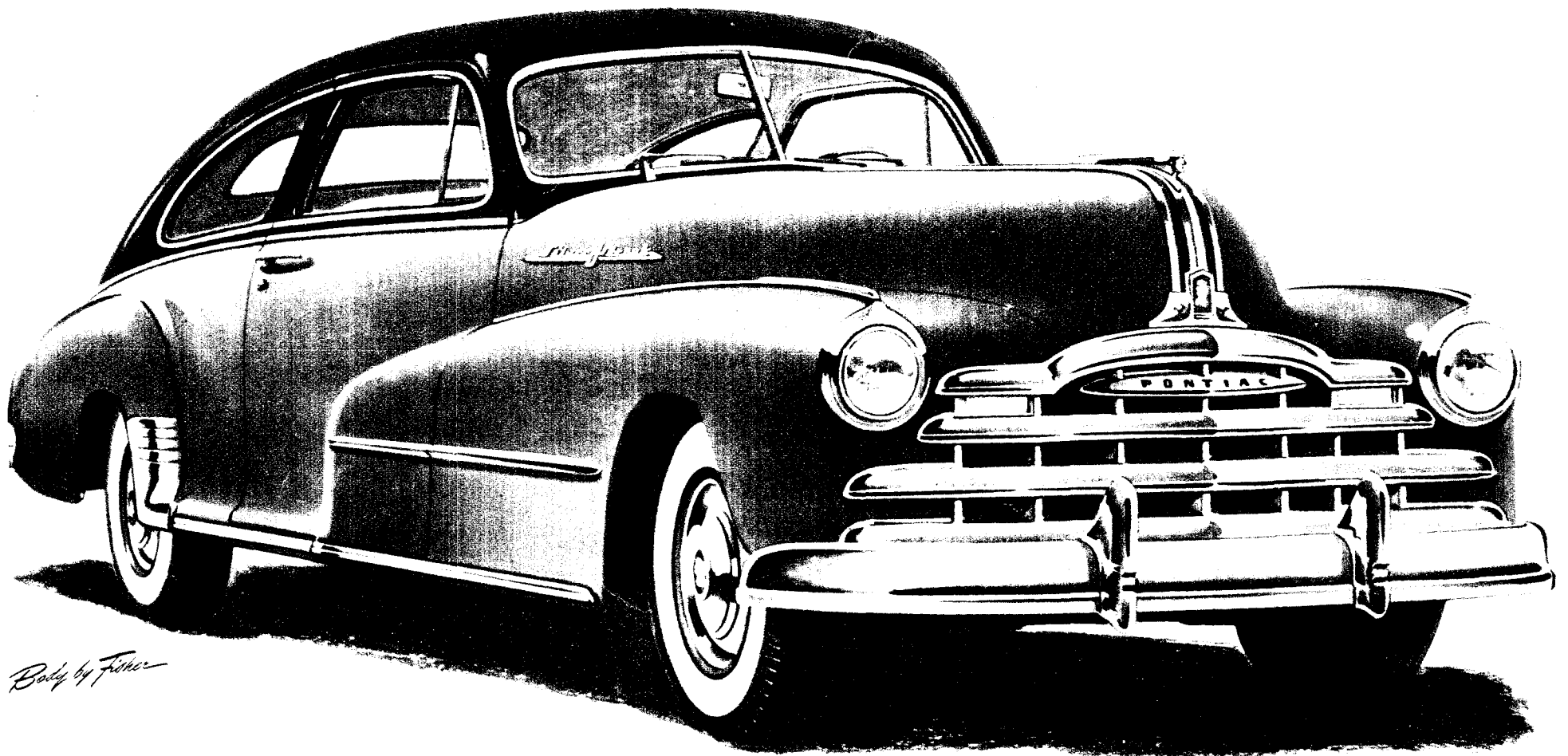
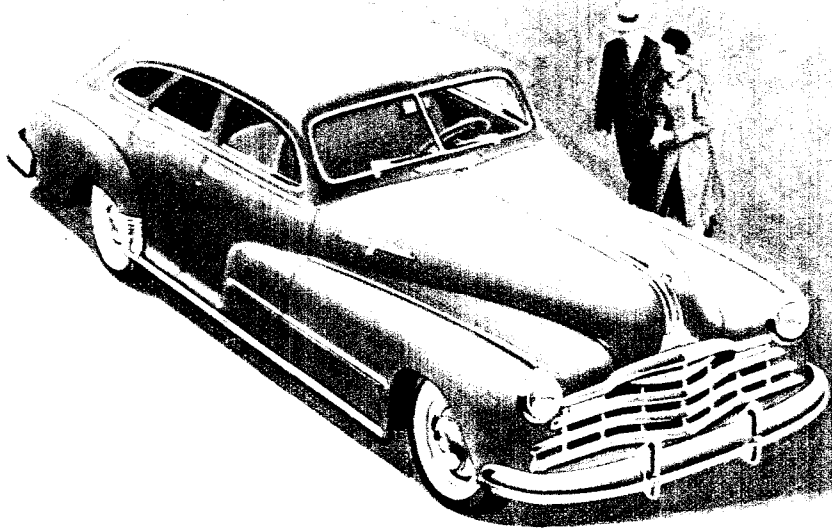


SPORTING ODDS

In a Shreveport-Houston Texas League game last August, Solly Hemus of Houston put himself out after making what looked like a sure hit. Hemus took a full swing on the ball and hit it down the first-base line. The ball hit the ground and bounded high. As Hemus was almost to first, it came down and hit him on the head for an out.

—H. N. Spofford, Shreveport, La.

COLLIER'S will pay a minimum of \$25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting Odds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. (Contributions cannot be returned.)



Body by Fisher

Lowest-priced car with GM Hydra-Matic Drive!

Not only is the new Pontiac far more beautiful and luxurious—but it is the world's lowest-priced car to offer the superb driving ease and safety of GM Hydra-Matic Drive. This mechanical masterpiece completely eliminates the clutch pedal and shifts gears automatically. You just sit back—and *drive!* It is available on all models as optional* equipment. For *every* reason, your next

car should be a Pontiac. It not only stands alone in its field for beauty, for performance, for comfort, and for dependability—but it is now one of the world's truly *luxurious* cars. A look and a ride, and you'll agree —on *every* count, it's Pontiac!

Models illustrated are Deluxe Streamliners—2-Door and 4-Door. White sidewall tires optional at additional cost.

*at additional cost.

Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR on the air twice weekly

PONTIAC DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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Look under the cork—
every PEPSI-COLA
BOTTLE TOP has a
hidden design

WIN CASH
...ENTER

PEPSI-COLA

"TREASURE TOP"
SWEEPSTAKES
and
CONTESTS



Collect and swap PEPSI-COLA
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ENTER THE GREAT PEPSI-COLA
\$203,725.00*
"TREASURE TOP"
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51 SEPARATE PRIZES IN EACH
STATE, EACH MONTH... PLUS
MONTHLY NATIONAL PRIZES...
PLUS \$25,000.00 1ST PRIZE
IN FAMILY SWEEPSTAKES

*TOTAL CASH
(including dealer
prizes)



Every entry gets at least a certificate in
the FAMILY SWEEPSTAKES.



"TREASURE TOPS"—what they are

Take the cork lining out of a Pepsi bottle top. See that hidden design inside the top? You're looking at a "Treasure Top." So far there are 48 different designs representing branches of the U. S. Armed Forces. There'll be new designs as the contest goes along. Collect "Treasure Tops"—swap 'em—get a full set.



"DO IT QUICK!"

HERE ARE THE OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES

1. On your entry blank or a sheet of paper, complete this statement in 25 words or less—"Pepsi-Cola hits the spot because...". Then write down your own name and address, the name of the head of your family, the name and address of the Pepsi-Cola dealer who helped you, and the total number of different designs collected. Then mail your entry, together with one Pepsi-Cola "Treasure Top" with cork removed to show hidden design, to:

Pepsi-Cola "Treasure Top" Contests,
P. O. Box 74,
New York 8, N. Y.

Entries with insufficient postage will not be accepted.

2. The number of different designs you have collected will not be a factor in the awarding of the prizes. However, when you win a monthly prize, you must be able to show your total collection of different designs reported in the swap "Treasure Tops". Do not send your collection of "Treasure Tops" with your entry. Send in only one top with each entry.

3. You may enter these contests as many times each month as you wish, but no entry postmarked after June 30, 1948 will be accepted. Each time you enter, whether you win a cash prize or not, we will mail you a Treasure Certificate good for 100 points toward the \$37,000 Family Sweepstakes Prizes. If you win any one of the monthly prizes, you will receive 100 additional Treasure Certificate points.

4. All entries received during each calendar month will be judged in that month's contest. Entries from each state (and from the District of Columbia) will be judged separately, and will compete for the monthly state prizes only with other entries from that state.

5. Monthly cash prizes as listed on this page will be awarded on the basis of aptness, originality and interest of the statements submitted (see Rule 1). Each month's national prizes will be awarded to the three best entries of the 49 state first-prize winners in each monthly contest. All entries will be judged by the impartial judging staff of The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation, an independent, nationally-known contest judging organization. Decisions of the judges will be final. Names of winners will be published.

6. All entries must be prepared by the contestant. Elaborate or fancy entries will not count extra. All entries and statements become the property of the Pepsi-Cola Company and none will be returned. In case of ties, the prize for will be awarded to each tied contestant, except for the sweepstakes prizes, procedure for which is listed under Rule 8.

7. Only contestants living within the 48 states or the District of Columbia will be eligible.

Anyone may enter these contests except the employees of the Pepsi-Cola Company, Pepsi-Cola bottling companies or their advertising agencies. Members of the families of these employees are also excluded.

8. HUGE NATIONAL SWEEPSTAKES PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED AS FOLLOWS:

(a) Each Treasure Certificate received by you or members of your family (see Rule 3) counts 100 Sweepstakes Points for your family. *Save them!* (For the purpose of this contest, a "family" shall be considered as only persons related by blood, marriage or adoption living in the same household under one family head.)

(b) The 100 families, plus families tying with any of them, who have received the greatest number of Sweepstakes Points in the competition, qualify for the Sweepstakes Finals. Each family thus qualifying must be prepared to show the total number of Treasure Certificates received by the family and also to show the number of "Treasure Top" designs reported in the family's entries (see Rule 1). Both number of Treasure Certificates and the number of "Treasure Top" designs must agree with official contest records of the judging staff and these records will be considered final where any discrepancy occurs.

(c) The qualifying families will then be promptly notified and each family will be required to submit one statement of fifty words or less on the subject "How the Sales of Pepsi-Cola Can Be Increased". They must get the help of their Pepsi-Cola dealer in preparing this statement and must submit that dealer's name and address. The Sweepstakes Prizes will then be awarded by the impartial judging staff, mentioned in Rule 5, on the basis of aptness, originality and sincerity of the statements thus submitted.

These contests are subject to all state and local laws and regulations.

HERE ARE THE BIG CASH PRIZES

FAMILY SWEEPSTAKES PRIZES:	
1st Prize	\$25,000.00
2nd Prize	5,000.00
3rd Prize	2,000.00
4th Prize	1,000.00
5th Prize	500.00
35 Prizes	100.00 each

MONTHLY NATIONAL PRIZES:	
1st Prize	\$1,000.00
2nd Prize	500.00
3rd Prize	250.00

MONTHLY PRIZES IN EACH STATE:	
1st Prize	\$100.00
2nd Prize	50.00
3rd Prize	25.00
4th to 10th Prizes	10.00 each
Next 41 Prizes	5.00 each

Facts about Pepsi-Cola to help you win!

QUALITY—You can't buy finer quality than Pepsi-Cola. Ingredients, blending, bottling—they're *right*... every time.

TASTE—Good good Pepsi hits a new high for drinking pleasure. For finer flavor, Pepsi's your drink.

SIZE—12 full ounces in every tall, tall bottle. Pepsi gives you the most of the best... saves you money.

VALUE—Compare Pepsi by any standard you choose. It's tops for quality, taste and size. Yep, Pepsi sets the pace for value.

Treasure Pouch... Treasure Pouch... Get Yourself a Treasure Pouch



Carry your "Treasure Tops" in this sturdy 6-inch pouch, zipper closing; back loops so you can wear it on your belt. Want one? It's a deal! Send 25¢ in coin to Pepsi-Cola Treasure Pouch, P. O. Box 19, New York 8, N. Y.

ENTER HERE AND NOW!!!

PEPSI-COLA "TREASURE TOP" CONTESTS
P. O. BOX 74, NEW YORK 8, N. Y.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ (PLEASE PRINT) STATE _____
HEAD OF FAMILY _____

PEPSI-COLA HITS THE SPOT BECAUSE _____
(25 ADDITIONAL WORDS OR LESS)

I have, so far, collected and am holding "Treasure Tops" with a total of _____ different designs, not including the one enclosed herewith. I have received assistance and advice in preparation of my entry from the following dealer:

DEALER'S NAME _____
(If he has assisted you, your dealer may win a special prize)
ADDRESS _____

(Be sure to enclose one "Treasure Top" with this entry.)
(Not necessary to use this blank. Use any sheet of paper but be sure your entry is complete in every detail.)

WORDS CAN'T WHIZZ AWAY WHISKERS

Getting too much talk, not enough facts? Schick says—find out for yourself. Try a Schick Electric Shaver for 10 days. Either it proves to be the finest shaving you ever pleased your face with—or you get your money back!

Let's leave the promises where you read them. We don't believe in throwing words alone at you.

We don't believe in shouting about our 18 years of working out the finest shaving instrument ever. Or in making claims—and nothing more—for the Schick Super.

For we do believe that any shaving instrument has to *prove* itself on your face.

So we'll let others talk. We simply say: *Try a Schick Super for 10 days.*

Find out how those heads can whisk away whiskers. See how blissfully bother-free shaving can be. How easily you can mow your whiskers down, even with your necktie tied.

Shave with that Schick for 10 full days, under any conditions.

And then—

If you don't want to keep shaving with Schick for the rest of your life—if you don't think it tops every way of shaving—return your Schick and get every penny back!

You've nothing to lose. You've a lot of swell shaving to gain. Get yourself quick to the store that sells Schick!

SCHICK INCORPORATED, STAMFORD, CONN.



10-DAY TRIAL BUY—Here's the Schick Super we're talking about. Tidy, neat, compact, with two close-cropping, non-nicking, fast-working heads that give you double shaving action on every stroke. Complete in handsome traveling case, ready to plug into any socket, AC or DC, at \$18.00.* Buy one—try it for 10 days—and if it's not the finest way to shave you ever found, *return it and get your money back in full*. Or—trial-buy the famous Schick Colonel for only \$15.00.*

*Slightly higher in Canada

FOR COMPLETE CONVENIENCE—THE SCHICK SHAVEREST

Handy automatic wall-holder, handsome in any bathroom. Fits any Schick ever built (Colonel shown here). Holds it safe, finger-tip handy next to mirror. Stops current automatically. Zips **\$7.95*** up the cord.



Shaverest—
Trademark Schick Inc.

SCHICK *Electric* SHAVER

and SHAVEREST

"Nothing about you is plain, Mrs. Benson."

He sensed excitement within her, but none of it came out. She seemed to be sure of herself and certain of him. She murmured, "People have to show themselves to at least a few others. It's too terrible not to have somebody know what you're really like."

They came to a forking of the trail. She looked at him with a question in her eyes; he nodded to the farther fork and she swung her horse into it. "I'm flattered," he said, "that you've got that much faith in me."

"You have sharp eyes. You'd have seen it anyhow. I don't know you too well—only what I've guessed about you. I think you keep secrets."

"A saloonkeeper learns that," he said.

THEY were silent after this first quick probing. She was making a decision about him from his manner and from what he had said; and he was weighing her as well. His first impression of her light and lonely spirit remained. She was in her early thirties and she had been neglected until she was desperate. But he got no sense of lustfulness or shallow flirting from her; she was a gentlewoman, much as he had first thought. They took another side trail deeper into the timber, rose over a dome-like chunk of the hills, and came up against a log hut closely crowded by the pines. He drew in.

"This is my place. If Auburn goes to pot, I can live in the hills."

"You'd not do it. You like liveliness, Mr. DeSpain, and you're not afraid to take a chance."

He didn't look at her when he asked his question: "Like to see the place?"

Her answer came after a small pause: "Yes."

He got down from the saddle and offered a hand, her weight springing lightly against him. He took her arm, crossed to the cabin and opened the door. She entered before him and stopped in the center of the cabin's single room, her glance going quickly around the place, to the stove and shelf, to the table, the bunk. She said, "The pack rats have been here." Then she went to the bunk and looked down at the blankets folded neatly under the mattress. She had her back to him when she spoke: "You're a good housekeeper, Mr. DeSpain."

He knew what she was thinking. He said, "I made that bed. There's never been a visitor in this place."

She came around, giving him a close glance. "I'm glad you said it."

He had a feeling unusual for him—

awkward and very troubled. He stepped before her and stood undecided a little moment. The sweetness was strong on her face, the shaded expectancy was there. As soon as he put his arms around her she moved against him with a quickness that seemed to show impatience with him. Locking her hands about his neck, she lifted her face. A rough pleasure went through him as he dropped his mouth to hers. Her fingers dug at his shoulders; she hung against him with such a pressure and such an insistence that a moment of wonder passed over him; this was not the gentle lonely woman now. He held her until he felt her body shaking with strain, and then he drew his head back and saw her eyes were closed and her face drawn into a dreaming blankness. She put her cheek against his chest.

"It's been a long time," she murmured, "since anything like that's happened to me."

He said nothing. He felt light and heady, and wonderfully aggressive.

She said, "You're not troubled about right or wrong are you?"

"No."

"That's good. I was troubled at first—when I first thought of you. But people can starve just so long. Then right and wrong are—" She drew back from him, shrugging her shoulders. She was smiling as she laid her fingers around her mouth, pressing at its edges. She touched her hair and she looked at him with a pleased, brilliant interest. He saw no shadows on her face, no self-consciousness. She said, "We'd better leave. I'm never gone from town more than two hours." She took his hand and walked to the horses. He gave her a lift to the saddle and stood by a moment, watching her smile freshen into soft laughter. She touched his head. "You've got the look of a man who's shot a bear."

He said, very soberly, "I don't want to hurt you."

"Hurt me?" she said, and was surprised. "This is the first day, for ages, that I've felt like a woman. Isn't that how I'm supposed to feel—and you to feel like a man?"

He got to his saddle thoughtfully. She had a better hand on this affair than he had. She wasn't uncertain. She didn't have any doubts. It was all good to her, none of it bad. He noticed that she watched him with an expectant interest; she was lifted up and she was waiting for him to say something. He knew what she wanted him to say.

He said, "When will you be here again?"

"Tomorrow morning, at the same

WAKE UP TIRED?

I'VE GOT TO SEE MARY'S DRESSED FOR SCHOOL!

IF I DON'T START BILL'S BREAKFAST HE'LL BE LATE.

IF I COULD REALLY SLEEP—MAYBE I'D HAVE SOME ENERGY!



for Better Sleep - Brighter Mornings

- TRY THIS TONIGHT!

As every mother knows—the time you need energy the most is first thing in the morning. If you're tired, listless, low—it's a struggle to get the family up and going—without one cross or bitter word!

So if you haven't been waking up energetic and cheerful lately why don't you try this? Just drink a cup of hot Ovaltine as a regular bedtime habit.

It's not a new idea! Thousands do it to promote more restful sleep—the kind of natural drugless sleep that lets you wake up fresh and buoyant.

And while you sleep, Ovaltine gives you food—specially processed for easy digestion—to build up vigor and energy for the morning. Plus a bonus of vitamins and minerals for keener vitality.

So why not start drinking Ovaltine at bedtime—not just once in a while, but every night! See if it doesn't make a happy change. It's not habit forming—but a good habit to form.

OVALTINE

PLAIN AND SWEET CHOCOLATE FLAVORED



A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP IS THE BEST MORNING BRACER!



"Any phone calls for me while I'm out, Madge, you can have"

COLLIER'S

JEFFERSON MACHAMER



"No wonder it made Milwaukee famous!"

Opening a bottle of Schlitz is like opening a familiar and well-loved book. You know it holds enjoyment you can depend upon...that each and every time you'll find the same touch of genius...the same quality of greatness. Through the story of this fine beer runs the classic theme of ideals upheld for almost a hundred years... the historic background for that matchless flavor which makes men say, "No wonder it made Milwaukee famous!"

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The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous

time. It would be better if you left town before me and went by another trail."

He nodded. A mile down the trail he thought it time to break away, and swung his horse through the trees. She stopped to watch him go, her smile following him. She sat straight and her head and shoulders were lifted, somehow reminding him of a green stem of grass which, long wilted by heat, had straightened under the freshness of rain. When he got into town he passed Clyde Dill and caught the greasy glitter of amusement in the man's eyes.

AROUND nine o'clock, he walked along the rear end of the buildings, knocked once at Clara's door and went in. She sat in a chair, with the dress dummy drawn toward her; she took pins from her mouth to tack together the sections of the dress. He lighted a cigar and sat by the table, waiting for her to be done. She worked with a single-minded quickness, bending forward, bending back, her fingers moving with a skill that was good to watch. She seemed tired.

"You go at it too hard," he said, and pointed to the dress. "Up by the neck — isn't it pretty low?"

"Low and tight," she said. "Maude Hemsley's got full breasts. We want to accent her good points."

"I thought a dress was to cover a woman."

She looked at him, laughing, her face growing pretty. "You're funny," she said. "What did they wear at the party last night?"

"I tried to look, but I couldn't do much in the way of telling you."

"You weren't interested. You can always see what you want to see. Who was there?"

He mentioned the people he remembered. She turned to the dress dummy, rearranging the material around the shoulders. "What did Mrs. Benson wear?"

"Something blue, I think. You know, I don't see her around much with other women. Why's that?"

"Maybe she's not interested."

"I doubt it. Women bunch up the same as men. Is there some reason for the married women not to like her?"

She was guarded with her answer: "She's very attractive. Perhaps other women are afraid of her effect on their husbands."

He nursed the thought through a long silence. The smoke of the cigar rose around his face; he sat low in the rocker, rumped and comfortable. "Maybe," he said, and changed the subject. "I'll not

go to the Mastersons' again. It was a rudeness not to invite you."

She swung from the dummy. "Why, Al," she said, "that's nice." She came over to him and ran a hand over his head and she stood smiling down at him, a buxom, pleasant woman touched by feelings that made her face glow. "You're as solid as a rock. You like or you don't like. And everybody's got to like those you like or it's out of the world for them. But there was no reason for them to invite me."

"If I'm good enough to go, so are you," he said.

"You want coffee?"

He shook his head. "Had a heavy supper with Jules Pierpont. He's interested in the saloon. It may be a sale soon."

"You've really made up your mind, haven't you?" she said, and turned to her chair. She sat facing him, no longer interested in the clothes dummy. Her face seemed to darken a little. "Where'll you go, Al?"

"God knows. Somehow I've lost the fun of it. I won't have another saloon. I've run out of something, or I missed something, or I'm blind."

"Oh, that," she said, her voice kind with him. "That happens to all of us."

"I don't want to meddle, Clara," he said, "but how was it with you when you were twenty and had a husband?"

A changed tone, rather unpleasing, carried her words back to him: "From him, Al. I learned that you can break your heart as many times as you wish, but that if you break it more than once, it's your own fault."

"I'd take pleasure in killing the man for you," he said.

"He killed himself," she said.

He rose. "You didn't deserve the misery," he said, "but it came all the same. We don't have much to say about it. You work too hard on that dress."

"What else would I do?"

He turned to the door, opened it, and gave the dark back alley a moment's glance. As he stepped through the doorway she said, "Did you have a good ride this morning?"

"Yes," he said. Not until he closed the door did he realize it was her way of telling him she knew he had probably seen Mrs. Benson. He thought: This town's a blotter that soaks up everything. . . . He returned to his office, and to his bedroom beyond it. In bed, he lay awake and thought of tomorrow's meeting with Mrs. Benson, and a fine anticipation washed the staleness of old thoughts out of him. . . .

She came along the trail and stopped before the cabin, giving him her smile,



At Last!
**PERFECT FM
RECEPTION**
from every direction

This New **WARD Magic Wand* FM**
AERIAL gets **ALL** stations in your area!

Now, tune in all the FM stations within range of your set. Get from each the static-free tonal beauty that only an FM receiver, plus a Magic Wand outdoor aerial, can provide.

Unlike less efficient "directional" types which must be focused on the weaker of several stations all located in one direction from your receiver, this new Magic Wand aerial is non-directional, it receives programs from all directions with equal efficiency. It gets every station within range of your set.

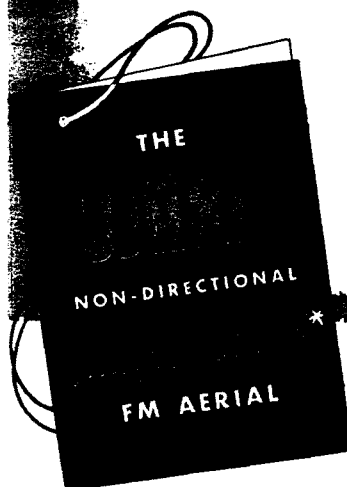
Especially effective in metropolitan areas today, this new antenna will be equally necessary in smaller towns when FM stations become more plentiful.

Like all the other famous Magic Wand FM and Television aerials, this new model is designed for easy mounting outdoors at any roof or wall angle. Here it absorbs the maximum amount of the very short FM waves. For FM waves travel only line-of-sight, and are easily deflected by solid surfaces. They are entirely unlike the waves of ordinary standard radio (AM) broadcast which rarely require an outdoor aerial because they do penetrate much like sound.

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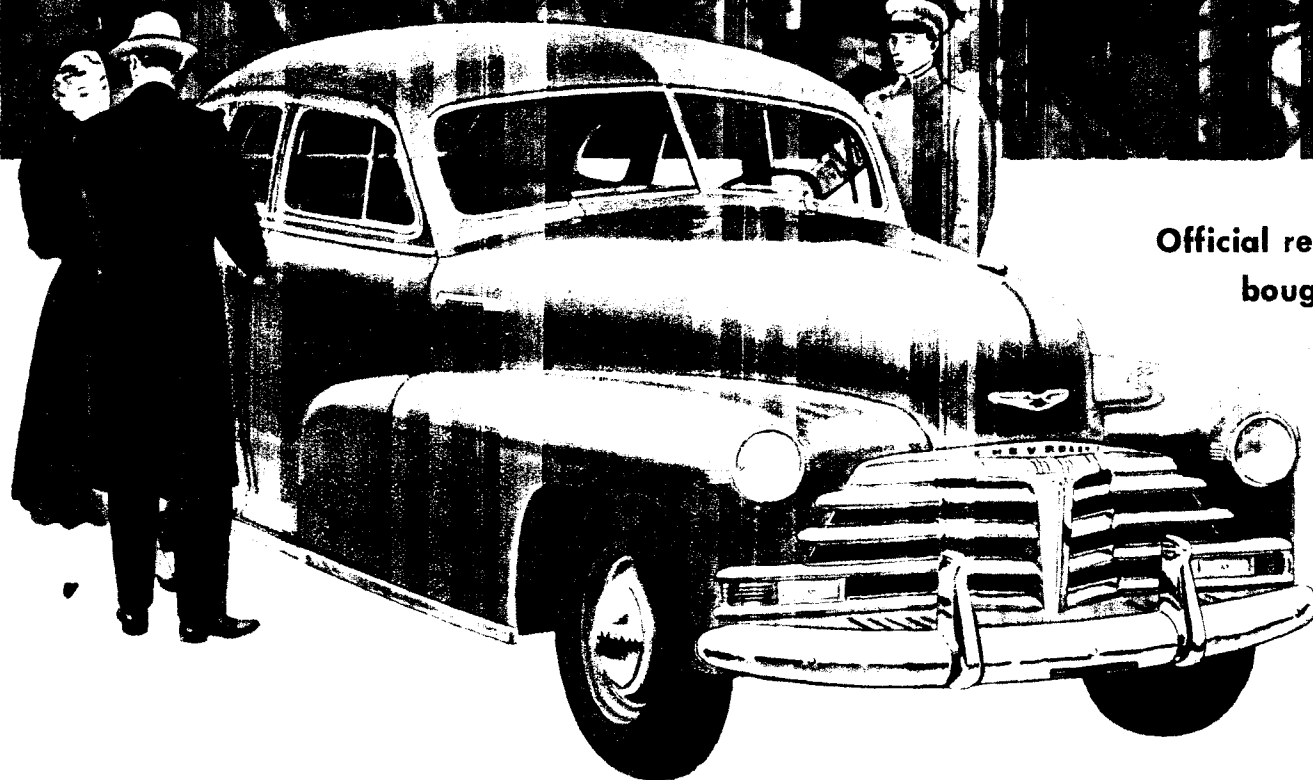
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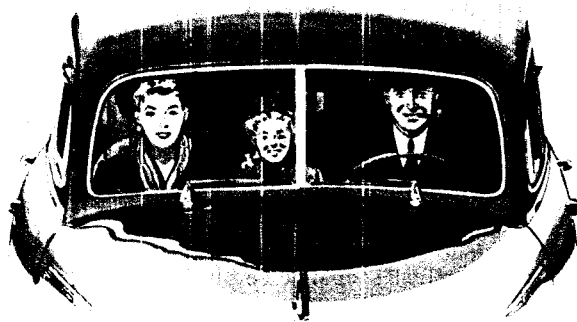
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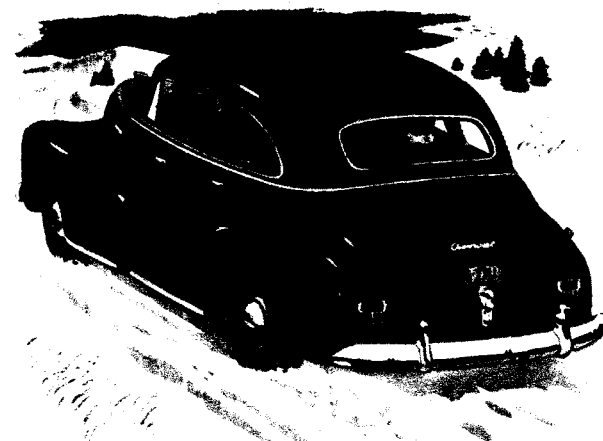
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and said, "I'm late. I took another way out of town." She rested a hand on his shoulder and dropped to the ground, and looked at the trees around him with a moment of close interest. "If anybody rode by, they'd recognize our horses."

"I'll lead them back." He took the horses around the cabin and tied them to a tree. She stood near the door, waiting for him with an expression of calm on her face that was familiar to him, since he himself had used it many times to hide uncertain feelings. She walked before him into the cabin and, as before, she glanced around it with her quick small stabs of curiosity. She touched the table; she moved aimlessly from place to place. "It's a lovely day for riding."

"Yes," he said. "That's a pretty dress." "I hoped you'd notice. Brown's always a nice color for me."

"Any color's nice for you." "I can't wear yellow." She stood at the window, looking through it. "Do you come here often?"

"Once a week—once a month." "It would be terribly cold in the winter. Where's your woodpile?"

"I lock up the place then. Fifteen feet of snow in here during January."

She swung around with a small gesture of her shoulders. He had been waiting for the talk to end; he stepped toward her, seeing the hollowing of her eyes, the tightening of her face, the tide sweeping up through her. She laid her head against his chest, keeping her face from him out of some moment of contradictory impulse. "No," he said, and when she lifted her mouth to him he kissed her. It was a shaking thing. He was thirty-five, yet the freshness of this woman shattered his balance, his reasonableness.

She pulled back and looked at him with the most urgent directness. The soft dreaming had vanished before a hunger which loosened and parted her lips and created a metal brightness in her eyes. The delicacy he had seen in her wasn't here, the gentleness had evaporated. He stared at her and then he drew her head against his chest and he looked beyond her, shocked out of his desire. He had done a cheap thing, catching a woman in her weakest moment and stripping her of niceness. This wasn't the Mrs. Benson he had seen on the street, affecting him like the melody of a distant bell in the twilight; this was a woman he had pulled beyond her limits. Afterward she'd hate him for what he had destroyed in her.

SHE stepped away from him, dropping her arms. She sensed the change and looked at him with a deadened, cooling expression. "Is anything wrong?"

"It won't do," he said. She turned from him, staring at the wall. Her hands made quick motions at her face. Her voice flattened: "It is my husband you're thinking about?"

"He's a damned fool." "You're not supposed to think about him. That's for me to have on my conscience—and if it isn't, it shouldn't be on yours."

He said, "A man should be careful of what he does to a woman—to your kind of a woman, one who makes a dream about this sort of business. I'd rather have you keep it, Mrs. Benson, than to find it isn't there."

"Maybe you should have thought of that sooner."

"I didn't understand till now," he said.

She went suddenly into the yard without looking at him. He closed the door and brought around the horses, steady-ing her with his hand as she rose to the saddle. She rode on at once; he had to quicken his horse to come abreast. She said nothing, but he felt the stormy agitation within her and disliked himself for it. At the forking of the trail she drew in. "You'd better turn off here, Mr. DeSpain."

He had a sober word to give her: "I've

embarrassed you, Mrs. Benson. I apologize for it—and right now I think no more of myself than you do of me."

"I had thought you a man of the world," she said and rode away. . . .

He left the horse at the stable, saying to Lasher, "Now take it over for shoes." A mellow sun lay above the town and stained the air with the heatless red light of late fall. He noticed Clyde Dill idling before the hotel, and he felt the steady curiosity of Dill's glance. Dill knew, and Dill had become a little insolent and a little forward in his manner. Al went into his saloon office and worked on his ledger with the doggedness of a man trying to keep his mind from other things. He had dinner and got another horse, following the stage road out into the sage flats of the Powder Valley. The signs of an ending year were all around him—in the lifeless haze, in the stillness of the atmosphere, in the fresh glitter of the snow peaks above him. He rode heavy, he rode with a growing dispirit and a steady crankiness, and in late afternoon he turned back to Auburn.

On the edge of town—looking up the long street—he saw Dill standing by Fry and Noble's store. Mrs. Benson had come from the store with her basket and she had stopped to speak to Dill. Dill obviously had arranged to be there when she came out, for Dill had her fixed in his mind now as a woman to be caught. She looked up to Dill with her gentle interest, with that same expression that had so moved DeSpain—and there was the same shadowed loneliness on her face for Clyde to see; and then she turned and went along the street.

DeSpain rode by Dill, knowing that in the morning Dill would follow Mrs. Benson into the hills.

He put away his horse and walked back to the saloon. Dill had crossed the street toward the shooting gallery and stood there, giving the town his professional attention; his coolly aggressive glance touched DeSpain as the latter came up. DeSpain said, "I want to see you a moment, Clyde," and went into the saloon.

He was in his office at the small table when Dill appeared. "Shut the door. Clyde—sit down," and he laid his elbows on the table and ran his hands idly across a deck of cards lying before him.

Dill shook his head. He was suddenly careful: he knew what DeSpain had on his mind.

"What's up?"

DeSpain shuffled the cards and cut them; and set them aside. He lifted his head. "Clyde," he said, "you saw me go into the hills. But you read that wrong

—and you're reading Mrs. Benson wrong."

"Let her tell me that, and I'll leave her alone," said Dill. "I never force a woman into something she ain't already made up her mind to do."

"No," said DeSpain, and found the talk more and more distasteful. "You'll catch her on a weak side, you'll fool her, you'll make her common. I have got to tell you something: If you follow her, if you speak to her, if you touch her—I'll have to kill you."

He thought this would be enough. He thought he knew the rotten bottom of this man which would crumble before threat, but unexpectedly a signal flare showed around Dill's mouth and nostrils, and then DeSpain realized that Dill meant to draw on him. This wasn't courage—this was the desperation of a hound in heat who grew senseless to pain or danger.

DESPAIN drew his hands slowly back from the table, watching the flare broaden over Dill's face. He saw Dill's feet gently come together, he saw the man's body stiffen. He waited until Dill's arm dropped to brush aside the coat skirt which lay in front of his holster—and then, feeling contempt for a man who could not skillfully perform even this final rite, DeSpain drew a derringer from his pocket and shot Dill through the arm.

The sound of the gun evoked a sudden scraping of chairs and running of feet in the adjoining barroom. The door flew open to show DeSpain's barkeep with a revolver in his hand and a crowd of curious men behind him. DeSpain still sat at the table, the derringer lying before him. Dill remained in his tracks, never having reached his gun; he had his hand tightly gripped over the bullet hole in his arm.

"Nothing, boys," said DeSpain. "The damned derringer went off while I was showing it to Clyde." He reached for it and threw it across the room to the barkeep's feet. "Heave it on the junk pile," he ordered.

The barkeep stooped for the gun, he took one more close glance at DeSpain and at Dill and quite promptly closed the door on the inquisitive crowd.

DeSpain's voice held a kind of contempt: "You better turn in your star and get out of town. I don't want to feel you're laying for me."

"Al," said Dill, "I don't hold it against you. It's all right."

"Well, get out of here," said DeSpain, and watched the marshal shut the door behind himself. He sat with his shoul-



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ders fallen and his arms idle on the table. All of this would be news soon enough, and the truth of it would creep out, touching Mrs. Benson. That's what he had done by riding after her. He called, "Harry," and drew the barkeep back into the room.

"Go find Benson," he said. "Drop him a quiet word I'd like to see him."

He rose to walk a circle around the office, remembering that Mrs. Benson had stopped before Clyde Dill to give him her polite smile. She would always smile at a man who looked at her, for she was lonely and had to have the comfort of some attention; and then she was lost, since the man would mistake her smile and work on that softness she couldn't help.

He listened to steps crossing the bar-room. He faced the door when George Benson came through. He waited until Benson had closed it. "I don't make it a habit to make men walk to me," he said, "but I wanted to speak to you privately." He thrust his hands into his pocket, making a hard search for the words which would explain to Benson the things his wife felt and needed: "Your wife smiled at Dill, meaning nothing but courtesy by it. I saw the smile. I know Dill, and I knew what he'd make out of the smile, and what he'd try to do. I shot him to teach him better manners. I want you to know the straight of it. George, your wife doesn't belong in this godforsaken miserable place. Get her out of it. Take her where she'll be among people."

He never had known Benson well and knew less of him now. Benson watched him with an interest not wholly roused. It seemed to DeSpain that what he said made no impression, or was something old to the man; for on Benson's face was the ghost show of a smiling, sympathetic pity.

"Well, Al," Benson said, "I suppose it is a friendly thing for you to shoot somebody it was my place to shoot. But had I been disposed to use a gun, it would have been on you, not Dill—and yesterday, not today."

"George, there was nothing to it yesterday."

"Then," said Benson, "as between gentlemen, Al, there's nothing for us to talk about." He seemed at that moment to settle and grow weary; his indifference had been broken; beneath it, Al DeSpain saw a melancholy understanding. Benson turned to the door and stood a moment by it. "We'll be leaving Auburn next week," he said quietly, and opened the door. "That time always comes."

AL KNOCKED on Clara's door, waiting till she told him to enter. She had Maude Hemsley's dress laid out on the table, and was standing over it with her needle and thread. She didn't lift her head to him; she went on working. Somebody had brought her the story, not his side of it but the side the town would naturally see. Her face, so often pretty when she smiled at him or flirted with him, was dull and tired. Sadness of any kind turned her homely.

He said, "Do you want to hear it?"

"Let's not start asking questions, Al."

He said, patiently, "I'd like you to know."

"You shot a man over a woman. Isn't that the story?"

"Clyde thought I was having an affair with her, and it gave him notions to try it himself. But I wasn't. I might have, Clara—I might have. She always looked to me like a woman starved out. Benson paid no attention to her. The women around town had nothing to do with her. She walked this street as lonely as hell, looking for something she'd missed. I thought that when I met her at the cabin yesterday morning. I've missed things in my time, too, Clara. I know what the feeling is. I met her again this morning, and maybe she had decided I could take

the coldness out of her bones. But I knew I'd only be catching a woman at a weak time, and she'd regret it. I broke it up, feeling like a fool. Then I saw Clyde playing for her and I shot him to stop it." He paused, he reached for the important thing. "There's a man somewhere for her. I'd like to have her find him before other men spoil what I saw in her eyes."

She had quit her work. She watched him with a manner that reminded him of Benson: the distant gentleness was there, the realism touched by sympathy for him.

"You believe that about her, don't you?"

"I don't know now," he said. "I got the idea from Benson that this had happened before. But I'd like to believe it. I'd like to believe it of her—and of any woman." Then he added with a rough finality: "I have got to believe it."

"Then believe it, Al," she said. She came over to him, the kindness growing clearer, the prettiness returning to her face. She put her arms around him and held him, mothering him with little motions of her hand.

"You don't think she's any good, do you?" he said.

"Never mind. You keep your nice thoughts about her. You're not the fool, Al. It's the others who are."

"It would be a fine thing if she found what she wanted."

"It would be a fine thing for any of us to find what we wanted," she said.

He laid his hands on her shoulders and pushed her away, and looked at her face. She was sad, she was ready to cry. "No," he said, "don't do it. You've had enough of that in your life."

"It's for you, Al. The old dream came again, and made you young. Now it's gone. I know about it, too, Al. I hate to see you go through it; it's cruel."

HE SAW on her face the glow of gentleness; he saw also that same bottomless expression which had been in Mrs. Benson's eyes; it was like a door opening to a corridor that ran far back toward a secret room which held something he couldn't see, and he felt a guilt come upon him for what he had taken carelessly from this woman.

"Clara," he said, "I had better not come through your back door again."

"Well, Al, everything dies in time, I guess."

"No, I didn't mean that. Tomorrow I'd like to come through the front door. Is that right for you, or is it too—"

She made a small sound in her throat and put her head against his shoulder. "Never ask questions—never." She was silent, she was thinking; her hands kept their warm motionless weight on him. She murmured, "That will be all right, Al. That will be a fine thing."

THE END



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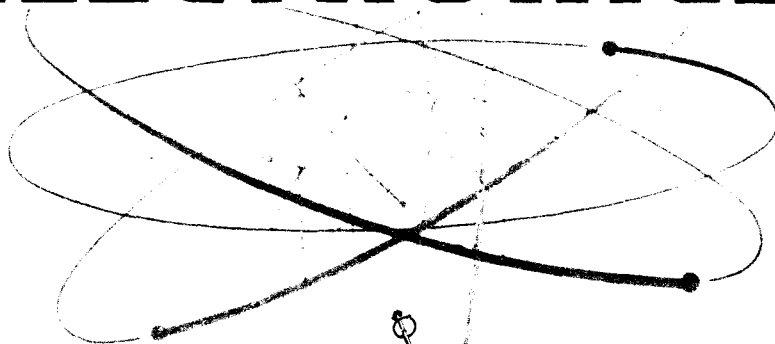
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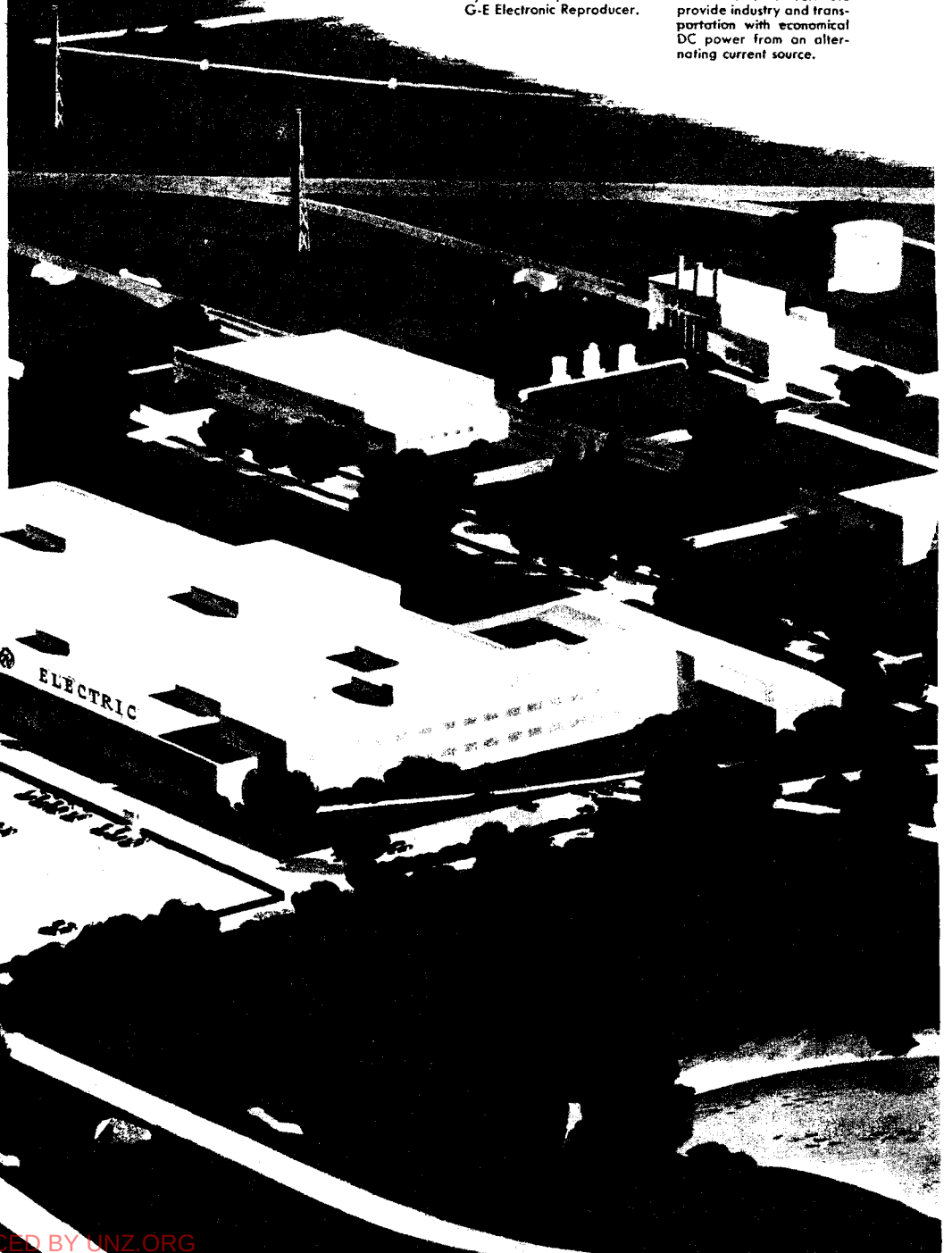
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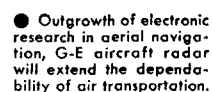
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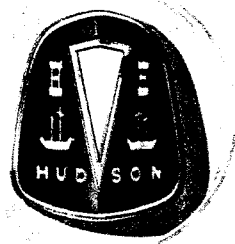
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The beautiful new Hudson is only five feet from ground to top, but has *more* inside head room and *roomier* seats than in any other mass-produced car built today!

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Hudson's new, all steel Monobilt body-and-frame is the only motor-car construction that completely encircles you, even outside the rear wheels, with a rugged, box-steel foundation frame.

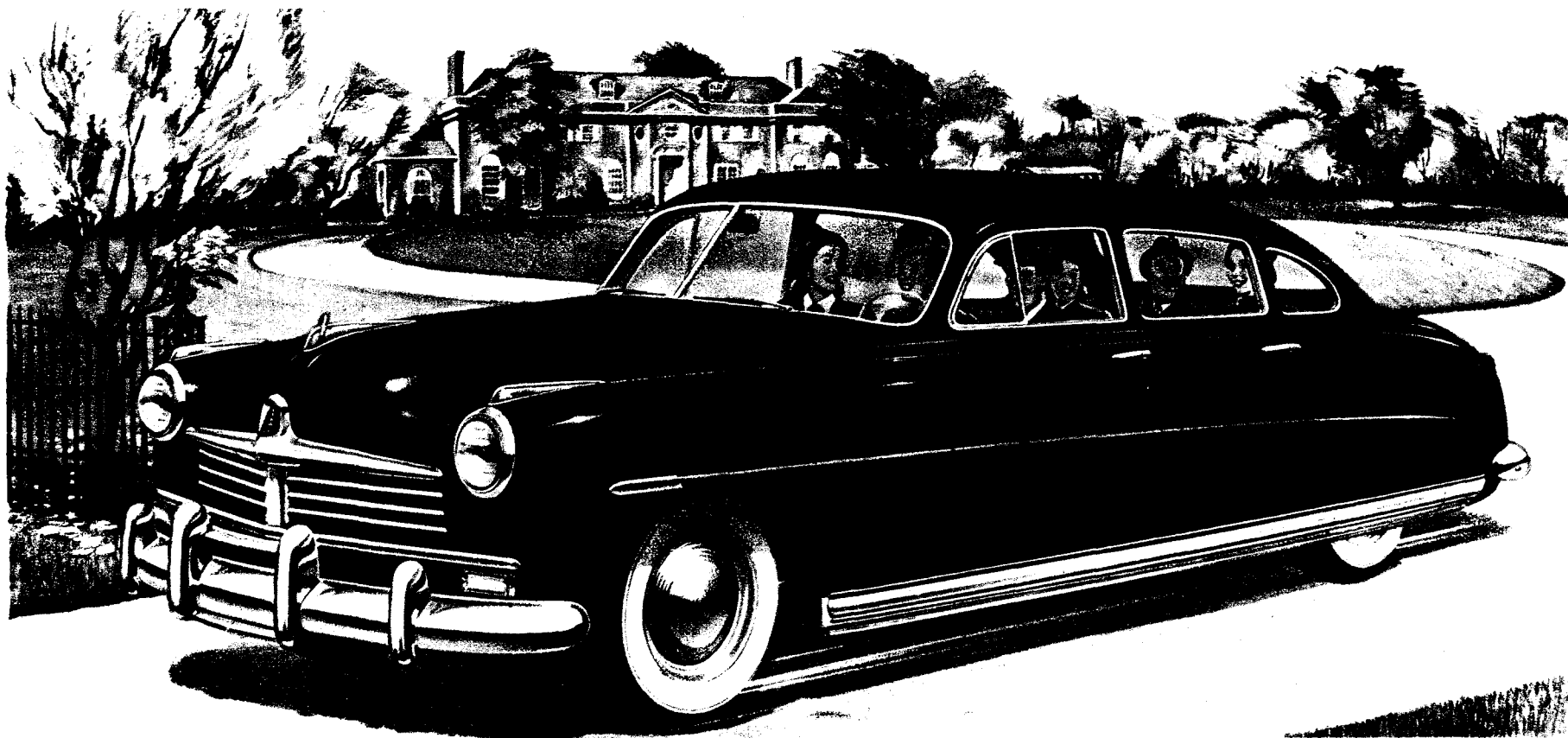
You ride within this frame—cradled between axles—not on top of the frame as in other cars. And as you ride, Hudson's combination of unique construction and comfort features gives you a sensation of snug safety and serene, smooth going unlike anything you've known before!

You're invited to enjoy this ride—to thrill to the wide-awake power of Hudson's all-new Super-Six engine—the most powerful six built today—or the masterful Super-Eight. You're invited to experience automatic gear shifting in forward speeds as provided by Hudson's proved "Drive-Master" transmission.

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This time it's Hudson

LORD AND MASTER

Continued from page 19

imported *pâté*; a catnip mouse. Cleo carried the mouse around in her mouth; she rested with it between her forepaws, and her whiskers were incessantly a-twitch.

At night, when dinner was done, and the music of the phonograph played low, Lucas sat with a book or with a magazine or with her busywork, and Cleo stretched out upon her lap. And Tim, deep in his big chair, with Joe throbbing on his thigh and Vincent chattering softly upon his shoulder, would look up from his reading and frown across the room at this fresh evidence of change. He would frown, too, at Lucas' occasional conversations with Cleo, conversations which seemed to be flavored with insanity. "You're a lucky person," Lucas said one night. Her fingers were rubbing Cleo's ear, and Cleo's expression was ecstatic.

"Why?" Tim demanded.

Lucas raised her head. "I wasn't talking to you."

"Oh," said Tim. Vincent chattered quietly for a moment. Tim said, "Of course she's lucky. All she wants to eat and everybody walking around her as if she were made of glass. I think she's a neurotic; I think she loves the attention."

"You," said Lucas, "don't know a thing about it. Now go back to your book and leave us women alone."

"Oh, Lord!" said Tim. He was silent for a time. Then he looked up once again. "Hey," he said. His frown was worried. "You feel all right? You've been sort of funny lately."

"I—" Lucas said, and there she stopped. She stroked Cleo's ear. "I feel fine."

THE house settled down to a more or less normal routine. There were one or two minor crises, but nothing which bore directly upon the major event. One of the neighbor's dogs, displaying more enthusiasm than intelligence, chased Cleo the length of the McCoy driveway and promptly found himself entangled with a hungry, neglected, wrathful Joe who fell upon the invader like a brigand upon a baggage train and drove him shrieking back the way he had come, while Vincent, atop the house roof, followed the chase chattering encouragement.

Lucas took Cleo to the veterinarian, who examined her gravely, and then asked what it was that Lucas wanted him to do. "After all," Lucas said, "she's going to have kittens."

The vet nodded. "So she is. Cats frequently do."

"Well," said Lucas. She stayed for a while, but learned that nothing was to be done that had not already been taken

care of, with the single exception of a box to be prepared for the event. Even on this matter, the vet was somewhat skeptical. "She'll probably not use it," he said. "But you'll feel better for having made it up."

Lucas and Cleo returned home, Lucas grim and determined. From the garage she procured a box. From Tim's dresser she purloined an old sweatshirt that was his favorite. She turned the sweatshirt inside out and thumbtacked it to the bottom of the box while Cleo lay by, her mouse between her forepaws, alternately sniffing and watching. When the box was ready, Lucas put Cleo into it. Cleo promptly hopped out. Vincent appeared. He clambered into the box and investigated the sweatshirt and found it good. He curled up, closed his eyes, and slept.

This was about noon. By one-thirty, Lucas was angry, tired and snappish. She gave up the ridiculous task of keeping Cleo in and Vincent out of the nursery, and went to shower and dress for a mid-afternoon appointment. Vincent clambered back into the box and resumed his nap.

At three-fifteen, the event began. Cleo, conveyed by Joe and followed at a respectful distance by Vincent, trotted purposefully across the kitchen, through the pantry and into the master bedroom, where she hopped up onto Lucas' bed and took up her position in its center. Cook, seeing the procession, and fearing its significance, left the silverware in the sink and followed the column.

In the hall Vincent stopped. Joe took up his stand in the bedroom doorway, and eyed Cook with an expression that was unmistakably belligerent.

At three-twenty, Lucas arrived home in a cloud of bright hysteria. She came into the house and found Cook, in imminent danger of explosion, cavorting around the hall in an attempt to divert Joe, who would not be drawn from his post. Vincent, atop the bookcase in the hall, watched the proceedings with high glee, contributing nothing to Cook's equanimity. And from the bedroom came confused sounds which lent drama to the scene.

Lucas approached the doorway. Joe watched her through slitted eyes. Lucas held out her hand. Joe lifted one great paw, claws extended, and sighted carefully, the growl rumbling deep in his chest. Lucas prudently withdrew her hand. She stamped her foot, feeling the frustration of the morning and the excitement of the afternoon sweep through her in a flood. "Oh!" she said. "Oh, damn you!" Joe said nothing. He waited, motionless. And from the bedroom the sounds increased.

A moment longer Lucas stood in her impotence. Then something broke. She turned away and flew through the living room into the study where she seized the telephone and got hold of a bewildered Tim. "If you don't come home this minute," she said, "and get that great shaggy beast of yours away from the bedroom doorway—"

"What's he doing?"

"Doing? Doing?" Words were hopelessly inadequate. Lucas stamped her foot. "Tim McCoy! You come home this minute!"

"I'm on my way," Tim said. Lucas hung up and retired to the living-room sofa where she dissolved herself in a fit of crying which she knew was ridiculous but which, nonetheless, calmed her a little.

IT TOOK fifteen minutes for the drive. Tim came through the kitchen in a rush. Cook, her mind on other things, was at the sink firmly polishing an already gleaming silver candlestick while a cake blackened and smoked unnoticed in the oven. Tim hurried on.

Lucas was on the sofa. The tears were gone, but her handkerchief was wadded up in her hand and two cigarettes burned in the ash tray. She looked at Tim. "In the bedroom," she said. Tim disappeared into the hall. "A fine time," Lucas whispered. "A fine time for everything."

Tim was back after a time. His face was grave, but there was amusement in his eyes, in his voice. He sat down on the sofa beside her, and took one of the burning cigarettes. "Temporarily," he said, "we seem to have reached an impasse. Joe takes a very dim view of me, too, which, under the circumstances, seems only reasonable."

Lucas nodded. "I suppose so."

"You wouldn't," said Tim, "have him behave any other way, would you?"

"I suppose not." She stared at her handkerchief. Damn, damn, double damn! "According to his lights he's doing the proper thing."

"That's right." Tim was silent for a time, smoking thoughtfully. "Funny," he said. "About Joe, I mean. Under any other circumstances I doubt if he'd have any truck at all with Cleo. Now he rallies around as if she were the sun of his life."

There was a curious expression on Lucas' face. "Well?"

Tim grinned. "You mean, what else could I expect?"

"Something like that."

"I suppose so," said Tim. "If it ever happens to me—to us—I suppose I'll be like all the rest." He was grinning at his cigarette. "Snapshots I just happen to have with me in town; the raised eyebrow for everyone else's child; the pride and the pity for those who don't have what I have." He stopped there. He looked at Lucas. She was watching him, smiling a little and the panic was gone from her face. "No, dammit," Tim said, "I won't behave like the others. What I mean is—"

Some of the smile was gone. "Yes?" Lucas said.

Tim lifted his hands and let them fall helplessly. "I don't know." He was frowning again. "You've been acting darn' funny lately. What is the matter?"

It was Vincent, scrambling down the bookcase and charging into the living room, who stole the show. He went up the crease of Tim's trousers and hunkered there on Tim's thigh, his dark eyes snapping and his little hands moving in desperate gestures. He spoke urgently, in a high, excited voice.

Tim looked at Lucas. Her mouth was open, but no word came forth. "Come on," Tim said. "I think the unveiling is about to take place."

They went down the hall. Joe was

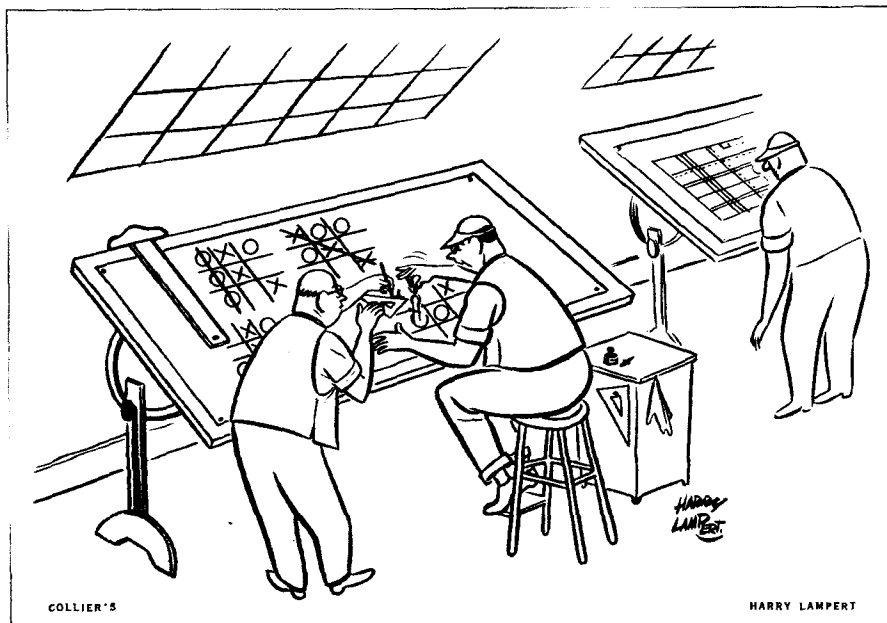
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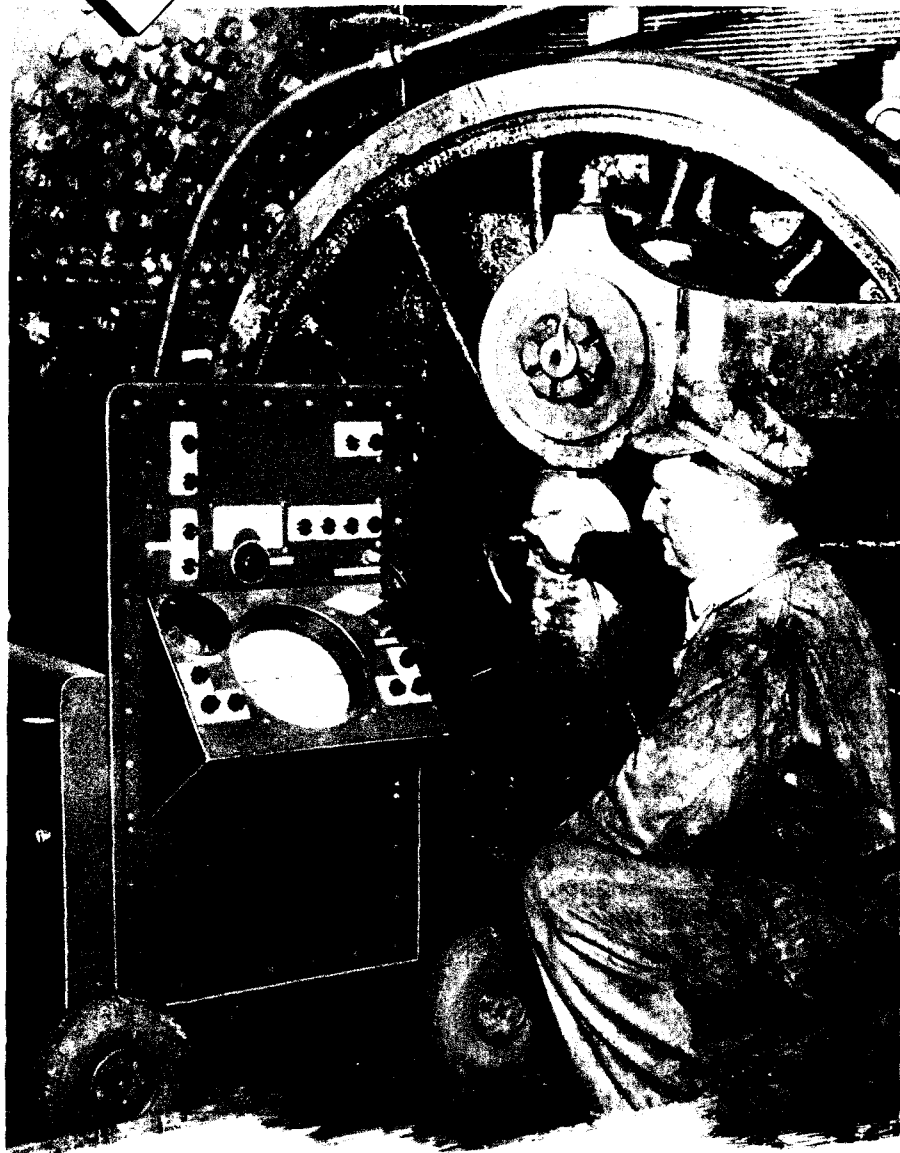
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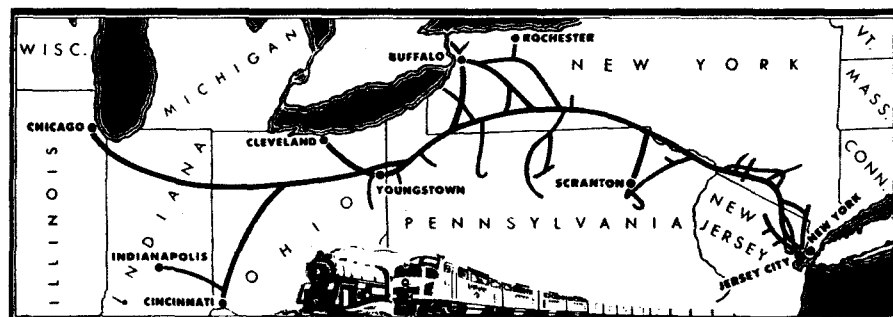
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waiting at the doorway. Cleo, by some sort of cat telepathy, had already issued her instructions that the guard was to be relaxed. Joe looked up at Tim. Tim said, "Come on. We're right with you." Joe leaned against Tim's leg. He went with him to the side of the bed, and there he crouched and took in a deep breath and then lofted himself onto its top.

"Well," Tim said. Lucas said nothing. Joe eyed the five scrawny little creatures who groped blindly against Cleo's warm belly. He looked up at Tim. Tim was grinning. "They look fine," Tim said. "They're yours, too, there's no doubt about that. Three of them have stub tails."

JOE went closer. He extended his head cautiously and examined his children. Then he strode stiff-legged out into the hall. He sat back on his haunches; his whiskers curled briskly and his big chest began to swell with pride. He peered into the room, turned away and looked down his nose at Tim. He chirruped once, briefly.

Tim said, "Oh, boy. Look at him. He's just like every other father."

Vincent went hand over hand up the bedpost. He looked at Cleo and he looked at Joe. Then he squeaked once and turned a back flip and sat grinning up into Tim's face.

Tim said, "I'm just out of it. That's all. Father Joe and his friend Vincent who stood by and held his hand."

Lucas made a strange little sound. Tim turned to look at her. The smile was full-blown now, on her lips and in her eyes. "Not quite out of it," she said. "You're going to have your own show. And Joe can hold your hand."

"What do you mean by that?" Tim demanded.

Lucas held out her hand. She examined the polish of her nails turning them this way and that. "Oh, nothing. Nothing at all, except that there's no need for you to be jealous of Joe."

"I—" Tim began. He caught her shoulders. "Hey," he said. "Hey. Look up here."

Her head came around slowly and lifted. "So," she said, "You're not going to be prideful like all the others. And after two years."

"Never mind that. When? I mean, how do you know? Hey! Come on, give!" He shook her gently.

"I found out today," Lucas said. "This afternoon. For sure."

"But you've known for some time—?" "I've just guessed," Lucas said. "That's why I saw Cleo's point of view." She was silent for a moment. "I didn't want any disappointment. That's why I waited."

Tim shook his head. "Well, I'll be damned!" He dropped his hands from her shoulders. "I'll most certainly be damned." He looked down at Joe. "You," he said. "You think you're so smart."

Lucas said, "Where are you going?" Tim stopped in the doorway. Joe stood at his feet, and Vincent rode on his forearm. All three faced Lucas. "Where are you going?" she repeated.

Tim was grinning. "You stay out of this, woman. This is man's business. We're going to do a little celebrating." He saw the smile begin again on Lucas' face, deep in her eyes. "I shouldn't wonder," Tim said, "if we all get a little drunk. That's traditional, I think."

"Have fun," said Lucas.

THE END

JOHN N. GARNER'S STORY

Continued from page 30

Eastern concoctions and even there they were used mostly behind his back. Very few men ever had such easy informality with him. Even Mrs. Garner never called him anything but Mr. Garner.

For the most part Garner is engaged now in his "housing projects." He has built ninety-one residences and business houses lately to add to others he has been building for years.

"I am trying to serve my nation by alleviating the housing situation and paying taxes," he said.

"The happiest thing about it is that I have never been in court on a foreclosure or taken advantage of anyone's distress to make a profit for myself," he said.

"I somehow think the man who contrives to get hold of a home of his own or a little piece of land somewhere is a sounder individual than the man who does not. After the Democrats came into power in 1933 I marveled at the scores of earnest men who came to Washington to manage the problems of the nation and many of them had never managed to own a home. They did not know what was wrong, but they wanted to right it. There were some so cocksure they thought they had their fingers on the solution of the problems. They went away without solving the problems, and left nothing but their fingerprints."

His neighbors look on him as a man who has lived victoriously, who is still living that way, and whose rich experiences have ripened his judgments and his philosophy. But he does occasionally let fall some sententious bit of wisdom. Here are a few examples:

"The burning liberal is not too discerning. If you are not a Marxist he classifies you as a reactionary. There is an ossified fringe and a lunatic fringe but 85 per cent of the people belong to neither."

"You can't compromise on principles. Justice is more important than electoral

votes. Labor is not entitled to any special indulgence, and neither is any other group..."

"The Presidential and the Vice-Presidential nominees should be of like philosophy but the Presidential nominee should not select his running mate. The delegates to the convention, acting freely, should do that. In a republic, the people should do that."

"I did not like the two-thirds rule for nominations in the Democratic party conventions. The power that rule gave to the South was negative. The South should stand up for its rights affirmatively, instead of merely trying to stop something..."

"There cannot be a great Vice-President. A great man may occupy the office, but there is no way for him to become a great Vice-President because the office in itself is almost wholly unimportant..."

"The country knows better what to do for itself than Washington knows what to do for it. In Washington we tried everything in the economic cookbook, and eventually everything worked around to big spending. That was the only rabbit left in the hat..."

Mr. Garner's business buildings are usually leased for ten years. He pointed to one in a brisk walk we took around the town.

"That one I let go for too little rent," he said. "But the fellow who has it is a good man and will be successful. I'll up him ten years from now."

As Mr. Garner is now seventy-nine, he would be eighty-nine at the upping time. He says he does not want to live to be an old man, but would like to live to be ninety-three.

"I was in public office 46 years," he said. "If I live to be ninety-three I will have spent more than half of my years in private life. I would like to achieve that."

Garner got most of the things in life

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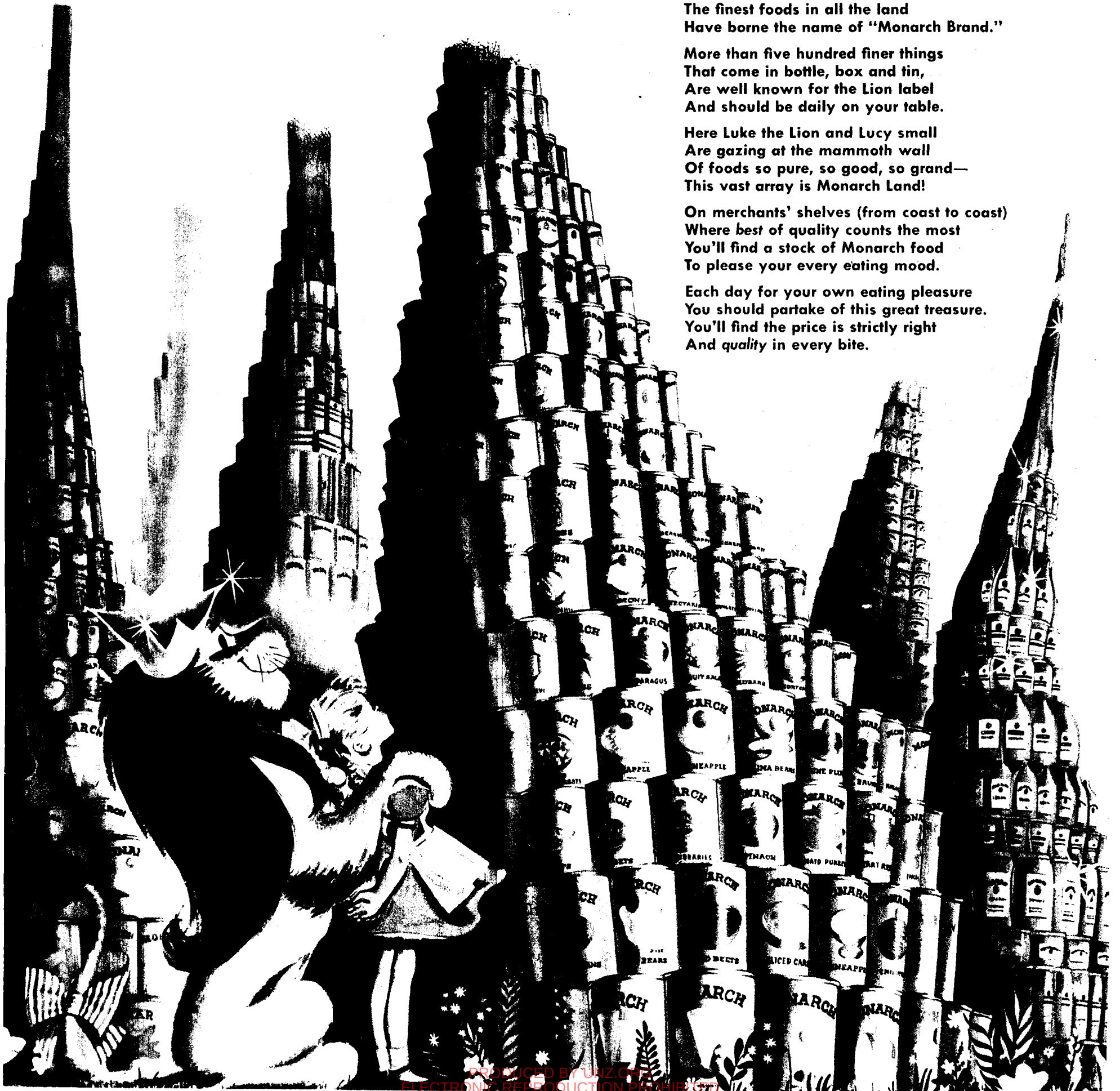
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by his own shrewdness and prudence. His parents supplied him with a log cabin to be born in, which was a good political asset. He remembers that when he reached Uvalde in 1892 he had \$151.60 in assets and all of it was in his pocket.

"It was night," he recalled. "I gave a hacker 25 cents to take me and my little trunk to a hotel. The next morning I put \$150 in the bank."

Thereafter he became the sole owner of the bank, owned banks in other towns, had ranch and city property, a profitable abstracting firm and a country newspaper, was elected county judge, married Miss Mariette Rheiner, daughter of a cattleman, and went to the legislature.

Garner's choice of the little west Texas town, to which he migrated at twenty-two, and to which he was to bring national fame, was accidental. His birthplace was in Red River County, Texas, along the Indian Territory (now Oklahoma) border. He got through the fourth grade by walking six miles a day to a crossroads school.

His first business venture was a mule colt for which he paid seven dollars earned by picking cotton. At the end of three years he sold the mule for \$150. He used part of this money and other that he had saved to pay a relative named Walpole to tutor him for Vanderbilt University. That was about the extent of his formal schooling. He developed symptoms of tuberculosis, and at Nashville, where Vanderbilt is located, doctors told him he probably wouldn't live to use an education if he got it.

"Assuming that to be true I thought the money would be more useful than the education so I went home," Garner said.

Lung Trouble Threatens Career

He read law in the Red River County seat, Clarksville. He went into court when he was nineteen years old, had his age disabilities removed and was by law no longer a minor. He played shortstop on the local baseball team, made a name for himself as a promising young lawyer and then his lung condition grew worse.

"Someone suggested that I could recover my health in the dry country west of San Antonio," Mr. Garner said. "The day I was leaving I went to tell my father goodbye. I didn't know whether I would ever get well or not and the way I felt I didn't much care. I asked my father if he had any advice to give me.

"Only this, John," he replied. "Tell the truth and be a gentleman."

"I do not know that I have lived up to the latter part of his counsel. But I do know that I have never told an untruth to any person. The man who will tell a lie for his social, financial or political advantage is a weak man or a bad man. Usually it does not pay off even temporarily. Seldom is there any utility in a lie, just futility."

He was obviously pleased when he read that Herbert Hoover said of him: "John Garner knew how to play politics, and he was a master of that game, but he is a true patriot, a sound thinker and absolutely trustworthy in his commitments."

Another maxim of his father's Garner has observed all his life: "Father admonished me not to buy anything for which I could not pay," he said. "He told me if I had only a dime and owed no one I was solvent." He has never had a charge account and gets no first-of-the-month bills other than telephone and other utilities.

Most of Garner's fortune was made in land. He never speculated in commodities, stocks or bonds.

"My reason was this," he said. "I occupied federal office. Congressional or other governmental action might affect the value of such securities. When the average citizen reads of an officeholder making money through such dealing it disgusts him and it tends to break down

the people's confidence in democratic government.

"There usually is nothing dishonest in such dealings, but it is a mistake in judgment and shocks public opinion. Royalty observed deportment which officials in a republic neglect. It was called *noblesse oblige*."

Mr. Garner has a 27-year-old auto which looks every day of its age because he has used it all those years for his hunting and fishing car. Before he left public office he was offered a new car even up in trade for his old one, but he refused.

"The fellow who made the offer wanted to use my old car for an advertisement," he said, "but he wouldn't have wanted it if I had not been the Vice-President. So I couldn't make the trade."

The former Vice-President thinks if he had his private life and his public career before him again he would not do anything differently than he did.

"I never did anything by caprice," he said. "My acts usually were done deliberately."

"For my first five or six years in Congress I just answered roll calls, played poker and got acquainted.

"I hadn't been in Congress long before I decided that in time I might do as well as anybody there," Garner said. "So I got just as ambitious as anyone. I believed that even if I did not have as much genius or talent as some members, I could devote more energy to the job. The Speakership was the highest thing in the House and I aimed at it.

"I tried to represent my constituency, but that representation had to fit in with what I considered the national good. If I did not represent the views of my Congressional district they had a chance to do something about it every two years. In the House of Representatives the elections are so frequent that its membership is responsive to the informed will of the people. Mature and informed public opinion is one thing. Emotional fervor of uninformed people is quite another. This emotional feeling sometimes manifests itself in a flood of telegrams on a pending bill.

"There is just one reliable test that the public man should respond to and that is a legal, secret and safeguarded ballot. I never paid much attention to straw votes and haphazard tests of public opinion. The unofficial polls go up and down, by the week or the month. The people are not so mercurial. If they changed that fast then our terms for elected officials are too long."

But Garner often urged intelligent compromise in legislation.

"Men who have known how to compromise intelligently have rendered great service to their country," he once said. "The best laws on our statute books have been put there by intelligent compro-

mise—compromise not on fundamentals or basic principles but compromise on details."

He said Franklin Roosevelt could not understand that often he had to accept a composite judgment in legislative matters, instead of getting exactly what he desired in the language he wanted it in.

"The art of getting along with men is one of the greatest gifts of statesmanship, one of the most important assets of the public man. It consists of holding men to you by winning their respect and affection. Then, if in addition a man has ability, he becomes a strong leader.

Dogmatic attitudes exasperated him. He said:

"I have every respect for an opinion contrary to my own provided it is sincere. No man or party has a monopoly on good intentions or intelligence."

A Sound Spending Philosophy

Discussing a cliché that lately every one has advanced to support a request for Congressional appropriation, the former Vice-President said:

"There is, of course, such a thing as 'too little and too late.' There is also such a thing as too much and too quick. It doesn't hurt to allow some situations to gel a while."

He discerns the tricks of the propagandists. He said, "The clamor of a vociferous minority many times drowns out the voice of the submerged majority."

Garner spots all the build-ups used to wheedle or snare an appropriation out of Congress. The technique today is about the same as it was in his earliest years in the House; only the amounts are larger.

"Nearly always," he says, "there is an emergency threatening dire results unless immediately relieved by adequate use of some of the money belonging to the American taxpayer."

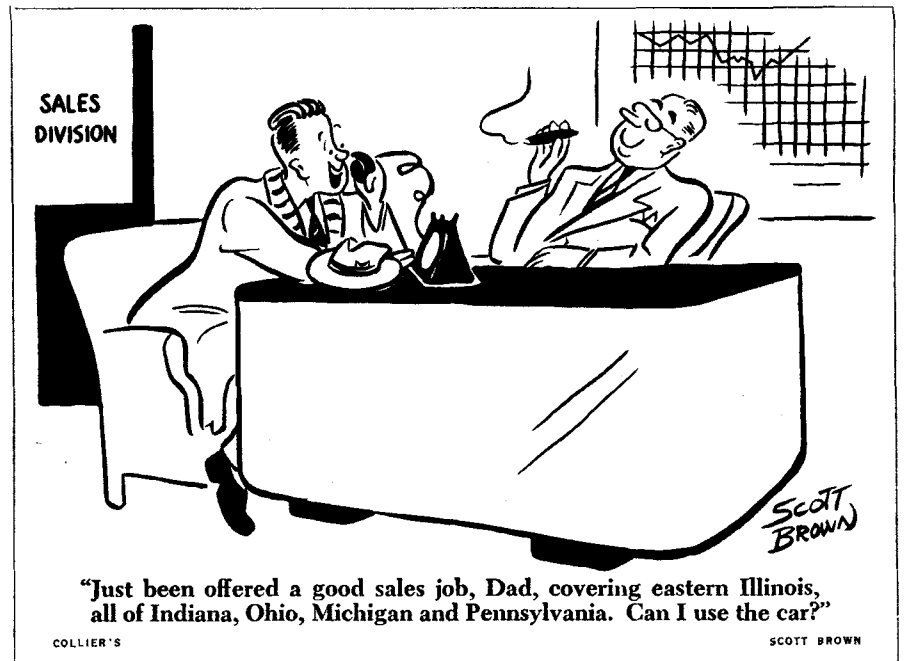
"In my early days in Congress," he said, "a man would express his undying devotion to the flag and wind up asking for a little appropriation to dig out a bayou in his district. But in recent years it isn't Congress that thinks up the plans for throwing money around."

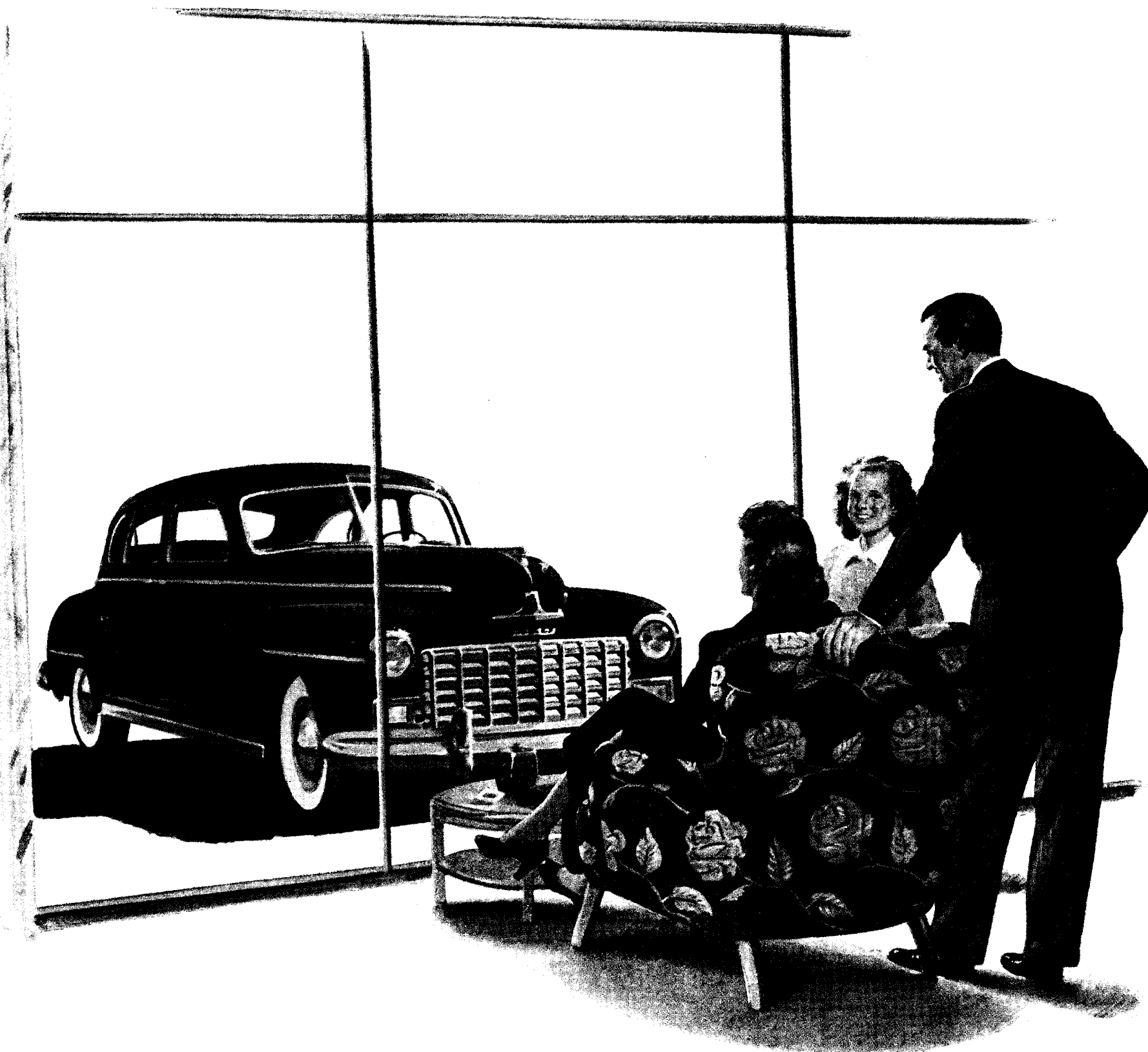
"The cost of government the year I went to Washington was \$486,439,407. Any appropriation item that small now is merely interim."

Garner likes some things about career men in government. The fault he finds with them is that: "They've spent their entire lives spending appropriated money."

Naturally a man who knows the practical art of government as well as any living American will talk about government and Garner does.

"But I wish there were less government to talk about," he said. "The best thing





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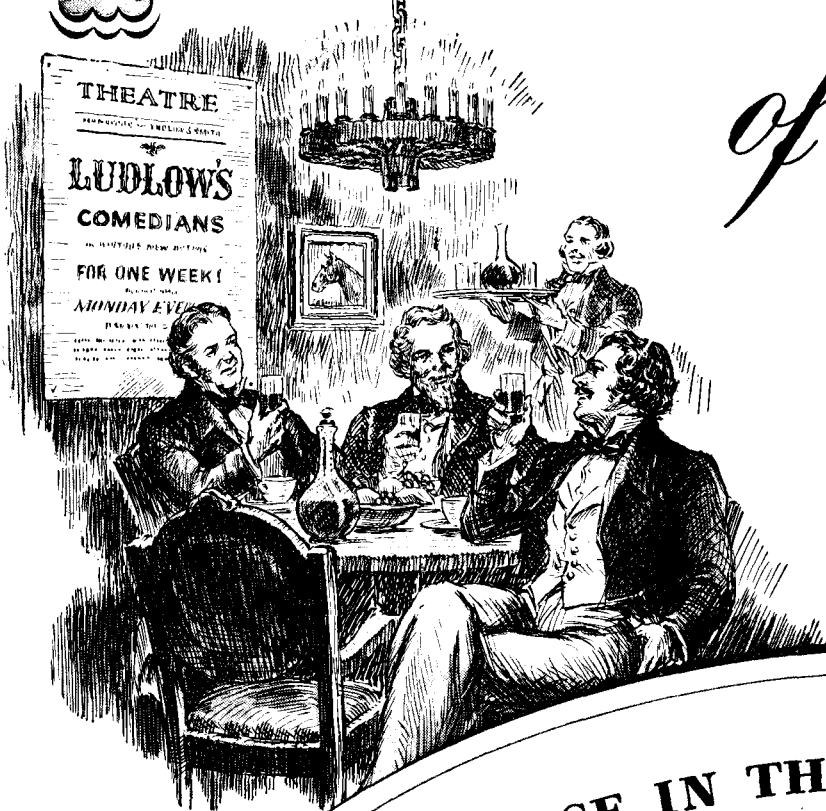
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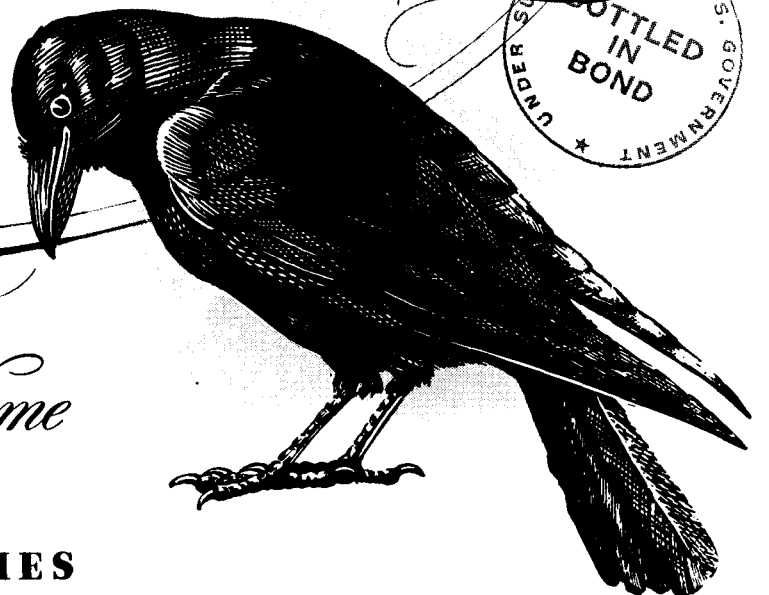
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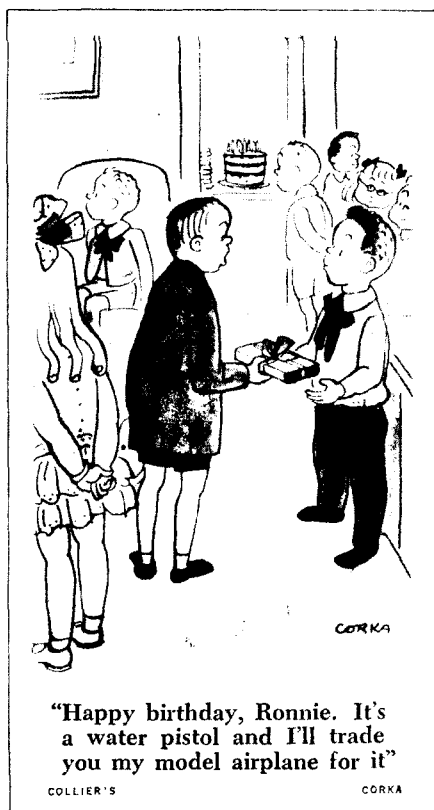
that could happen to the American people would be curtailed government.

"Washington always has to have its kitty. Somewhere between the taxpayer and the ultimate use to which his money is to be put Washington extracts roughly 15 per cent. That goes for what is called 'administration.' The people get something back in services. The party in power (whatever party it is) gets more jobs and a machine.

"As a citizen given the decision as to whether I would rather pay high taxes and see the government debt reduced or whether I would rather have lower taxes and a huge public debt I would prefer to continue paying high taxes. The only trouble is that with a great tax yield the government looks around for new ways to spend money instead of reducing the debt.

"If we pay off five billion a year we would have fifty billion paid off in ten years. The people, once the custom of paying was established, would insist on the yearly payment. Then if there were a depression or some setback we would be better able to withstand it.

"I see no reason why there should be a



depression at any time in the near future. The next one is likely to sneak in from a new direction and from a new cause and I am not so sure anyone will identify it as having any of the earmarks of a depression until it is full upon the country."

Garner believes that the requirement of a two-thirds vote to override an executive veto gives the President too much power.

"I have for many years believed that when the President vetoes a measure it should be returned to Congress with the requirement that not a mere majority of those present and voting, but a majority of the total 96 Senators and 435 Representatives should be sufficient to override.

"Project the present required two thirds into terms of popular votes. Out of 45,000,000 voters that would mean 30,000,000 on one side and 15,000,000 on the other. There has never been such popular majority in our history.

"The executive has too much power now (this conversation was in 1947). Under our form of government Congress is the people's representative. The people are entitled to carefully worked-out legislation, debated, amended and perfected by the people's representatives. We have had too much legislation by executive order.

"I have been called a Congress man and I am. Congress has never been the

Collier's for March 20, 1948

usurper in this country. The few times it has attempted it, it has failed. It has erred more often the other way. It has granted power to the executive or has allowed him to usurp power to the point where he could carry on personal government instead of government by accepted laws. At times Congress has sat by and watched the courts legislate.

"I have never advocated a weak executive. The Presidency of the United States is the greatest office in the world. My belief has been in executive leadership not executive rulership. In party matters when we have had a Democratic President I have wanted all parts of the country and all factions of the party to have a voice in party policy. You have to have a leader. Time comes when the leader must exercise his leadership, but it is always a good plan to see what is in the minds of the rank and file. Sometimes the led have a better idea than the leader."

Reviewing His Political Life

At the time of his retirement in 1941, Mr. Garner gave me an intimate view of how he felt about his public service.

"I have spent thirty-eight years of my life in the legislative halls of this nation," he said. "That is one fourth of the 152 years of the life of this republic at the time I retire to private life. I am grateful for having had the privilege of associating with and working with hundreds of men, coming from all sections of the nation and representing every viewpoint. Most of them were men of courage, patriotism and good will, of stability and dependability, determined to do what was best for their country, according to their lights.

"To my knowledge, I have never deceived a man or a woman in my life. I have never been prodigal with promises, but I never made a promise that I did not have every reason to believe I could keep. I never gave utterance to anything I did not believe to be the truth. I have wanted people to know where I stood and sometimes I may have carried this to the point of bluntness and unkindness.

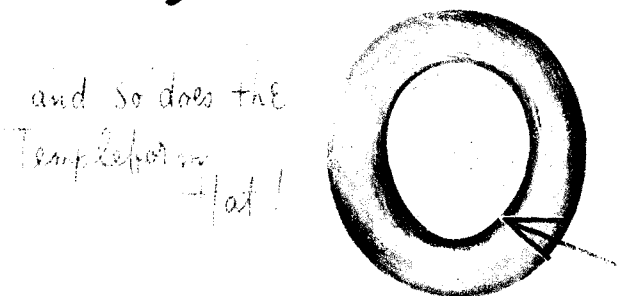
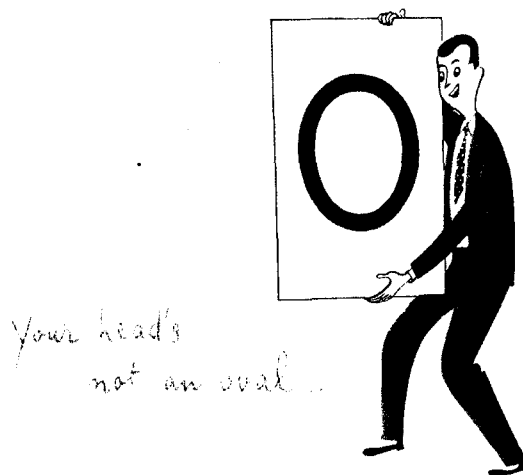
"I never sought fame or glory. Both are transitory. I wanted only to be a competent workman in the business of government. I have had great love for and debt to my party and wanted it to be an instrument of good, whether it was in the majority or the minority. Sometimes it has been more serviceable as an effective minority. My considered opinion is that I had no more useful years than those in the ranks of or as the leader of the opposition to the majority.

"I deplore demagoguery and the appeal to class animosity. I have tried to keep my equanimity under all circumstances. It has never seemed to me that permanent gain was achieved by too much haste in settling solemn problems. I have seen no one possessed of enough knowledge to cause me to think he was a bringer of the millennium. But I have seen this country steadily advance to startling heights."

"Many persons think that I consider some act of my political career as the outstanding achievement of my life," he said some years ago. "Far from it. For many years if I thought a person had wronged me, I never rested easily until I got even with him. I realized my weakness and fought against it through the years before I overcame it. I have nothing but the kindest feeling for every one. That to me is my life's greatest achievement."

A few weeks ago I asked him if he still felt the same way. He replied: "Well, it has been a long time since I did anything in spleen. I have liked most of the people I have met and most of the people with whom I have worked. I have nothing but the kindest feelings for everyone. But," he added, "of course I like some people better than others."

THE END



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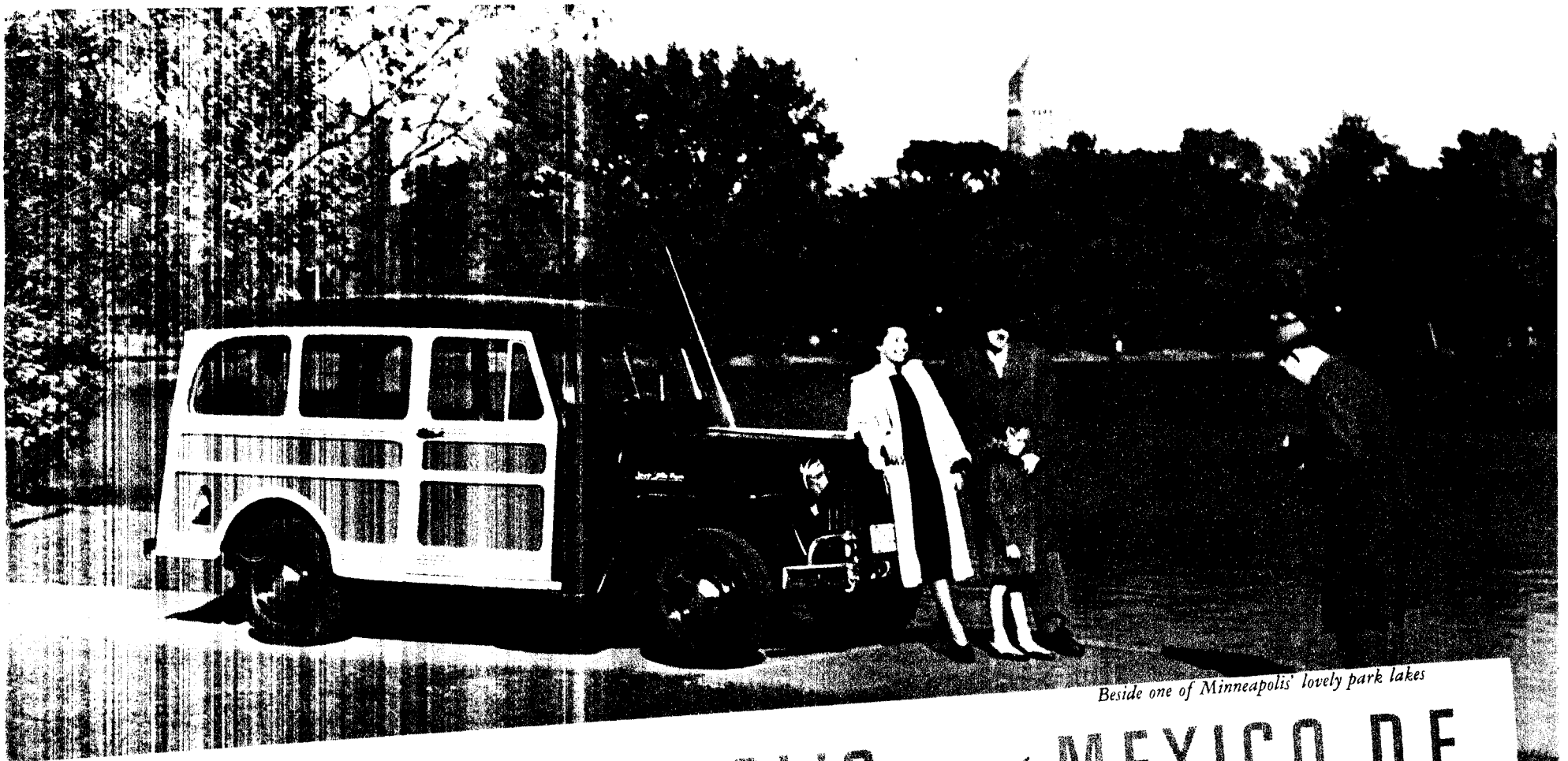
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"Stekmup!" said Mr. Timkins. When he opened his eyes he saw a man standing beside a gunny sack at the window

BEWARE OF THE BABY

BY COREY FORD

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED STEFFEN

MR. TIMKINS held one end of the leash at arm's length, keeping as far as possible from the other. Mr. Timkins was very fond of dogs; but the creature he was leading was an admittedly formidable specimen. The muscles of its hindquarters fairly rippled as it walked, and when it turned its head and grinned at him it displayed a row of teeth as jagged as a dinosaur's. Several passers-by quailed visibly and took to the curb, he noted with satisfaction, and as he opened the gate and started toward his house he saw Mrs. Timkins retreating up the front steps onto the porch. "This," he called to her cheerfully, "is Strongheart."

Mrs. Timkins hesitated uncertainly in the door, ready to slam it in case of an overt move. "Now, Herbert," she said, "you're not going to bring that in the house?"

"Of course I'm going to bring him in the house," said Mr. Timkins. "He's a watchdog."

"But, Herbert," Mrs. Timkins faltered, "what will he watch?"

"The baby," Mr. Timkins patted Strongheart, who gave a deep throaty growl. "I'm not going to risk having anybody steal that baby," he said, "after all the money I've spent on it."

Mrs. Timkins sighed. Mr. Timkins' interest in his son and heir, she was all too aware, was largely economic. It was a father's duty, he had stated to her on numerous occasions, to see that his offspring was properly clothed and fed, but there his responsibility ended. The deeper wellsprings of parental emotion had never been tapped. A baby, to Mr. Timkins, was a baby. On the other hand, you take a dog. . .

"He won't let anybody touch it," he told Mrs. Timkins. "He" referred to the dog, she realized; the baby was always "it." "He's a very valuable specimen. Bill Anders says he's a champion; he's taken all sorts of ribbons. The only reason Bill gave him to me is because he's got to move to the Coast."

"But, Herbert," Mrs. Timkins asked

with a sinking feeling, "where is the dog going to sleep?"

"In the baby's room, of course," Mr. Timkins announced. "Right at the foot of its crib. If Strongheart opens his mouth," he said, "there won't be any kidnaper—"

"If he opens it wide enough," Mrs. Timkins objected feebly, "there won't be any baby."

"He'll protect it," Mr. Timkins said. "You wait and see."

They did not have to wait long. Several times that week, while Mrs. Timkins was wheeling the baby carriage and Mr. Timkins was leading Strongheart on his leash, they noticed a suspicious character lurking behind them in the shadows.

ONE morning the milkman frightened away an intruder from the Timkins lawn, and an investigation disclosed several heavy footprints in the petunia bed just under the nursery window.

"We won't have to worry," Mr. Timkins assured his wife, "as long as Strongheart is here."

Two nights later, when they got home from the movies, they found a skeleton key broken off in the front door. Thereafter Mr. Timkins went to sleep every night with a revolver at the head of his bed, and Mrs. Timkins left all the lights burning.

It was about midnight a week later that she heard it. She grabbed Mr. Timkins' arm, and shook it. "Herbert," she whispered, "listen."

"Listen to what?" asked Mr. Timkins sleepily.

"The baby," said Mrs. Timkins. "Listen."

From the direction of the nursery came a loud, unhappy wail. This was followed by a scuffling sound, the crash of a bassinet against a pair of shins, and then an adult wail, louder and even more unhappy. Mr. Timkins sat up in bed, clutching the blankets about his neck.

"Well?" prompted Mrs. Timkins.

"I'm listening," said Mr. Timkins.

"Are you going to get up?" she asked, "or am I?"

Mr. Timkins sighed and shrugged into his robe. Preceded by his quaking revolver, he tiptoed down the hall. The nursery door was closed, but there was a crack of light under the door. Mr. Timkins leveled the revolver, shut his eyes, and shoved the door inward.

"Stekmup!" he said.

The lack of an answering shot was somewhat reassuring. Mr. Timkins opened his eyes. A heavy-set man was standing beside a gunny sack at the open window, holding one hand in the air and grasping his shin with the other. Mr. Timkins' self-assurance increased. He inserted a forefinger in the trigger guard of his revolver, spun it with professional ease, and managed to catch it in the nick of time. The intruder had not moved. Mr. Timkins started across the room, fixing him with a steely eye, and collided with the overturned bassinet. He lowered the revolver and grasped his shin.

"You shouldn't leave them things in the middle of the floor," the intruder said reproachfully.

"It doesn't belong in the middle of the floor," Mr. Timkins groaned. "It belongs over there by the window."

"Sure," the intruder said, "where anybody can fall over it when they climb in."

Mr. Timkins remembered his revolver, and leveled it again. "Keep reaching," he said. "Why were you climbing in the window?"

"The door was locked," the intruder said.

Mr. Timkins took a new grip on the situation. "I know why you were climbing in the window," he said, "you were going to kidnap the baby."

"Mister," the intruder laughed hollowly, "I wouldn't steal that baby."

Mr. Timkins lowered the revolver a little. "Why not?"

"What would I want with that button-nosed brat?" he said.

An instinct as old as the race began to stir inside Mr. Timkins. "What's

the matter with that button-nosed brat?"

"Who'd bother stealing a baby," the intruder said, "when there's a valuable dog around?" He indicated the bulging gunny sack at his feet. "You can get a lot of money for a dog."

Mr. Timkins gazed at the sack, and swallowed hard. "Is he dead?"

"He's asleep," the intruder said. "I couldn't even wake him. I finally hadda prop him up and slide the sack unner him. I'd 'a' had him out the window," he complained, "if that button-nosed brat haddena hollered—"

Mr. Timkins' lips tightened in a thin line. "If you don't like that button-nosed brat," he said slowly, "you can get the hell out of this house."

"But, mister," the intruder gasped. "Get out," Mr. Timkins repeated, brandishing the revolver, "and take that dog with you."

"Okay, mister," said the intruder. "Just one thing," Mr. Timkins added. He glanced over his shoulder in the direction of the bedroom, and lowered his voice. "When you get down the ladder, I wish you'd fire off your revolver just once." He apologized: "Mine isn't loaded. . ."

"The dog?" asked Mrs. Timkins. There was a muffled shot outside the window. "No," said Mr. Timkins. "The baby."

Mrs. Timkins burst into tears of relief as her husband re-entered the bedroom, carrying the baby in his arms. "Everything's all right, dear," he told her. "He's safe, bless his heart."

"The dog?" asked Mrs. Timkins. There was a muffled shot outside the window. "No," said Mr. Timkins. "The baby."

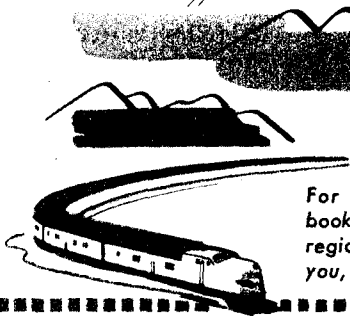
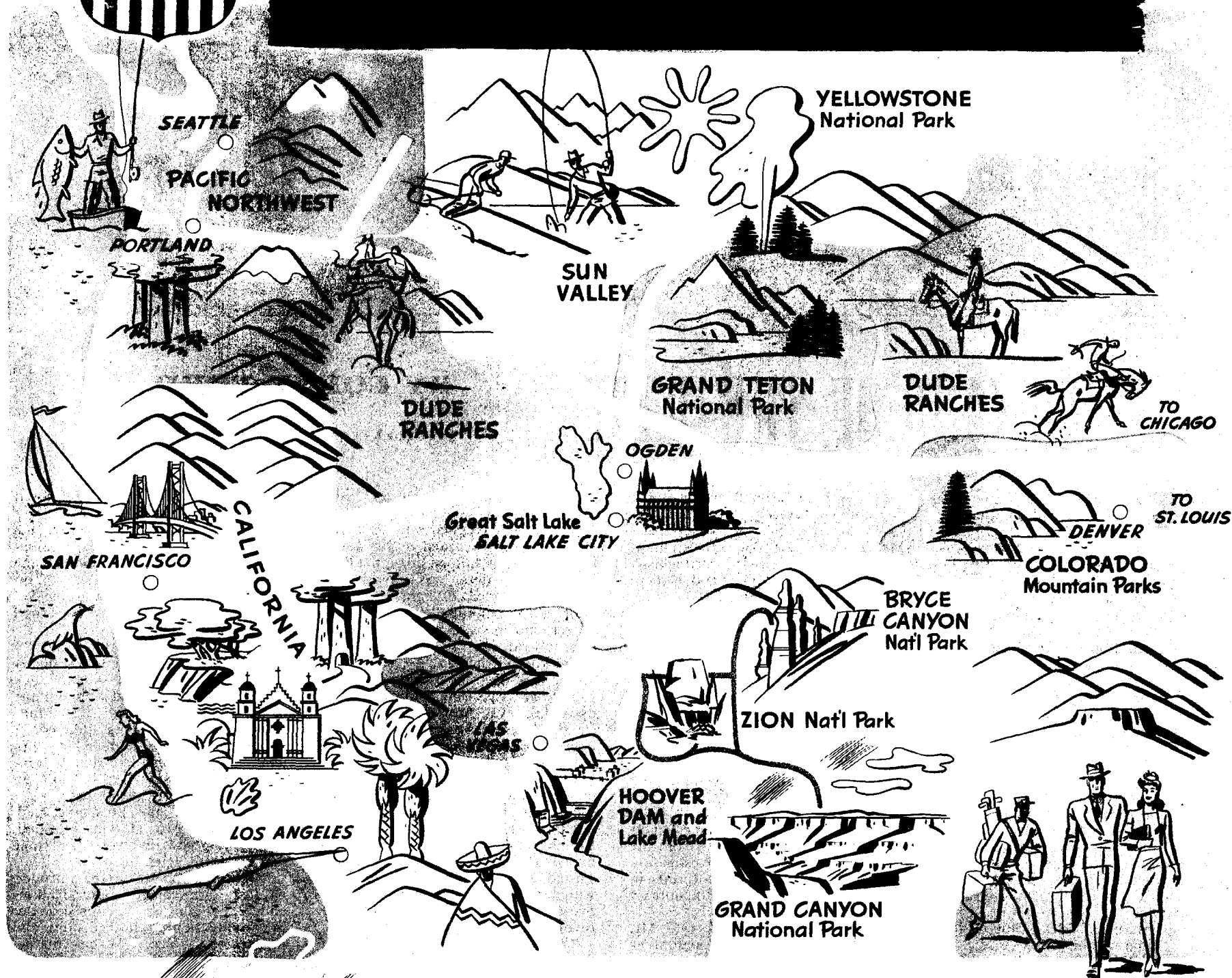
Mrs. Timkins began to cry again. "Poor Strongheart," she sobbed. "Who'll protect Junior now? We've got to have another dog."

Mr. Timkins was holding his offspring in his lap, grinning ecstatically as Junior pulled off a pajama button and stuck it in his mouth. He winked at his son and heir, and his son and heir winked back. "I've got a better suggestion, dear," he said. "We'll have another baby."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



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MADAM PRESIDENT

Continued from page 14

Huntoon laughed. "Sorry you feel that way, A.H., but I've got to think of the Party. Now, Senator, Harrison's out, so how about Clyde Morrow?"

Beck squirmed uneasily. "I guess you're right, Senator, but I can't go back on Mrs. Bruce. Hell! I promised her. The best I can do is to leave it to the convention and second her nomination."

Huntoon's smile became chilly again. "That ought to work, with the governor feeling the way he does. I'll support her, too, of course, but I'll send Bill Nearing around to do a little missionary work."

Harrison rose. "So that's how it's done," he observed. "Thanks for the drink, Jim. So long, Senator. I'll be seeing you."

ARTHUR URN said, "Now my idea, Mulcahy, is to hit the public with something different. How about a special line of Miranda lipsticks and perfumes? Get it out that all the pretty girls are for Mrs. Bruce and—"

"No!" Mary interrupted. "What we need is to mobilize the women's organizations. The League for Women Voters, the American Housewives Union and the small-town clubs. We'd frighten them away if we said that only the pretty girls were for Mrs. Bruce. I agree with you, I think. We don't want anything sensational. It's going to be nasty enough with a woman candidate without dragging in sex."

The reporter gave a short, brittle laugh. "You'll slay me, Smith," he remarked. "After all, sex—"

There was a hurried knock on the door—the three were conferring in Mulcahy's bedroom while Mrs. Bruce tried to get a little rest—and before they could open it, Judge Cadwallader burst in. His manner was as agitated as is permitted to a member of the Supreme Court.

"Miss Smith, Mr. Mulcahy," he apologized. "Forgive this intrusion but I thought it best to let you know that Governor Nearing and I have been spending the last hour assuring delegates that Mrs. Bruce is not a—ah—Red."

"Whoever said she was?" Urn demanded.

"A whispering campaign has been started," the judge informed them. "It is being said that Mrs. Bruce is a member of a Communist-front organization."

"Which? The Junior League or the Vassar chapter of Phi Beta Kappa?" the reporter asked flippantly.

"The American Housewives Union," the judge informed them.

"But she *is*!" said Mary.

"What's radical about that, Your Honor?" Mulcahy demanded.

Cadwallader looked as though he had just bitten into a bad clam. "Then she must disavow it at once," he ruled. "The Smilie Committee has just issued a report branding the Housewives Union as a subversive organization—trying to reduce prices, restore rent control and undermine the American way of life—"

Urn grimaced. "So the Smelly Committee's done it again. They don't operate except on orders. Who told them to do this one?"

Cadwallader looked almost coy. "Nobody knows for certain," he said, "but there's one powerful politician at this convention who'll never forgive Mrs. Bruce for blocking his nomination."

"That sneaking coward of a Harrison!" Mary exploded bitterly.

"Shut up, Smith," Urn interrupted her. "Congressman Smilie gets his orders from Huntoon, as a rule. Is this a fix?"

Cadwallader was patient and judicial. "I just told you, Mr. Urn, that Governor Nearing—and he is very close to Senator Huntoon—has been working like a Trojan to counteract this rumor. He and I have both been working like Trojans denying it—and now I find that Mrs. Bruce is a member of the Housewives Union. She must resign at once."

"I'll go tell Miranda!" Mary exclaimed. "Frank, you'd better get back to headquarters—"

As the door slammed behind her, Urn turned to the justice.

"Curious, isn't it, Mr. Justice," he observed, "that Smilie should issue a report just now, when the committee's not in session? It's almost what might be called a coincidence."

"Governor Harrison is a very angry man," the judge said.

"Thank you for letting us know, Your Honor," Mulcahy remarked. "Don't you be issuing any more denials, please, until Mrs. Bruce has made up her mind what's to be done."

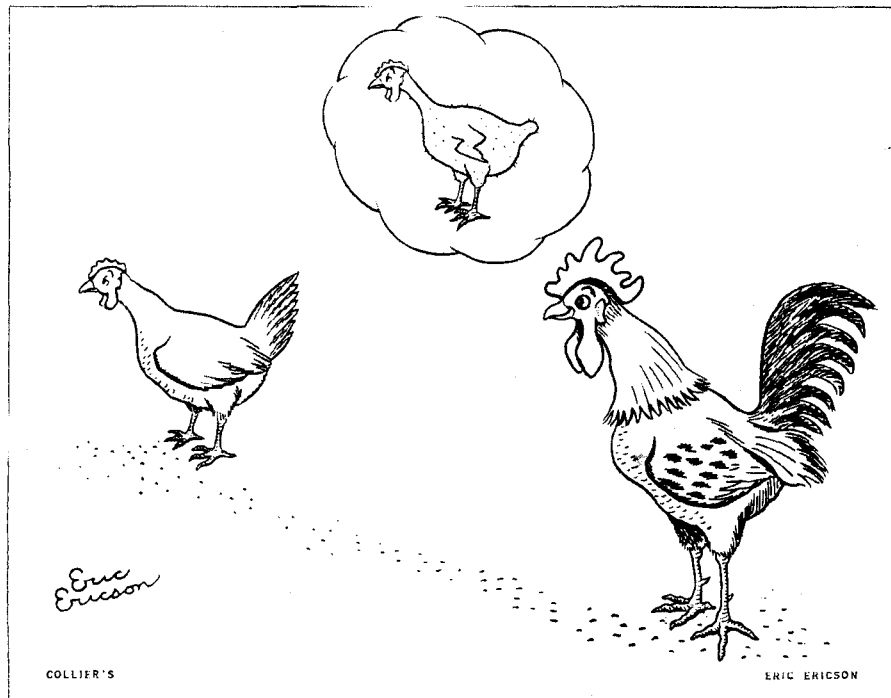
Cadwallader withdrew.

"And do you think, Arthur," asked Mulcahy, "that this would be Governor Harrison's doing?"

Urn shrugged his shoulders. "Could be," he agreed, "but I never figured he'd fight dirty."

The Irishman sighed. "You never can tell what a man will do when he's been crossed," he replied. "And what will Mrs. Bruce be doing about it, I wonder?"

Miranda had already decided what



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she would do about Harrison's perfidy. After listening to Mary's indignant account of this last-minute trick, she called the Congress Hotel and demanded to speak to Governor Harrison.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, Mr. Harrison," she told him crisply, "but it is important that I see you as soon as possible. Would it be asking too much of you to come to my headquarters?"

It was asking too much, but he was just angry enough at her to say that he would. Women!

HARRISON listened attentively to her account of the Smilie smear. "No, Mrs. Bruce," he said at last. "I didn't have anything to do with that. Why, I hardly know Congressman Smilie, and anyhow my sister-in-law organized the local chapter of the Housewives Union right in my home town."

She looked bewildered. "But Judge Cadwallader seemed pretty sure of his facts," she said. "It's so—so unfair."

Harrison laughed. "Politics isn't very fair, Mrs. Bruce," he observed.

She smiled back at his amusement. "Governor," she said, "I'm probably a fool to talk to you like this. You don't like me and I don't like the things you stand for politically, but I don't think you'd do anything mean or cheap. What would you advise me to do about this nasty attack?"

This time Harrison's laugh was really west of the water tower. "I'm a hell of a man for you to ask that question of, Mrs. Bruce, after this afternoon. And the fact that you ask it shows you don't belong in politics, but I'll answer it anyhow. Don't do a thing—pay no attention to it."

She studied his lean, bronzed face and nodded. "I think that you're right," she told him, "but not about politics. Why shouldn't people give honest answers to honest questions? Do you think I'd better get in touch with Senator Huntoon?"

The also-ran for the Presidential nomination shook his head. "Huntoon's out to double-cross you, Mrs. Bruce, the same as he did me," he said. "Don't worry. I'll fix him. I'm going to swing my delegates—what's left of them, that is, over to you."

"You're what!" she gasped. "That's right, ma'am. I'm backing you for second place on the ticket."

"But, Governor," she protested, "knowing the way you feel about me and about this afternoon—"

Harrison smiled like a stud-poker player who has aces back to back.

"I've got my reasons, Mrs. Bruce," he

said. "That young writing fellow, Art Urn of the New York Record, kind of put it in my mind, but I reckon I would have thought of it anyhow. Don't you thank me, ma'am. I'm not doing you a favor. I'm going to show Jim Huntoon that he can't make a fool out of me."

"Oh!" Her voice was cold and distant. "So you think that I—"

He beamed at her. "That's right, Mrs. Bruce. I'm using you to make a fool of him. And you can't stop me. That's why I'm not making any conditions. I'm going to nominate you, Mrs. Bruce, and let old pussycat Beck second you for Vice-President. It will serve Jim damned well right. Of course, there is one thing you might do, if you had a mind to—"

"What's that?" Miranda was still hurt and angry.

"Well, ma'm, it seems that Senator Huntoon got sore at me for telling the truth about taxes the other night. I've got a lot more ideas about taxes that I haven't published yet. When you make your speech accepting the nomination, you might say something like this . . ."

"Of course," the governor concluded, "that's not the whole story about taxes but it's good politics and it will make Jim sore as a boil."

Miranda smiled. "But it makes sense," she agreed. "Of course I'll say it. I don't see why Senator Huntoon should object. I'll ask him."

The governor raised his hand in a traffic-stopper. "Please don't do that, Mrs. Bruce, or I won't give you my support. I want this to be a sort of little surprise for Jim and the Party, after you've got the nomination."

"Mary! Frank!" Miranda rushed back into Mulcahy's room. "The most wonderful thing has happened. Governor Harrison is going to nominate me tomorrow and give me all his delegates."

"Don't trust him," Mary begged her. "He's up to some nasty trick."

Arthur Urn stood up and beamed with conscious pride. "Did he say where he got the idea, Mrs. Bruce?"

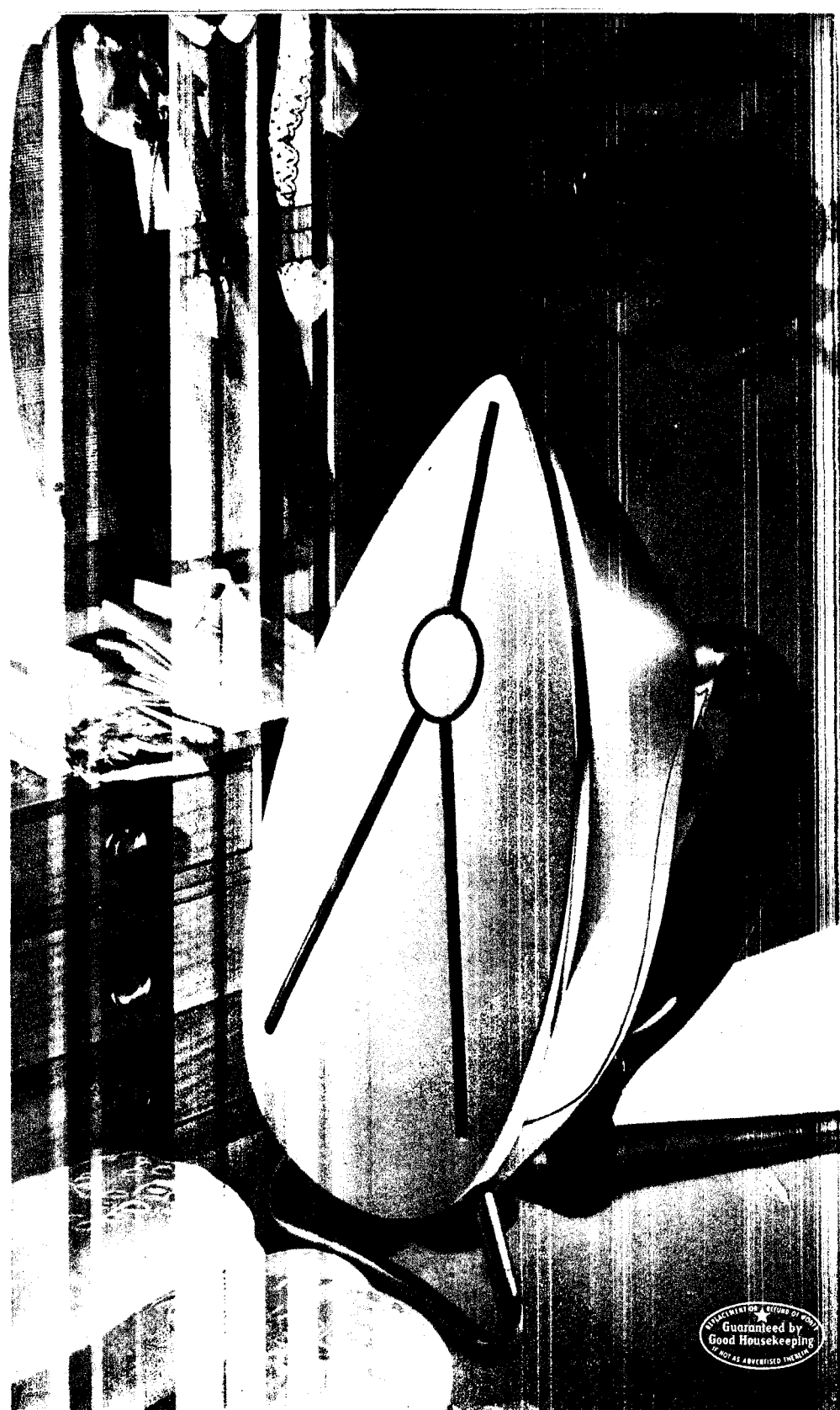
"Yes, and thank you," she replied with a friendly smile. "He said that you had put it in his head."

"You did?" Mary's surprise was far from flattering.

"Nice going, Arthur," observed Mulcahy and shook hands with him ceremoniously.

"How on earth did you do it?" Mary's question was acid.

"Just a gift, Smith," he said loftily. "I seem to have a strange charm that is practically irresistible with children,



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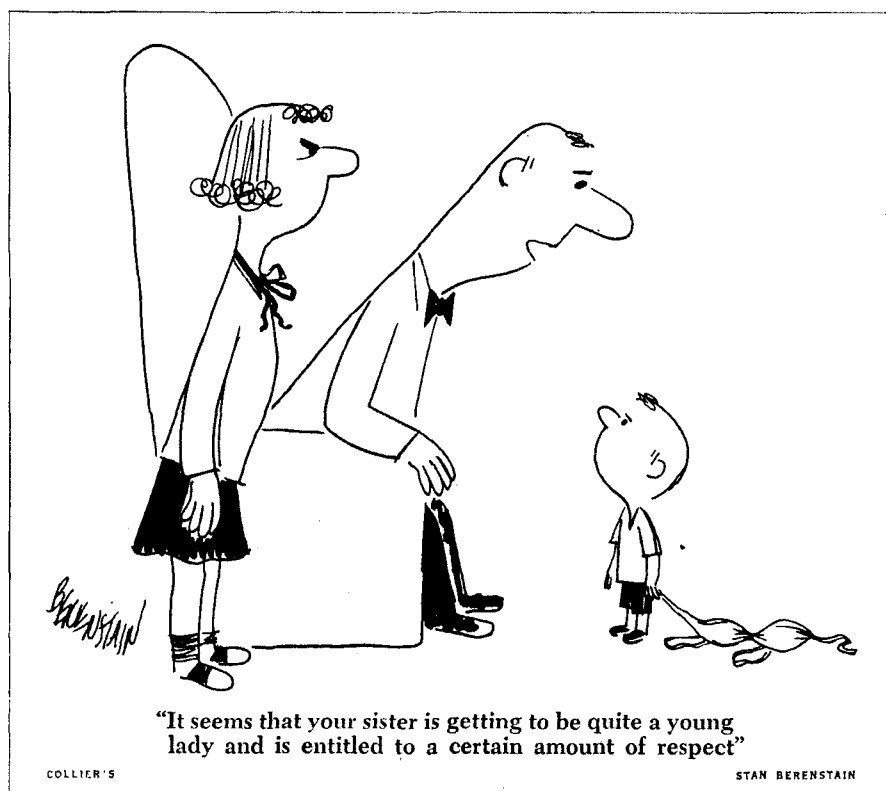
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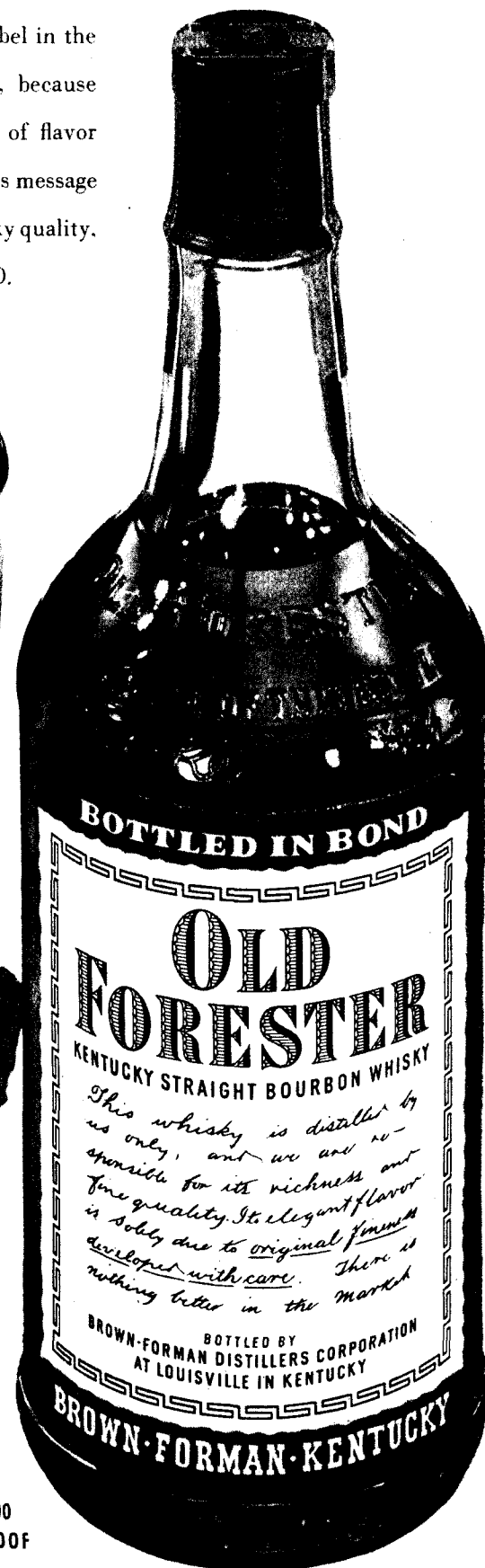
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dogs and professional politicians. It seemed like a good idea to get his votes, so I asked him for them, more or less," he added with almost unendurable modesty.

"For two cents I'd—" Mary stopped. "Just the same it was a good idea, Mr. Urn. I congratulate you."

She crossed the room and held out her hand for him to shake.

"Oh, come on, Smith. It's worth more than a handshake," he burred fatuously. He leaned forward and planted a kiss on Mary's startled lips.

His right hand was jerked forward and up, a hard athletic shoulder oofed him in the solar plexus; his legs pinwheeled, he crashed to the floor and slithered into blinding blackness.

"Mary!" Mrs. Bruce was angry.

Mulcahy crossed over to the prostrate reporter. "You haven't been breaking his neck, have you?" he asked.

Mary shook her flaming hair. "Only his collarbone," she said. "It's elementary judo. Everybody knows that."

Miranda went and put her hands on the girl's trembling shoulders. "You shouldn't lose your temper," she told her. "I'm ashamed of you, Mary. The poor boy. He was feeling so pleased with himself."

Mary was furious. "But he kissed me!" she protested. "I'm sorry, Miranda, but I—well, in Italy around G.H.Q. you had to take care of yourself. Some of those lieutenant colonels—"

"He didn't mean it that way, I'm sure," Mrs. Bruce said. "He was just feeling happy. So was I. We all were. Now—"

"Hmf!" Mary kneeled beside the prostrate reporter and looked him over. "He'll be all right," she said. "His skull's solid. Just a bump that knocked him out. The collarbone heals quite quickly. Teach him not to—"

Mrs. Bruce turned to Mulcahy. "Frank," she ordered. "You call the house physician. We'll have to put him to bed here after he's got a cast. As for you, Mary, you've put our publicity man out of commission just when we need him most."

Mary Smith looked stricken. "I never thought of it that way. Oh, Miranda, I am sorry. Truly I am. I'll do anything—"

Miranda heroically suppressed a smile. "You can't unbreak his collarbone, dear," she remarked, "and I doubt that he can write or type with his left hand. You must help him with his work, take dictation and do his typing. Perhaps that will teach you to keep your temper."

Mary looked rebelliously at her employer.

"Okay," she said. "I guess he won't try to make any more passes for a few weeks." She brightened up a bit. "Who would have thought a man his age would be so soft?" she asked. "He was flabby as a wet sock."

"The doctor's on his way up, Mrs. Bruce," Mulcahy told her. "I said it was an accident."

"Accident, hell!" came a hollow voice from the floor. "Tell that she-Kamikaze of yours, Mrs. Bruce, that for the first time in a journalistic career I know the meaning of that fine old expression, the kiss of death."

IN THE auditorium corridor, Jack Jepson of the A.P. called out, "Hi, Art! What'd you do to yourself?"

"Collarbone," Urn said. "I got kissed by a mule. What do you know, Jack? Who's going to be V.P.? Oh, by the way, I'd like to introduce you to my private secretary. Miss Smith, Mr. Jepson."

Jepson shook hands with Mary hastily. "Can't tell for sure yet," he said. "They say the fix is on for it to be little Clyde Morrow."

"Ten gets you five it isn't," Urn offered.

"Never bet on elections, Art. It's against Kent Cooper's principles. So long. Goodbye, Miss Smith." And the A.P. man shouldered his way through the crowd in the corridor.

"That is the third man you've told you were kissed by a mule," Mary said. "It's not funny."

Urn smiled wryly at the redhead. "Sorry, Smith. Just my misplaced sense of humor. So the fix is on, is it?"

She frowned in the direction of the press box, where Jepson had disappeared. "He seemed pretty sure," she said. "Do you think he's right?"

"Dunno!" He shook his head. "I don't trust anything or anybody at this point. For all I know, they've offered Harrison his pick of Cabinet jobs and he's gone over to Beck and Huntoon. I've done my part."

"I should say you have! I'll be ashamed to tell Miranda that you're buying votes," she said.

"Then don't tell her," he ordered. "It's none of your business. And if you want to be technical about it I didn't buy a vote. I simply loaned the state chairman two thousand dollars so that we could go to a betting commissioner and place a bet against two more thousand dollars that his delegation would do a certain

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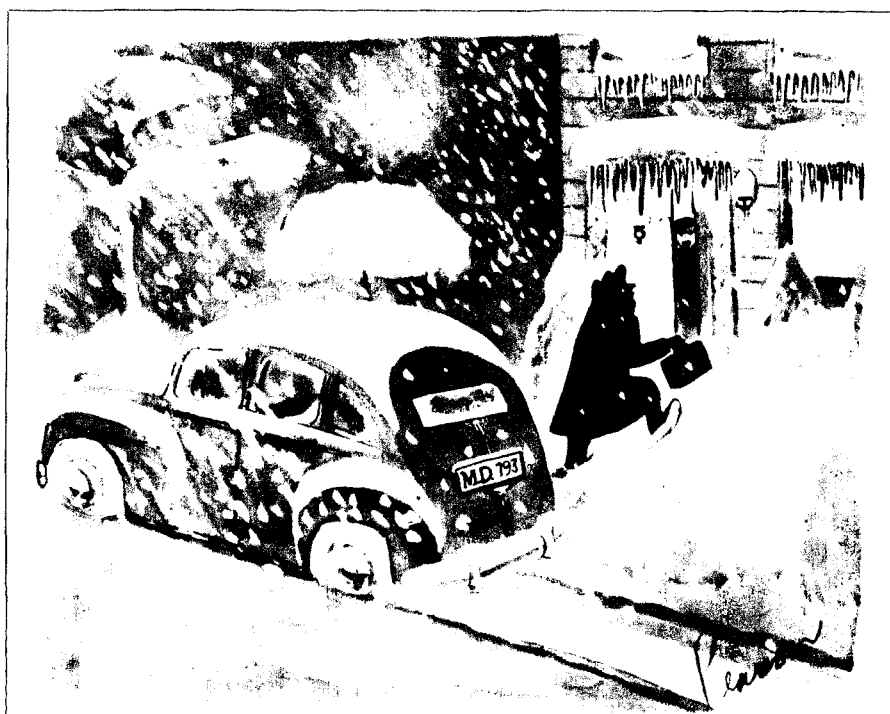
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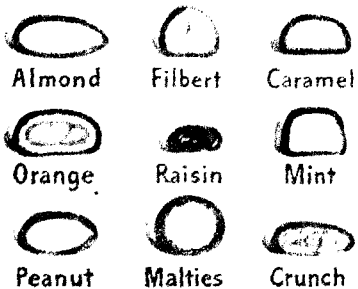
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thing. I said they wouldn't, he said they would, and money talks. If I'm wrong he'll win the dough, if he's mistaken then Harrison gets it all back. This is Harrison's show anyhow, not Miranda's, and he's giving her a break."

Mary glared at him. "Of all the slimy casuistry," she said in cutting tones. "After today, I quit. I'm sorry I broke your collarbone. But it's partly your fault. It wouldn't have happened if you'd been in training."

"I beg your pardon!" They turned to see a short, dark-haired girl in the uniform of the Waves, with a lieutenant's stripes on her arm. "I'm looking for Mrs. Bruce's secretary. I was told she has red hair. Are you she?"

"I am, Lieutenant," said Mary. "What can I—"

Urn exclaimed, "Emma! Sweet! Long time no see!"

THE Wave looked at him with surprise. "Artie! Well, I'll be cussed. The old Tokyo Commando!"

She bent over and gave him a resounding kiss. "Say, what did you do to yourself?"

"I was k—" Urn began, and then caught Mary's glittering eye. "Oh, I just poked my nose in where I wasn't wanted, Emma, and got thrown out on my ear. By the way, Lieutenant Corradio, may I present Miss Smith. She is Mrs. Bruce's secretary. Just now she's helping me on account of I have a busted collarbone. But what's cooking?"

The Wave wrinkled her nose. "It's a modified junket, darling. Admiral Chestnut heard there was a chance that Mrs. Bruce might get on the national ticket, so he sent me along to act as her naval aide for the campaign, just in case."

Urn saluted with his left hand. "If P.R.O.'s could win a war we'd never have to fight. Gosh, Emma, old kee, it's great to see you. How about getting together and hoisting a drink after this shindig? Tell you what, meet me at Bruce headquarters at the Blackstone when this show is over. We'll have us a time and—say, what ever happened to that big lieutenant commander of yours out at Pearl?"

"He was married all the time, the lout," Lieutenant Corradio remarked with feeling. "But after all, Art, there are lots of good men in the Navy. And out of it, too, honey. I'll be there. What's the room?"

"Nine two eight. Stick around there till I show and Miss Smith here will introduce you to Mrs. Bruce."

"Thanks, Art. Goodby, Miss Smith." As the Wave moved on, Urn looked out of the corner of his eye at Mary. She was silent, for once.

"Emma's a grand girl, Smith," he said. "She and I bumped into each other all over the Pacific."

Mary snorted. "An admiral's girl, eh? I know them."

"I guess you would," he said with a smile. "You were sort of a general's girl yourself once, over there in Italy, weren't you?"

"I was not!" she replied tartly. "It wasn't my fault they kept me at G.H.Q. typing their darned private correspondence and war diaries."

He decided to change the subject. "Five gets you ten the Army will crash through with an aide, too, Smith. Bet they produce something long, slim and with a dinky little mustache. How'd you like that?"

She did not deign to reply. He wondered why she was still sore at him, after he'd dropped that line about the mule.

"Oh, skip it!" he said. "Let's get up in the press box and see whether Huntoon's really made the fix."

At that particular moment, the boss was in conference in his hide-out under the rostrum. It was a small and highly selective conference, attended only by Bill Nearing and Senator Beck, the vic-

torious candidate for the head of the ticket.

"Tell me, Bill," said Huntoon. "Is the Alabama delegation clear on what it has to do?"

Governor Nearing nodded. "I saw Beauregard Jackson—he's the chairman—and gave him his orders. I even wrote them out for him. When Alabama's polled for a Vice-Presidential nominee, Beauregard yields to Delaware, and Delaware nominates Clyde Morrow. Then there's a fifteen-minute demonstration before I second Morrow on behalf of Nebraska—Arkansas's going to yield to Nebraska—and then another demonstration. By the time we get to Connecticut, if ever, Mrs. Bruce is going to be an also-ran."

"What about Harrison?" asked Beck. "I've got to support her—on the first ballot anyhow—and I've got to second her nomination. I promised."

The boss laughed. "Honest Jonathan!" he observed. "Don't worry about A.H., Senator. I called him on the phone and he agreed to take the State Department and preserve harmony. He's still sore at the trimming Mrs. Bruce gave him yesterday."

"What's going on up there, Jim?" Nearing asked, pointing toward the ceiling.

"Nothing. They're still just praying, or maybe singing God Bless America," Huntoon told him. "No, Jonathan, even with your delegations she won't have enough votes. I told Harrison that Morrow was the man. With his delegates and my Southern boys, Morrow will have a majority on the first ballot. You're sure about Beauregard Jackson, Bill? Did you give him that money for expenses?"

NEARING gave a genial rumble. "Don't you fret about Jackson, Jim. He's the finest type of Southern Republican. He's straight as a die. I gave him one thousand on account and told him he could collect the other grand after the balloting. No, Jackson won't double-cross me, Jim. He'll perform. And—Jim, about that other matter..."

The boss smiled. "Oh, yes, Bill. I haven't forgotten. Senator Beck has agreed to take you into the Cabinet, as Secretary of the Treasury."

"Gosh, Senator, that's great!" "There's only one condition, Bill," Huntoon continued. "Senator Beck had already promised the job to the Bankers Association. He's sounded them about you and they've agreed to let you have it, provided you resign after sixty days."

Nearing looked like a man who has stepped on a live eel. But he was a good soldier. He believed in party regularity. A lot could happen in sixty days, and, besides, there was nothing he could do about it.

"You'll take care of me after that, Jim?" he asked.

"Sure, Bill, of course. There's a vacancy on the Atomic Commission coming up and that's where you'll come in handy. Patents. You know. The Treasury will give you a good build-up." Huntoon turned apologetically to Beck. "Sorry, Senator. I seem to be trading you out of everything but the White House, but that's the way to get elected in a year like this. The people are tired of flashy leadership. They want party government—our Party, of course—simple, sensible, down-to-earth law and order and economy."

Beck stood up. "And we'll give it to them, Jim," he declared. "I wish we had this ticket fight straightened out. Let's get on with it now and start the nominations. We'll have to give Mrs. Bruce something good after this."

Huntoon relaxed. The pieces in his picture puzzle were falling into place.

"She'll have to go into the Cabinet, of course," he said. "Or how about making her Housing Administrator? She's nuts about housing."

Nearing shook his head.

"She gives me the willies, Jim," he remarked, "with those big eyes and that quiet way of hers. You know, like my old teacher in the sixth grade. Always talking about G.I.s and babies and things like that. We don't need babies to win and I'm damned if I want her hanging around afterward. If you ask me, Jim, she's a Red and we can drop her."

Huntoon laughed. "Justice Cadwallader told me of the job you did on her with that Smilie Report. But we don't need it this way. We've got the votes, Bill."

THREE preachers—a Catholic bishop, a rabbi and a Methodist—had earnestly asked the blessings of Almighty God on the Party's deliberations. A hired soprano had pleased and relieved everybody by hitting the high notes of the Star-Spangled Banner. The last of the delegates and alternates had found their seats and the Clerk of the Convention had smashed another gavel in calling the session to order. The business before the convention, it was announced to nobody's astonishment, was to select a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, but first the Permanent Chairman of the Convention had an announcement to make.

Senator Huntoon then mounted the rostrum and informed them, to the subdued merriment of the press box, that the Party was absolutely unbossed, free to choose whomever they believed best fitted to uphold the hands of that great leader and sterling patriot, the next President of the United States, the Honorable Jonathan Beck of Indiana. As proof of Senator Beck's horror of bossism, the candidate would not try to impose his own choice on the convention. Senator Beck felt that his personal preference—which would be duly made clear—was not a dictatorial command to a gathering of rubber stamps, but only one suggestion among many to be considered. The clerk would now call the roll of the states.

"Alabama!" the clerk intoned.

A nervous, Southern voice mumbled something into the microphone.

"Has Alabama got a candidate?" the clerk asked loudly.

"Ah say," yelled Alabama, "Alabama yields to the State of California."

Huntoon glanced sharply at Nearing, who stood at his elbow.

"I thought Jackson was going to yield to Delaware," he snarled.

Nearing smiled nervously. "That's all right, Jim. California's got a Harrison delegation. Jackson just thought a bit faster than I did. He's going to let A.H. deliver the knockout. Now we'll see something."

"California," said the loud-speaker, "has a candidate and requests permission for Governor A. H. Harrison to make the nominating speech."

Mary gave Urn a violent nudge.

"Ouch!" he said. "That's my bad arm." "Is this it?" she asked. "Will Harrison—"

Urn shrugged his good shoulder. "It's strictly up to him," he told her. "They say Harrison held out for his pound of flesh—Secretary of State and the repeal of that New Deal law about the Presidential succession. You know—about the Speaker of the House taking over if the two top guys pop off. The Living Lincoln seemed to feel the State Department job would be more dignified if we all went back to the good old system. Huntoon promised to jam it through first thing in the next session. That makes a big difference."

She sat frowning as the white sombrero moved to the speakers' stand.

An expectant hush crept through the galleries. This was the drama of American politics. Here was a strong man taking his revenge on the woman who had thwarted his ambition. As Harrison began to speak it was clear that he intended to take his time before delivering the coup de grâce.

"I beg your pardon," Mary felt a hand on her shoulder. "Are you Miss Smith? Mrs. Bruce's secretary?"

Urn glanced up. "You owe me five bucks, Smith," he said. "It's the Army or Western Union."

The newcomer was a tall blonde in the smart uniform of the Wacs. "I'm Captain Powers," she said.

"Susan!" exclaimed Mary.

"Mary!" screamed the captain.

"Shut up!" growled Urn.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the convention," Harrison began. "It is a real pleasure for me to be here today, talking to you again. I am honored by your courtesy and—"

"What brings you here, Susan?" Mary asked.

"Sh!" said the U.P. man. "I can't hear—"

"General Hepplehauser sent me to act as military aide to you—" the blond Wac began to explain.

"Shut up, you two!" Urn ordered.

"It is quite apparent to every man and, yes, to every woman here today," the governor continued, "that there is only one person pre-eminently suited to serve as running mate for our Party's distinguished Presidential nominee. I have consulted the chairmen of the delegations who were originally instructed to support me for that office, and they are in full agreement with me. I cannot answer for all my delegates—as perhaps



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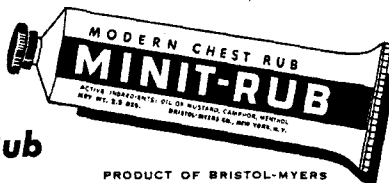
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you gathered yesterday—but—" A roar of laughter drowned him out.

"The Party," announced Harrison, "needs new blood. I tried to supply it but I guess my particular kind of plasma isn't much in demand." Renewed laughter. "But that's all water over the dam. I'm here to nominate a Vice-President and I'm going to put you out of your misery and do it here and now. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you a candidate who will not only bring new blood into the Party but another sex, as well. I give you Miranda Bruce for Vice-President of the United States."

"The damned lying, double-crossing coon!" yelled Governor Nearing. "So crooked he won't stay bought."

JIM HUNTOON was boss because he could think quickly. He grabbed Beck's arm, while the Bruce demonstration roared around them. "We're licked, Senator. Let's jine 'em! You take the mike as soon as they get tired, and second the nomination. We'll pay off Morrow with—Oh! Sorry, Clyde. We'll make this up to you. This is politics."

It was bingo. After the Bruce demonstrators had shouted themselves hoarse and the last of Lili Marlene was on the organ, Beck took the rostrum. He poured on a steaming mass of stem-winding oratory that convinced even those who knew better that there had never been a fix for Clyde Morrow, and when Morrow added his voice, with the proposal that it be made unanimous, Miranda Bruce's nomination was carried by a voice vote and she was pushed forward to the microphone.

"Really, Susan," Mary was saying. "I never could understand about that awful Major Snaveley at Oran. He—"

"Smith!" Urn shook her. "Wake up. It's all over. Miranda got it. She's in."

"Oh!" Mary was furious. "I missed it! Why didn't you tell me?"

Miranda was speaking. She was thanking the delegates for the great honor they had most unexpectedly rendered to her and to her cause.

"I do not expect to make many speeches," Mrs. Bruce was saying. "As you know, it is a tradition that Vice-Presidents should be seen and not heard. So you will forgive me, I hope, if I make one short campaign speech now—on taxes, in which we are all interested. It has just struck me that it would be a good thing to include in our platform one very simple tax proposal, instead of a lot of adjectives. I do not think that it

is good sense for the Treasury to pay out billions of dollars in government salaries and then to spend millions more in order to get some of it back in the form of income taxes. No sensible woman would run her kitchen that way. I think that all government salaries should be free of income tax. If they are too high, reduce them, but what's the use of our talking about the house cleaning we're going to do at Washington, if we don't intend to do some practical housekeeping, too? And if you want to look it up in the dictionary, you'll find that that is what economy means—housekeeping. I'm for that kind of economy."

As the last wave of startled applause died away, Huntoon turned sourly to Nearing. "That speech might lose us the election, Bill. Wall Street won't like it."

Nearing looked up from some figures he had jotted on the back of a convention program. "You don't get the angle, Jim," he said. "Just you figure how many people work for the government. They all pay income taxes. This one's a natural. Every postmaster in America will go to work for Mrs. Bruce. We're in, Jim, but big."

Huntoon shook his head. "I don't like it, Bill," he announced. "It's corruption."

Mary looked up from the story she was beating out on the battered typewriter to Urn's dictation—"Pitted her courage and character against the wits of the vilest?" she asked.

"Wiliest," he corrected. "Wiliest politicians in the country. Means the same as vilest, but the paper doesn't go for realism."

"I suppose you feel entitled to go around kissing girls after this," she said.

"Uh-uh!" Urn was emphatic. "I'll wait till I get back to the hotel and then I'll kiss Emma Corrado. She wouldn't break a man's neck."

"She's not the type, and she wouldn't break a man's heart either."

"Meeow," Urn replied. "Wiliest politicians in the country stop. Paragraph. This precedent-shattering convention—no, cut that. Mrs. Bruce stood the convention on its ear comma a habit she picked up from her private secretary—"

THE redhead looked up from her typing. Someone had come between her and the wintry light in the Senate Office Building.

"Oh, it's you," said Mary. "What brings you here?"

Arthur Urn bowed, rather stiffly. "Your beautiful boss phoned the Rec-



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ord bureau and asked me to drop in for a word with the Vice-President of the United States," he told her. "What's the trouble, Smith? Is the Beck honeymoon over already?"

She resumed her typing.

"That was some inauguration, wasn't it?" Urn continued. "Specially the parade—"

"How did you skin your nose?" she asked. "Did Emma—"

The reporter grinned. "Lieutenant Corradio is an officer and a lady," he observed, "and she's up on the man-power shortage."

Mary studied him critically. "She's done her part to cause it," she observed. "Yes, it was a wonderful inaugural, all but the speeches—"

She stopped as the door to the inner office opened and Frank Mulcahy popped out like the White Rabbit.

"Am I in time to referee?" he asked. "Come on in, Arthur. Mrs. Bruce wants to talk with you. This one," he added, as he ushered Urn into the Vice-President's office, "is really off the record, me boyo."

BEFORE Urn could ask what was cooking, Mulcahy withdrew, leaving him with Mrs. Bruce. She was, the reporter reminded himself, a darned pretty woman, with plenty on the ball.

"Sit down, Arthur," Miranda told him. "How are you? And what on *earth* have you done to your nose?"

He grinned. "This is off the record, too," he told her. "I skinned it on the mat in the gymnasium, practicing holds with Professor Uchi. I'm getting in training," he added, enigmatically, "and now what can I do for the first woman to be elected Vice-President of the United States?"

She looked at him seriously. "I want your advice, Arthur," she said. "Senator Huntoon has asked me to sign an agreement promising to resign if anything happens to President Beck. What do you suppose that means?"

"It looks to me as though it was the old, old story—about republics having no gratitude, or maybe it was Republicans. And after you sweated your—your whatsits off to jam through that bill to restore the old apoplectic succession and get rid of that New Deal nonsense about the Speaker taking over the White House after the President and the Vice-President."

"I had to do it, Arthur," the Vice-President said. "Huntoon promised Harrison at the convention to make him Secretary of State and to restore the Secretary of State to his old position of first in line after the Vice-President."

"Are you going to sign?" Urn said.

"If it were anybody but Harrison, I might consider it," she admitted. "But he stands for everything I don't believe in and he's still bitter because he made a mistake at the convention. He was sure my nomination would mean Beck's defeat, and instead we got the biggest majority in history."

"Do you think Harrison's needling Huntoon to get your resignation?" he asked. "There's not much love lost there either."

"Who else could it be, especially after that nauseating inaugural address about getting back to the good old days? Harrison wrote *that*."

"It still depends on how you spell 'daze,'" Arthur cracked. "But so what? There's no hurry about it that I can see. President Beck is in perfect health."

"Sound as a nut," the White House physician announced only yesterday," she agreed. "That made me begin to wonder—that and Senator Huntoon. You see the President at the White House press conferences, Arthur. How does he seem to you?"

Urn drew a deep breath. "Simply too nostalgic," he replied. "Only too healthy and wholesome, if you get me. Any day

now I expect to find that Mom's Apple Pie has replaced the great seal of the United States, and Whistler's Mother is where the Statue of Liberty used to be. I'm surprised he still uses the telephone while the Army has carrier pigeons. Granted the country wanted to touch first base after that foul ball Administration, I'm hanged if I think they wanted to turn in their autos for oxcarts, even in the White House. Well, the grapevine reports that there are high and low jinks in the White House these days. Lots of drinking, and the President's moody. Sometimes he gets high, and other days he sort of crawls into a hole and pulls it in after him. That sounds like bourbon to me. He's still in the 'Gee! But it's fun!' stage of the Presidency. He's allowed to blow off steam a bit, I guess."

The Vice-President nodded. "That makes sense," she agreed. "He's got the clambake mind, and people like him for it."

"How about Cabinet meetings?" he asked. "Don't you get a chance to size him up there?"

She shook her head. "I don't attend them regularly," she told him. "After the first one, the President hinted that the others would feel more at ease if a woman wasn't there."

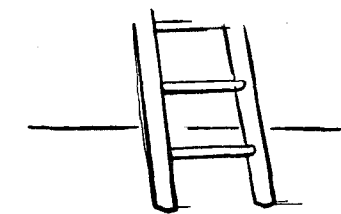
The reporter grunted. "Guess they want to swap dirty stories," he observed. "If Bill Nearing had to go two hours without saying, 'That reminds me—' he'd go crazy. And they tell me that Clyde Morrow's no slouch when it comes to dishing out the purple passages."

Miranda smiled. "It could be, Arthur," she admitted. "But you haven't given me your advice about Senator Huntoon."

"My advice, Madam Vice-President," he replied, "is based on that fine old American tradition of doing nothing un-

FEET FIRST

Superstition



COLLIER'S

JOHN ART SIBLEY

til you have to. Tell Huntoon that Beck's sound as a nut—that old Doc Ayer says so—but that if anything should happen, you'll try to do what seems best for the country. That ought to hold him."

At that particular moment, Huntoon was closeted with the Secretary of the Treasury in the latter's private office. Nearing had opened the safe and produced the necessary bourbon to facilitate a conference.

"Well, Jim," he asked, "what luck did you have with Ma Bruce?"

"None so far," the boss replied. "She's stalling. I can't get an answer either way. How's the President?"

Nearing beamed. "He's just fine and dandy, Jim. Just like a kid with a new toy. Never knew a man to get so much fun out of the job of running the government. As long as Clyde and I ride herd on him and stop him when he gets excited, he's swell. You ought to have seen him with the dice up in the Lincoln Study the other night. He made thirteen passes in a single run."

Huntoon frowned. "You and Morrow will have to put a stop to that stuff, Bill," he ordered. "It reminds people of those poker parties on K Street during the Harding Administration. How's Beck's drinking?"

Nearing heaved his Cabinet-caliber hams up to replenish their glasses. "He holds it fine, Jim, just fine," he assured him. "He punishes plenty in the course of an evening but he's never what you could call really tight. Besides, Doc Ayer keeps an eye on him."

Huntoon grunted. "I wish to God he'd get a regular Navy doctor as White House physician," he grumbled. "Ayer is an old country doctor from Indiana. The newspaper boys call him 'Hot' Ayer. Home-town stuff and good politics for the President to pick him, but I don't think he knows the difference between vitamins and penicillin."

NEARING took a long, reflective gulp of bourbon. "Hell, Jim," he remarked, "you worry too much. Jonathan Beck's in A-1 physical condition. Why, he even had us try a game of hide-and-seek, except that the Secret Service men had to hide with the President, so it wasn't much fun, unless he was 'it.'"

The boss slammed his drink down on the table so hard that the glass shivered and some fine old bourbon sloshed onto a carpet which had cost the taxpayers three thousand dollars.

"That's it, Bill!" he exclaimed. "Of course I worry. What wouldn't the Opposition give for a story like that? I can see the cartoons right now. People don't mind a man having fun in a big job but they don't like him playing games. Next thing, he'll play leapfrog on the White House lawn. People will start laughing at him."

The Secretary of the Treasury supplied the angry senator with a fresh drink. "Shucks, Jim," he drawled. "There's nothing to worry about. Even if he is a little high-spirited, he's still President of the United States. So far he's appointed everybody we sent to him."

Huntoon shook his head. "I can't help thinking of that fellow who was President of France in the 1920s. Deschanel, I think it was. One night he fell into a lily pond on the palace grounds and when he climbed out he stopped being President of France. I don't want anything like that to happen to the Party—not before we get this tax bill through Congress, anyhow."

Nearing realized that the boss was really in earnest, so he changed his tactics. "I get it, Jim," he said, nodding solemnly. "I get the picture. Clyde Morrow and I can do it. Beck'll listen to us. This afternoon after Cabinet, I'll stick around and have a talk with him. If there's any trouble we'll bring in Harrison. He carries a lot of weight with Jonathan Beck."

Huntoon relaxed. "If you have to work with Harrison, Bill," he suggested, "don't mention the tax-bill angle. He's a maverick on taxes. Just now we've got him pretty well bottled up with these foreign-loan arrangements, and he's too busy to follow what's going on on the Hill. So don't give him a chance to reach out of his bailiwick. I'll keep after Mrs. Bruce."

THERE was never any record kept of the historic Cabinet meeting that afternoon, although its opening minutes were entirely decorous and no duller than usual.

As became the members of an Administration in office for only a few weeks, the entire Cabinet turned out in striped pants and cutaways. The Joint Chiefs of Staff were also there, ostensibly as observers, but really because Fleet Admiral Effingham G. Chestnut was famous for his ability to tell darky dialect stories and because General Hepplehauser would have been insulted if Chestnut alone had been invited. In fact, the meeting opened with a brief statement by the general, at the President's request, of the military position of the United States as of noon that very day. It was bad, very bad, practically desperate, according to Hepplehauser, but would be tolerable if the Army's appropriations went through intact.

Admiral Chestnut amended this report with the statement that the same was true of the Navy Appropriations Bill.

Relieved as to national safety, the President called on the Secretary of State to give a short picture of foreign policy.

"Mr. President," Harrison observed, "I haven't had time to find out where we keep our foreign policy since I took the job. Every day I have to pass on four or five new ambassadors picked for me by the Postmaster General and talk to a bunch of foreign diplomats about loans which have been approved by the Treasury Department. In between times, the cookie-pushers keep me busy signing my name. Speaking more seriously, I'd say that our foreign relations are fine except where they're terrible. The people who want to borrow money love us. The people who have borrowed money don't like us. And those we've turned down, just plain hate us. Now where do we get the money for all these foreign loans I'm expected to approve. How does that fit in with the Treasury's tax-reduction plans?"

Bill Nearing leaned forward. "That's easy, A.H.," he said. "We're going ahead and reduce taxes and make the loans through the R.F.C. That way we cover ourselves both ways, if you get me."

"You mean we are going to borrow with one hand and cut receipts with the other?" Harrison began, when there was an interruption from the head of the table.

"I want my bottle," said President Beck.

"Just a minute, Mr. President," Harrison continued automatically. "This is important. The taxes are not my responsibility, but if I am expected to authorize these loans—"

"I want my bottle," the President repeated, angrily.

"I'll get it right away," said the Attorney General as he slipped out of the Cabinet Room.

The President glared truculently at the startled faces of his Cabinet. Nobody spoke for a couple of minutes. Then—"I want my—"

"Here you are!" Clyde Morrow soothed him, as he returned with a large silver flask and poured the President a drink in the water glass that stood by his chair.

Beck looked doubtfully at it, picked it up and sipped it.

"It's rye—" Morrow began, and then stopped, horrified.

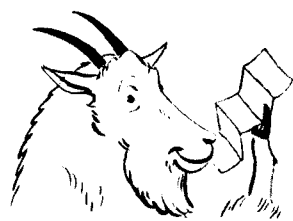
Two large tears formed in Beck's pro-

Feature Story...for men only!



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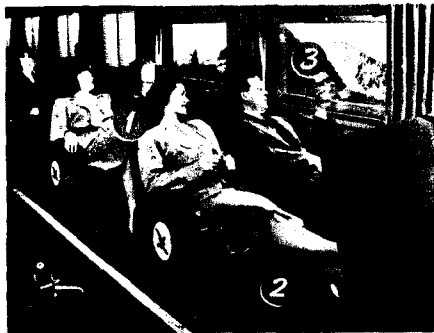


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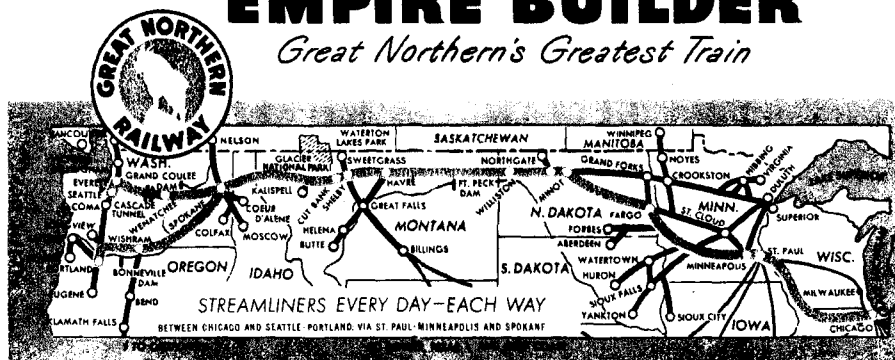


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tuberant eyes and trickled down his round puffy cheeks.

"That's not my bottle!" he roared and burst into a storm of sobs.

"Call the doctor!" Harrison ordered sharply. "Any doctor!"

EMMA CORRADIO was busy in Miranda's kitchenette, fondly bringing into being a cocktail widely known in the Navy as a Kamikaze. Its ingredients were any kind of rum, canned pineapple juice and any kind of vodka. It tasted, she allowed, like a divine wind but didn't leave you with one hell of a breath.

The Vice-President lay back on her chaise longue and watched the lights in the buildings across Rock Creek through the bare and wintry trees. She was pleasantly tired after an afternoon spent in adjudicating parliamentary wrangles on the Senate floor. When the phone rang, she had nothing on her mind other than a slight worry about Mary Smith's obduracy toward the male sex. After all, men were half the fun of being a woman. Being a woman was the other half.

"Mrs. Bruce, ma'am?" a familiar voice inquired. "This is Harrison. Would it be convenient for you to see me? I'm waiting down in the lobby now."

"Why, certainly," Miranda lied. "Come on up. We were just about to try out some new cocktails."

"I must see you alone," the Secretary of State said. "It's really important."

"Very well," she replied, "so long as it doesn't take too long."

"Emma!" she called to her naval aide.

"Yes, Mrs. Bruce. Coming right up! These ought to be swell. At least they were in Tokyo."

Miranda laughed. "Anything tastes fine in Tokyo at your age," she observed. "Sorry but you've got to clear out. The Secretary of State is on his way up and he says he's got to see me *alone*. You just pour yourself a drink, dear, and go into the bedroom. It won't be long."

Harrison came right to the point.

"Mrs. Bruce," he said, as he crossed the room and accepted a cocktail without appearing to notice it. "I'm going to ask you to do something for the good of the country."

She raised her eyebrows.

"I'm asking you to resign the Vice-Presidency of the United States, ma'am, here and now."

She sipped her Kamikaze thoughtfully. Emma had been right—they had all the authority of a death dive.

"Why should I resign?" she asked. "I've done nothing wrong—except to get elected."

He looked startled. "Well, ma'am, with the President in the shape he's in, you might have to. You see, under the Constitution, if anything happens to the President, the Vice-President takes over and becomes President."

"I'm fully aware," said Miranda, "that I am Vice-President, Mr. Secretary. I have also read the Constitution. But the fact remains that President Beck is sound as a nut."

He tried his Kamikaze and nodded dimly. "Sound as a nut is right!" he agreed.

THE telephone jingled. She picked up the instrument. "Mrs. Bruce? . . . This is Arthur Urn. Is anybody with you? Anybody important, I mean."

"Why, yes," she said. "Would you mind calling back later?"

"Hold on a moment," Urn begged her.

"This is red-hot. Something happened at the White House today. Halfway through the Cabinet meeting, the Attorney General dashed out and grabbed a hip flask from Simmons on the desk. About twenty minutes later Doc Ayer arrived at the White House in a lather. The Secret Service have that 'We can't talk!' attitude. There's one rumor that the President had a heart attack. Our Wall Street bureau had me on the phone on a tip from the Treasury. Don't sign anything, Mrs. Bruce, and if anything happens, give me a break! After all, I am supposed to be a newspaperman, not a statesman."

Miranda hung up and turned back to the Secretary of State.

"Please excuse the interruption," she asked. "That was a friend of mine to tell me about this business at today's Cabinet meeting."

Harrison was startled. "What!" he ex-



"I'm all right as long as I don't look"

ROBERT DAY



Our Third President was Our First Spaghetti Maker

Most of us know that Thomas Jefferson expressed America's idea of freedom by writing the Declaration of Independence, but few know that he guided our forefathers to better living by also writing an excellent cookbook.

From Naples he got a mould to form spaghetti and introduced what today is one of our most important and popular foods. He did the marketing for the White House and presided genially over its inviting table. Jefferson earnestly believed that good food and drink temperately enjoyed each day with good friends were essential to a worthwhile lifetime.

* * *

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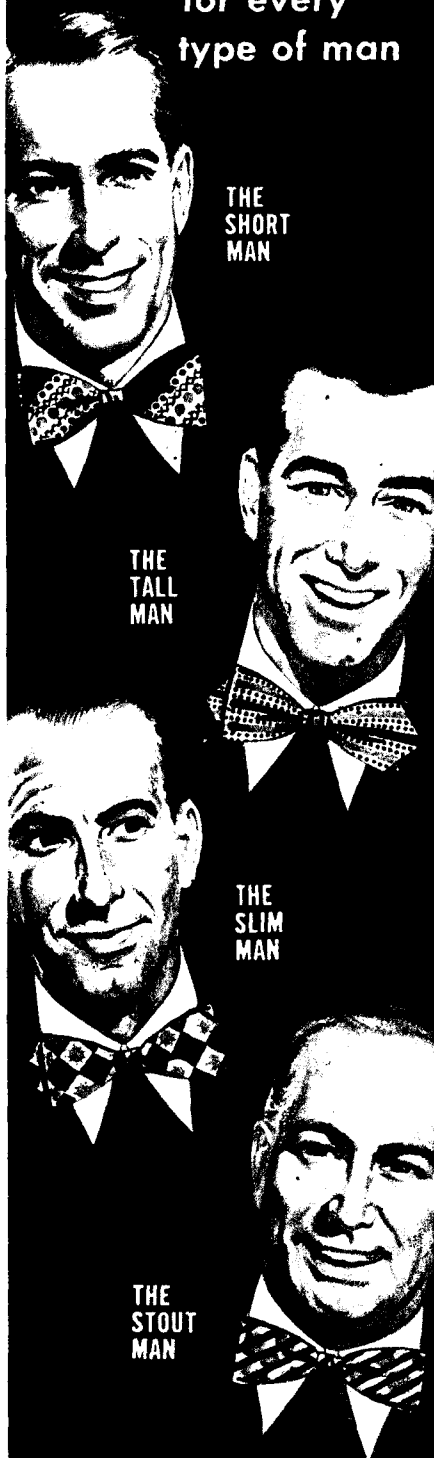
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claimed. "We all swore not to breathe a word, so as not to—"

Mrs. Bruce finished her cocktail and looked at him much as a housewife might look at a muddy shoe print on a bedspread.

"I see," she said. "You were trying to persuade me to sign away the Presidency without telling me that President Beck had a heart attack."

The Secretary of State was unhappy. "No, ma'am, not exactly that," he argued. "I was going to tell you, of course, but damn it all, Mrs. Bruce, like it or not, this is a man's world and this country simply can't risk having a woman President at this time. Not that it will come to that, of course. President Beck's just been overworking. The point is, we don't want the country to take alarm."

"And you, Mr. Secretary, would become President, if there were no Vice-President, wouldn't you?" she inquired coldly. "You're a man, and the country would feel reassured to have a man in the White House, particularly one who cheated a woman out of her Constitutional position and took the job himself after she had helped change the law so that the old Presidential succession was restored."

"I swear to God, Mrs. Bruce, I wasn't thinking of myself. If I stepped out, it would be that old crook Bill Nearing who'd take over. I tell you, the country's got jitters enough without—"

HER laugh was like little icicles. "I'm sure you were thinking of the good of the country, Mr. Harrison, not of yourself. And what could be better for the country than to have Mr. Harrison as President? But not a fool woman who only brought, according to Gallup, seven million votes to the Party. Have another cocktail," she added irrelevantly, as he fingered his empty glass.

"Thanks, I will," he replied gruffly. "Seven million people who believed that you would fix up heaven for them right away. I'm glad I didn't bamboozle millions of people to get my job. I didn't go around promising to put through your—what do you call it—Human Rights bill?"

"Well," she told him, "it's about time the world saw what women can do in office. A man's world, is it?"

"Mrs. Bruce, over in the State Department I see things that this country doesn't even dream of. What could a woman do up against men like Churchill or Stalin or Hitler or Mussolini?"

Miranda smiled reflectively. "It seems to me, Mr. Secretary, that a girl named Elizabeth did pretty well against Philip of Spain and there was a little old woman named Victoria who handled Bismarck quite well, too. Sex has nothing to do with it. It's character. No, Mr. Harrison, the answer is, 'No.' Not that I expect to be President. People with heart trouble usually outlive the rest of us; and I'm sure that President Beck will last out his term of office."

Harrison frowned at his empty glass. "Very well, ma'am," he said. "As you say, it's not likely to happen. I hoped to avoid getting the country all excited over the possibility. Beck's in good physical shape and his heart's all right. He just had some kind of nervous attack and will have to take things easy for a few weeks, I guess."

Miranda stood up and held out her hand. "Goodbye, Mr. Secretary," she told him. "I think we both understand each other. And I do hope that there's nothing seriously the matter with the President. He's a goodhearted man," she added. "And that's a lot in the world of politicians and double-talkers."

Swallowing his resentment at this justified parting shot, Harrison bowed over her hand and withdrew. As usual, he had bungled the job where she was concerned, but it probably didn't matter. He found the boss conferring with Dr.

Ayer, a spry, gnomelike little man in his late seventies. Ayer was talking.

"Yep, Senator, Johnny Beck was a fine, husky baby. Delivered him myself, and he was a goer from the start. Good lungs. Said to myself, 'Any baby that can yell like that's bound to be a preacher or a politician.' His ma thought the world of him and so did his pa. Could be they babied him a mite too much, but that's only natural, seeing he was an only child."

"Hello, Mr. Secretary," Huntoon remarked. "Dr. Ayer is trying to help us figure this attack out. He says Beck comes of good, sound stock."

Harrison nodded. "Any record of anything—er—mental, Doctor?" he inquired.

"Well," Ayer pondered, "I don't think there's any record of insanity on either side, if that's what you mean."

"How is he now?" asked Harrison.

"Sleeping like a baby," the doctor said. "I gave him a good shot of morphine. He just curled up and went to sleep right away, after he got quieted down."

"What was that business about the bottle?" Huntoon inquired. "I only got a sketchy account from Bill Nearing. Bill said he yelled and pounded on the Cabinet table."

The Secretary of State nodded. "That's right. He said something about wanting a bottle. Clyde Morrow figured he needed a drink so he stepped out and borrowed a flask. But when he tried to drink, he just broke down and cried."

"Johnnie was a bottle baby," Ayer mused. "His ma was too puny to feed him herself. It's true he did like a snort. Bourbon mostly. This rye that was in the flask—that might have done it. Still and all, he didn't take enough to hurt him."

Harrison turned to Huntoon. "What's the program, Jim? Some of this has started to leak out. Not the details, of course. We're sitting on the lid."

Huntoon looked completely self-possessed. "With Dr. Ayer's permission," he remarked, "we've decided to have a consultation. We're calling in Eisenstein from Johns Hopkins. He'll be over early in the morning."

The Secretary of State whistled. "He's the top psychiatrist or neurologist, isn't he? Didn't he win a Nobel prize?"

"That's right. This illness of the President's seems to be nervous. We'd better know right away what the situation is before we try to deal with it. How did you make out with Mrs. — Oh, by the way,

Doctor, that will be all just now. You'd better get back to your patient. The Secretary and I have some business to discuss."

After Hot Ayer had left, Harrison shrugged his shoulders.

"No dice with Bruce, Jim," he confessed. "Absolutely nothing doing. She's stubborn as a Missouri mule and mean as a Colorado cayuse. She's playing her cards close to her chest."

HUNTOON smiled sympathetically. "And let that be a lesson to you, A.H.," he remarked. "If you hadn't tried to be smart and wish her on the ticket—"

"And if you hadn't sold me down the river," Harrison retorted.

"Teach us both a lesson," the boss agreed. "So she won't play. Well, then we'll just have to cover this up and keep it covered. We'll see what Eisenstein says and then give out a story that will keep people from guessing. Hell, look at the way Wilson kept on being President nearly two years after he had a stroke. Beck's President and he'll stay President. We can figure ways of getting around Bruce. We might impeach her, if things get too difficult."

Harrison was puzzled. "I'm not sure there's any way of impeaching a Vice-President for not doing anything," he remarked. "Anyway it would be risky. How about buying her off? Promise to pass this damfool Human Rights bill of hers, with amendments of course. She might fall for that."

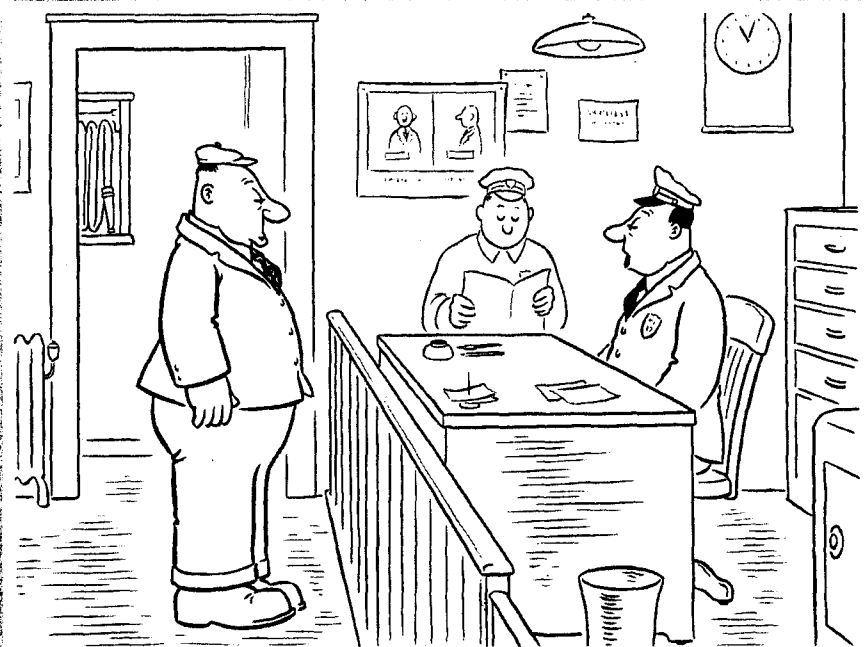
The boss shook his head. "That won't be necessary, A.H. We'll just keep Jonathan Beck in the White House and keep outsiders away from him until he gets over this attack. All he'll need do is to sign a few papers now and then. That's nothing much. We'll tell him what to sign. You know," he added, "this may not be so bad after all. The country was beginning to get onto him. Not that there's anything *wrong* with him, A.H., but there's nothing much to him."

Neither of them realized how extremely right Huntoon was in making that remark about the Party's chieftain and chosen standard bearer. Dr. Ayer tiptoed into the Presidential bedroom and looked at the man who lay huddled in his drugged sleep. Ayer stooped and examined him closely. He was breathing evenly. Gosh, thought the old family doctor. Thought I'd cured Johnny of sucking his thumb when he was three years old!

(To be continued next week)

ALFRED

by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"Your study of the methods of Sherlock Holmes should be of inestimable value, Alfred, and if we are ever baffled by an unsolvable case I shall bear this fact in mind"

COLLIER'S

MAIN ENTRANCE

To all the big events of Spring

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MARCH

Some of the special events listed here are seasonal, and the exact dates are subject to change. Greyhound offers direct and frequent service to all the areas shown—or to their gateway cities. Pre-planned Expense-Paid Tours available to many of these places.



Pikes Peak Winter Festival, Colorado Springs, Colo. . . Mar. 18-April 18
Carolina Cup Steeple Chase, Camden S.C. Mar. 27
Pilgrimages, Natchez, Miss. . . to end of March
Azalea Trail, Mobile, Ala. . . to end of March
Annual Spring Flower Show, Chicago, Ill. . . Mar. 27-April 11
Easter Snow Carnival, Manchester, Vt. Mar. 27-28
Easter Sunrise Services, Riverside, Hollywood, Yosemite, Grand Canyon, Winston-Salem, many others. . . Mar. 28
Spring Fiesta, New Orleans . . . Mar. 28-Apr. 18
Spring Corn Dances, Indian pueblos, New Mexico . . . late Mar.—early Apr.

APRIL

Puyallup Daffodil Festival, Washington Apr. 2-4
Cherry Blossoms, Washington, D. C. . . April 6
Festival of the States, St. Petersburg, Florida . . . April 12-17



Azalea Gardens in Bloom, Norfolk, Va., Charleston, S. C. . . April 15
Ramona Pageant Opens, Hemet and San Jacinto, Cal. . . April 17
Season Opens, Shenandoah Nat'l. Pk., Va. April 18
Patriots' Day Celebration, Boston . . April 19
Opening Major League Baseball . . April 20
San Jacinto Day Festivals, Texas cities April 21
89'ers Day Rodeo, Oklahoma City, Okla. April 22
Drake Relays, Des Moines, Iowa; Penn Relays, Philadelphia, Pa. . . April 23
Trout Season Opens, Mich. . . April 24
Giant Slalom, Mt. Hood, Oregon . . April 25
Apple Blossom Festival, Winchester, Va. Apr. 29-30
Apple Blossom Fest'l., Wenatchee, Wash. Apr. 29-30

MAY

Kentucky Derby Day, Louisville, . . . May 1
Cinco de Mayo Celebration, Mexico City May 5
Diamond Jubilee Festival, Cincinnati, O. May 5
Cotton Carnival, Memphis . . . May 9-16
TulipTime, Holland, Mich., and Pella, Io. May 14
Gold Rush Revival, Auburn, Cal. . . May 14-16
Bach Music Festival, Bethlehem, Pa. . . May 15
Season Begins at Grand Teton, Wyo., Mesa Verde, Colo.; Grand Canyon (North Rim), Ariz. National Parks . . May 15
Season Begins at Lassen Volcanic National Park, Cal. . . May 16



West Coast Relays, Fresno, Cal. . . May 17-23
Mid-America Exposition, Cleveland, O. May 20
Jumping Frog Jubilee, Angels Camp, Cal. May 21-23
Season Begins at Rocky Mountain, Colo. and Kings Canyon, Cal. Nat'l. Parks May 25
Apple Blossom Celebrations: Kentville, Wolfville, Grand Pre, Nova Scotia . . May 27
Wisconsin Centennial, Madison . . . May 29
Indianapolis Speedway Auto Races . . May 31

JUNE

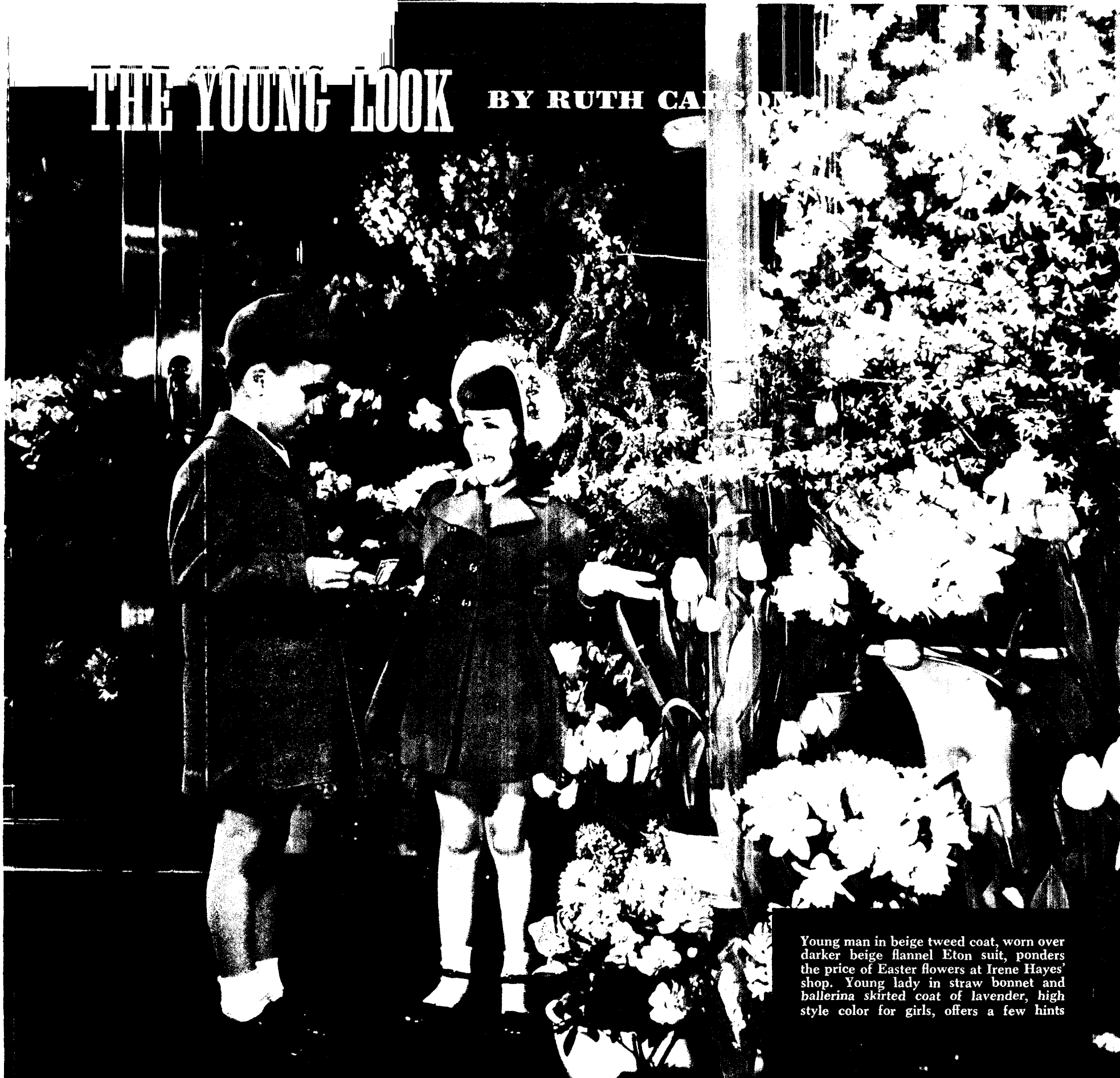
Blessing the Fleet, Gloucester, Mass. . . June 8
Rose Festival, Portland, Oregon . . . June 9-13
Nat. Open Golf, Pacific Palisades, Cal. June 10
Rhododendrons Bloom, Carolina Mts. . . June 10
Buccaneer Days, Corpus Christi, Tex. . . June 12
Flag Day Celebration, Betsy Ross House, Philadelphia . . . June 12



Season Begins at Acadia, Glacier and Crater Lake National Parks . . . June 15
Bunker Hill Celebration and Parade, Charlestown, Mass. . . June 17
California Rodeo, Salinas . . . June 17-20
Season Begins, Isle Royale National Park, Mich. . . June 18
Republican National Convention, Philadelphia . . . June 20
Indian Ceremonial Dances, Lajunta, Colo. . . late June
Season Begins, Yellowstone Nat'l. Park June 20
Redwood Empire Cent'l., Eureka, Cal. June 23-27

THE YOUNG LOOK

BY RUTH CARSON



Young man in beige tweed coat, worn over darker beige flannel Eton suit, ponders the price of Easter flowers at Irene Hayes' shop. Young lady in straw bonnet and ballerina skirted coat of lavender, high style color for girls, offers a few hints

BOY'S OUTFIT—PEKSUR; GIRL'S COAT—STERN AND HERFF; HAT—GREENBERG-FISCH

CHILDREN'S clothes are bigger and bigger business. More children—more clothes. It's automatic.

The stores are confidently making way for this business. Some of the big stores are devoting entire floors to the profit-producing young, from infants to teen-agers. Specialty shops for children's things are burgeoning by the hundred. And they are thinking up all kinds of come-on service, from a file of approved baby sitters (customers must come in to get this information) to chauffeuring expectant mothers—to the store, of course.

Style is important in children's clothes. But no sudden New Look

puts them out of date; especially in clothes for children up to the age of nine. Lucky, since these are the biggest group of children in the country—the war babies growing up.

When mothers wear ballerina skirts, swing-back coats and Gibson Girl blouses, daughters want them, too. But chiefly little girls stand pat by their puffed sleeves and sashes, their cotton dresses, blouses and skirts for school, their overalls for play. Greatest change for them since the war is more fullness and bigger hems in cotton dresses.

By the time a girl gets to be ten or eleven, however, such kid stuff begins to pall, and even not to fit so well. So

she heads for the Teen-Age Department, that ballyhooed center of young style; only to find nothing here fits very well, either. She's too thick in the waist, too chunky in the hips, too skimpy in the bust and too short.

But her plight is being recognized. Already she is being called a Sub Teen, to bolster her ego, and dresses are beginning to be made to fit her figure needs and her style yearnings.

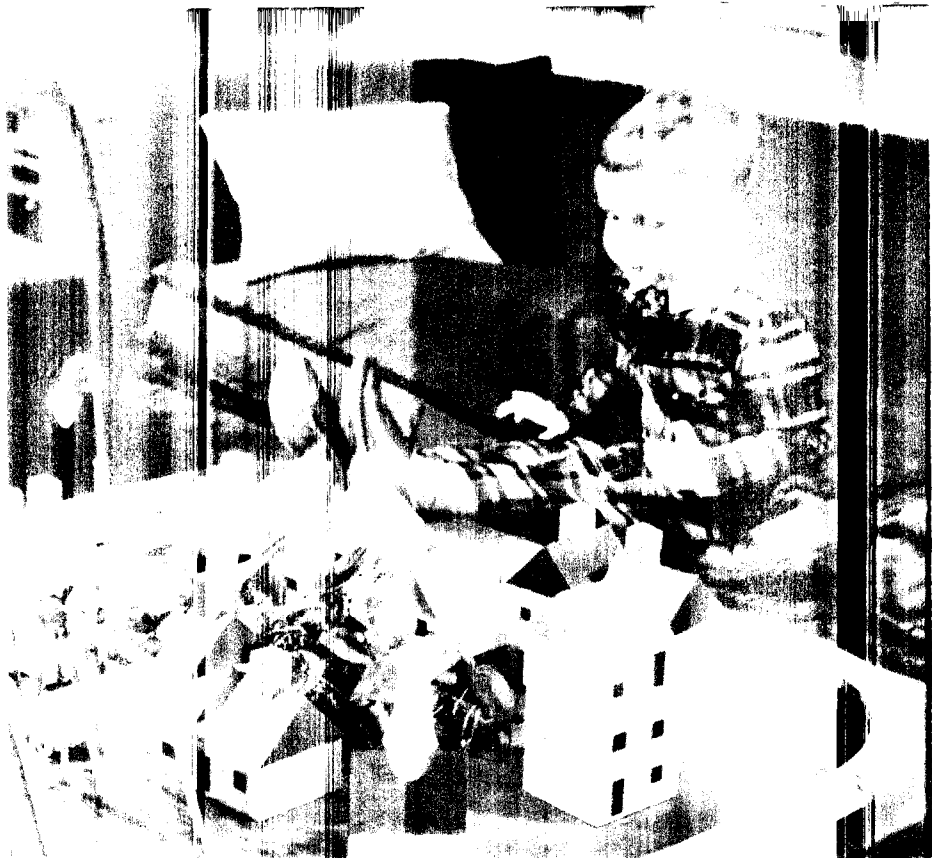
Even boys go in for style changes—gradual, but real. No longer does the high-school boy look forward with mixed dread and pleasure to that great event of his young life—his first long pants. Why should he? He wore them in kindergarten.

Sportswear for boys is steadily pushing dress clothes into moth balls. Cotton flannel sport shirts now outnumber regular shirts three to one, and Basque shirts are summer standards. Windbreakers, Western belts and the like are all fine in their places, but when blue jeans turn up practically anywhere and sport jackets go to Sunday school, people in the boys' apparel industry think it's time to object.

They've formed a Fashion Council of the Boys' Apparel Industry to spread advice for the well-dressed boy. It remains to be seen whether Mom and Pop will listen.

The biggest change in boys' clothes

Collier's for March 20, 1948



Jon Christopher, three-year-old, in a light-colored rayon flannel suit. He now be had in a few days. Designing for his mother, Merry Hull, it has fitted him well for eight months. Ingenious choice of cut and adjustment make this possible.

Parts clothes are pretty for girls and for boys. Boys under six years wear shorts. After that, long trousers. Smallest boy is in knitted jersey, bigger boys in flannel. Girls like matching big and little sister dresses. Girl in yellow wears a petticoat.



CLOTHES—MARSHALL FIELD, CHICAGO

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN HARRIS

is now being proposed for babies for boys from just out of the hospital to four years old. It is the idea of Merry Hull, designer of the widely publicized finger-free glove. She is Mrs. Robert Geissmann, the mother of a three-year-old boy named Jon Christopher. Baby clothes, she says, should indicate whether it's a boy or a girl inside. Designing real boy clothes for Jon Christopher, she developed so many practical points of style and fit that she has gone into the manufacturing business.

Aside from their style, which is boyish, not a man's suit cut down, Miss Hull feels that her little-boy clothes have other points in their fa-

vor. There are tricks of construction that make them fit well for a long time. Overall bibs start up under the chin, sides rise well above the waistline and extra fullness is snugged in there with strap and button. As the boy grows and shoulder straps are let down and waist straps out, the overall keeps on fitting in the right places.

Shirts are cut with sleeves and body in one (no armhole seams to bind and get skimpy-looking). Jackets are cut with roll-back cuffs. Just ease the cuffs down as the boy grows. Shirts have tucks for letting out besides, taken through the entire body, one over each shoulder. Now a small boy can look like a boy. ★★★

Collier's for March 20, 1948



CHILDREN'S CLOTHES AND SETTING—BEST & CO.

Shopping at today's prices, mothers watch for quality, buy serviceable clothes like skirt and blouse on little girl, embroidered cotton on bigger girl. Boys wear corduroys dressed up with white shirts. Basque shirt, pull-over sweater are favorites.

Even little girls like to copy their mothers, wearing frilly skirted cotton bathing suits with strapless bras—and please don't ask us how they keep them up. The boys, like their dads, wear regulation swim shorts in printed lastex and wool jersey.



BATHING SUITS—BURDINE'S, MIAMI

Little girl wears increasingly popular cotton house coat. Boys tumble in seersucker pajamas and robe. Robe on rack is terry cloth. Boys' pajamas are among few clothes for children uniformly sized to measurements figured by Bureau of Standards.

NIGHT CLOTHES—FOLEY BROS., HOUSTON; SETTING—W. & J. SLOANE, NEW YORK





Family Portrait in



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AND NOW WE GO BEBOP!

Continued from page 17

addicts follow it chiefly through records and concerts, such as the one Dizzy Gillespie gave at Carnegie Hall last fall and those staged by Norman Granz under the general title Jazz at the Philharmonic. These concerts have now reached such a peak of popularity that Variety, theatrical trade paper, speaks of them as "Wham Coin for Jazz Long-hairs."

This brings us to that Middle Western cacophony, Chicago, which has become the biggest bop-playing city in the country, although bop originated in Harlem. One reason why bop has made more headway there than elsewhere is that it had the sympathetic support of Dave Garroway, the city's highbrow disk jockey. On his WMAQ 11:60 Club, which goes on the air at midnight, he introduced Chicagoans to the work of Gillespie, Parker and other boppers in large doses.

But a more important reason for the bop beachhead in Chicago seems to be that it has long had a tradition of "live music," as Mr. Petrillo calls it. There is hardly a bar worthy of the name that doesn't have at least three musicians. In some of these establishments, chiefly broken-down gin mills and strip joints, the customers' interest is either in hooch or the gyrations of the strip-teasers. Virtually any kind of music is just so much noise to this type of clientele and consequently the dissonances and ear-bending chords of bop pass without the customers screaming.

Some of these gin mills would give a cockroach the creeps. Fights are common, customers are clipped and occasionally clubbed. This neither interests nor disturbs the musicians so long as they can bop.

Rhythm Puzzles Dancing Gals

Things are not on such a low level in the strip joints. For one thing the musicians get paid. For another, fights are rare. But the trouble is that some of the strip-teasers can't follow a bop beat. Obviously, this creates some agonizing moments for a man like Mickey Scrima, who used to play drums for Harry James, Gene Krupa and other big-name bands, and quit because "I gotta play a bop drum." Generally, he makes a concession and follows the girls. "The worst of it all," he says, "is the end. They never know when the thing is finished. So what I do is give 'em a big military flare. Then they know they're supposed to get off."

Not all bebop, we are happy to report, is played to unappreciative audiences. Two night clubs on the North Side specialize in bop—the Argyle Lounge and the Club Silhouette. In addition, there are occasional local concerts, promoted with handbills asking, "IS BEBOP DANCEABLE?" and many Negro clubs on the South Side echo with it. In fact, the South Side is "gone." The New Congo Club and the Savoy Ballroom make bebop their big drawing card. Gene Ammons, son of famous Albert Ammons, whose boogie-woogie records are collectors' items, heads a bop combo that is packing the New Congo. Frank Lowery, the manager and personally a Guy Lombardo man, says, "Bop attracts a younger crowd. They haven't much money to spend, but you make it up by having a crowded room."

We do not want to give anyone the impression that bop has rolled over Chicago like a tidal wave and left everyone with his ears full of harmonic discords. Dixieland still has a respectable toe hold in the Windy City.

Many of the cafés and clubs within the Loop are controlled by a syndicate. According to Gipsy Silvers, a hefty bop saxophonist who would rather starve

than play that fig music, some bops went to the syndicate's top men, showed them trade-paper clippings on the bop-versus fig controversy, and suggested that bop be put into several of their spots. The syndicate's boss men agreed to consider it. They toured several bop joints, and came to a quick decision against it.

"It wasn't," says Gipsy sadly, "that they didn't like bop. They just said it attracts a beer-drinking crowd and they don't want it in the Loop because there's not enough in it for them."

The closest bop joint to the Loop is a dimly lighted café which is part of a South State Street block of movie grind houses, bedraggled burlesque shows, numerous gin mills and strip joints. The sole feature of the club is a continuous bop jam session, and most of the patrons are indifferent to it. Musicians, however, come from all over the city to bop and to listen. Some of them stay for days.

The only time the musicians in the audience really come to life is when another leaves the stand and then they all want to blow their tops in bop. This desire to get in the act—please remember, there's not a nickel in it for them—is so great that the management has had to post a sign saying: "Please get the piano player's permission to sit in."

Bebop was born in a place called Minton's Playhouse. A Harlem late spot on One Hundred and Eighteenth Street, it has long been a favorite hangout for musicians because its jam sessions permit them to have some musical fun, to experiment and to feel like individuals. This last element is important. A great deal of the drive behind bebop today comes from the pent-up, frustrated feelings of skilled musicians.

Gipsy Silvers put it this way: "Here I have all this technique and I gotta play um-pah, um-pah, um-pah. Bop is more expressive. It lets you think and feel musically, more than any other style."

Though many musicians would disagree about this, they all praise Gillespie and Parker as two of the greatest jazz instrumentalists who ever lived. The boppers look upon them as living gods.

But, even as jazz gods they are rather young. John Birks Gillespie was born in Cheraw, South Carolina, thirty years ago, while Charles Parker was born in Kansas City, Missouri, twenty-nine years ago. Both played in their school bands.

By 1940 they were both in New York, trying to break into the big time. They were then barely of legal age and acknowledged masters of their instruments. Individually, they have played in enough big-name bands to fill out this column. Neither Parker nor Gillespie claims

credit as the inventor of bebop. Parker had been experimenting along bebop lines for some time and Gillespie says that the first time he heard him at a jam session, he cried, "Man, this is it."

But somehow, even though they played together in Earl Hines' band, they never got together musically. They left the Hines band, and each became famous in his own right. Meanwhile Gillespie had been going to Minton's Playhouse to jam and with another brilliant young musician, Thelonious Monk, who played piano, he began working out chord changes. Parker began showing up to jam with them. One night a musical phrase by Monk caught the imaginations of Gillespie and Parker and they began to see what they could do, musically, with it. Soon they had developed the rudiments of what is known as bop.

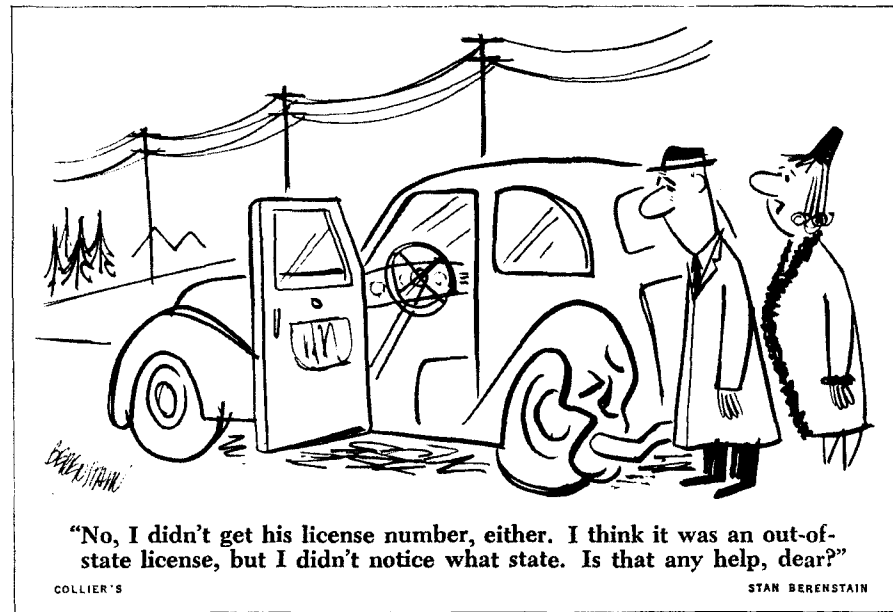
Cross-Country Tour Was a Flop

For a while they played together in a small combo under Gillespie's name. Bookings were slim. A cross-country tour was a dismal affair, despite the fact that musicians were proclaiming them the top performers in jazz. But meanwhile they had made some records—collectors' items today and hard to find—and people getting a chance to hear a piece again and again began to understand. The name bebop was tagged onto their style of playing because, Gillespie explains, "we used to hum a little refrain when we began. It went 'bobbba doodle dee, be-bop.' The song, Hey, Bobba-re-bop, which was a hit some months ago, grew out of this. (This is the place to tell you: Never, never call bebop rebop; it shows you're "square.")

Whether bop is here to stay or is merely a fad is a question which is not going to be settled here. But the tremendous enthusiasm of the public for Stan Kenton's band, which has gone in heavily for the dissonant effects of bop, seems to indicate the public at large can take a modified bop and like it. Reports from Paris indicate that the music of Gillespie and Parker has become tremendously popular there. Gillespie has just left for a grand tour of Europe. Jazz historians view this as a very important factor in calculating bebop's long-range effects, for Parisians were followers of Dixieland when it was hardly known here.

The name bebop has come to haunt Parker and Gillespie, though in the beginning it helped to set them apart the way any trade-mark does. But today they hate the name. They wish people would just call it "music."

THE END



Collier's for March 20, 1948



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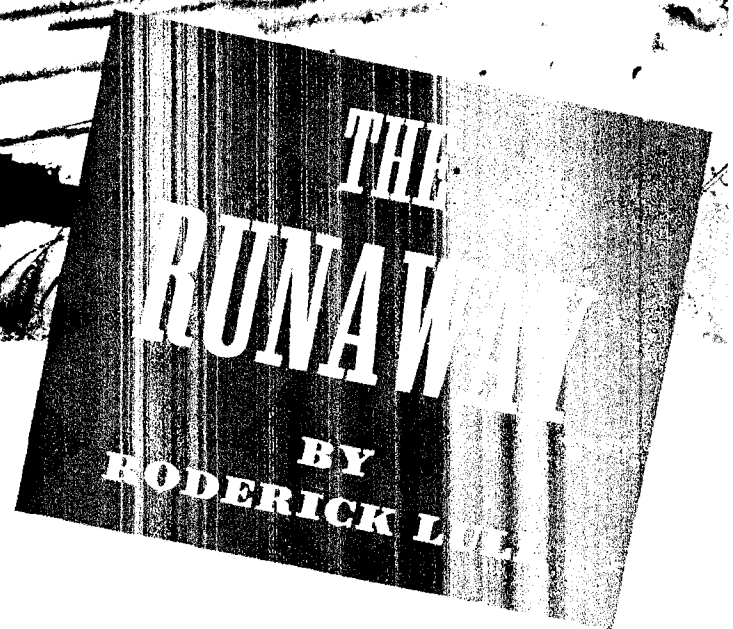
GOEBEL BEER

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"You know we're going away, boy," Ben said. "You know it all right. You'll like the city"

The stray dog wasn't what he seemed
—but then, neither was Ben's uncle



BEN ROGERS was coming back from the secret place, walking silently along the winding, indistinct trail with its spongy covering of needles from the evergreen trees, when he saw the lost dog.

The secret place had been a neatly-kept well house a long time ago, but now its paint was gone, the door sagged, the roof leaked buckets in the rainy season, and there were gaping cracks in the walls. The well had been filled nearly to the top with the accumulation of years. But there was still a thin pool of dirty water, and when he stared down into it he could see his face, looking older than its twelve years.

Even when a breeze rippled the water, the face was there, twisted oddly,

and the stiff, uncut hair looked like moving grass. Best of all, the well house, near to final ruin as it was, sheltered him from prying eyes.

The miraculous thing about the secret place was that his uncle never went there. It was only a few hundred yards from the old farmhouse, and still it was entirely his own. In the secret place he was no longer a boy, living with a stingy, disinterested uncle who didn't want him, but kept him because he could do more than enough work to pay for his keep. Here Ben was as old as anyone, older than most, and he was very wise.

This day, hidden in the secret place, he had determined to go away. He had thought it through calmly and rationally, considering the risks—a boy of twelve, seen alone on the high-

way, might excite suspicion. But you didn't have to be seen. There were always little-used trails and back roads, and there would be woods for hiding if it came to that. Once he was far away from the village, any pursuit his uncle might start would never find him.

And beyond the village—somewhere beyond—was the city. In the city he would find work; a great many boys must work there, and no one would be interested in him. In the city you'd not be bothered with a silent, impersonal man who hoarded what little money he was able to earn so that someday he'd have enough to build a new barn for the cows Ben milked night and morning. Why, in the city anything could happen.

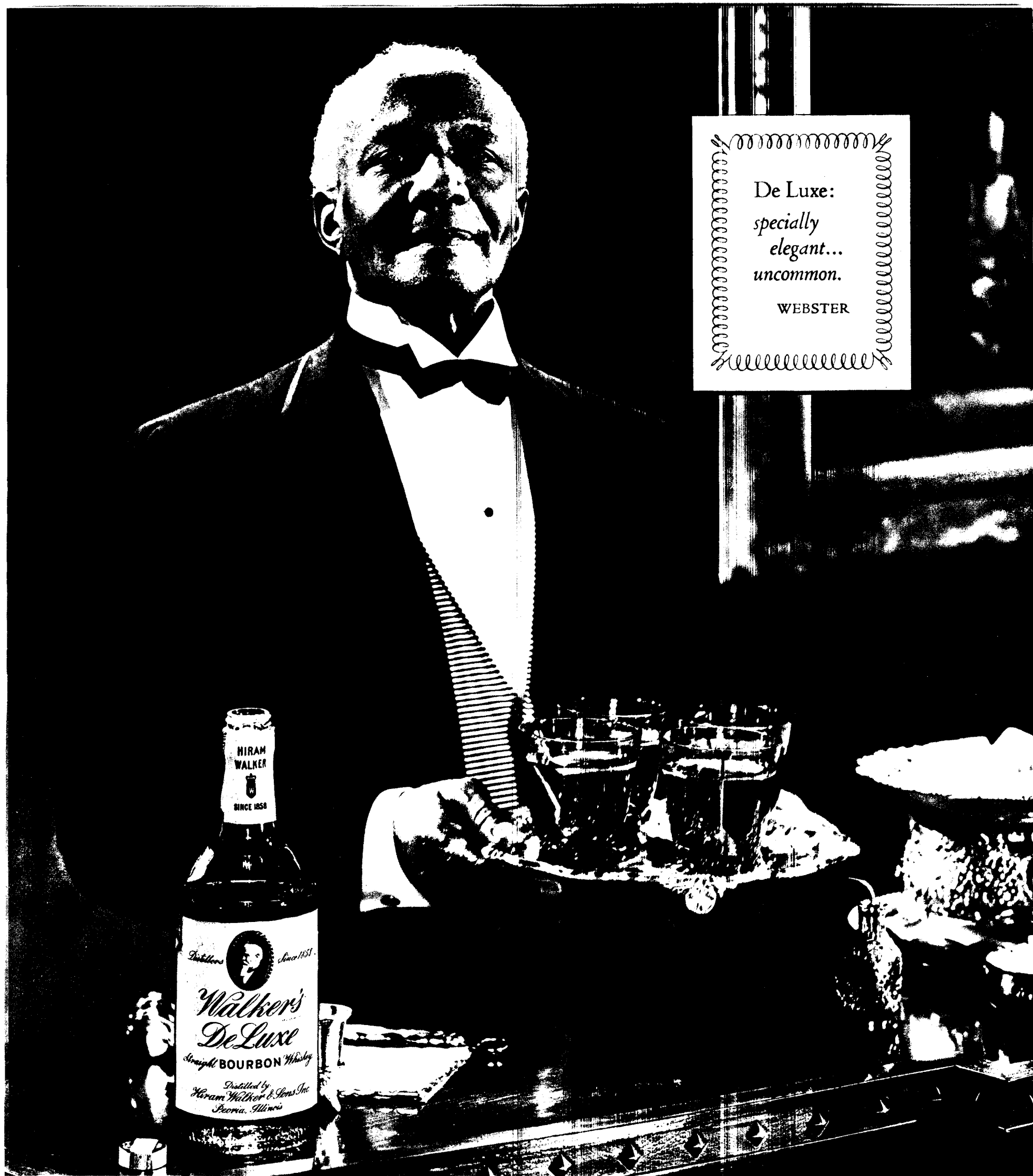
This was as far as his thinking went,

because you couldn't plan everything in advance. Once he reached the city he would plan the rest of it.

He was about to leave the little patch of woods and cross the field to the house when he saw the dog standing by a big fir, half hidden in shadow, watching him. He was a good-sized dog, perhaps forty pounds, and he had a fine head with a square muzzle, dark eyes, and long feathered ears. His color was brown and white, and his waved coat was dense and silky. Ben stared back with excited eyes. He had never seen a dog like this and had no idea what breed it was, but he did know that the dog had nothing in common with the nondescript farm dogs of the county. His uncle didn't have any kind of a dog now; the last one had died a year before, a weary

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beast with suspicious eyes and a constant growl, and had never been replaced. Dogs, his uncle said, were a pleasant luxury for those who could afford them. They weren't for a man who was saving quarters and dollars to build a barn for the cows which provided his livelihood. And that, his uncle had finished firmly, was to be the end of the matter; there'd be no more talk about dogs. . . .

Ben said softly, "Boy! Hello there, boy!" and the dog hesitated, then stepped cautiously out from the tree. Ben saw that the thick coat was matted and dirty, and the flanks beneath it were thin. There was a collar about his neck—a round leather collar, that had cost a lot of money. No dog he knew had a collar like that. In this county a piece cut from an old belt did well enough.

"Come here, boy!" Ben said. "Come on, old boy." Slowly, with great dignity, the dog stepped toward him, limping. Ben moved to meet him, walking as slowly as the dog. He let the dog sniff his hand, then patted the heavy head gently. The dog made no sound. He stood still, looking at Ben, his head up, the stump of his thick, docked tail straight out and rigid.

Then the dog made a small sound in his throat, and the stump of tail moved like a vibrating string. His tongue licked Ben's hand. Ben dropped to his knees and rubbed the dog's chest and flanks. He found the hurt paw, and saw blood from a deep, ragged cut clotted about the hair.

"Good boy," he said. "You're hurt. I bet you're hungry. I'll take care of you, boy."

The dog licked his hand again. Then he lay down, his body touching Ben's leg, his eyes on Ben's face.

VERY suddenly, Ben knew something that was as certain as the rising and setting of the sun. This was his dog, and no one would ever be able to separate them. When he went away the dog would go too. He would wait until the dog had rested and filled out with food, and the cut paw was as good as new. Then, when the dog was well and strong, they would go away together.

"You'd like that, wouldn't you, boy?" Ben said. "You want to be my dog and go with me?"

The dog's tail moved again. He raised his head, and there was trust in the dark eyes.

The problem was where to hide the dog. The barn would not do—his uncle would be certain to come on him there. There was an unused chicken house, but tools were stored in it and it would be too risky. The secret place was the only possibility. More than that, it was the only place that, for some curious reason, seemed right and fitting. The bad roof and walls made no difference—it was summer, and there'd be no rain or cold. The secret place was safe, and it was his own.

Ben said, "Up, boy. Get up. You come with me and keep quiet. Soon as I can I'll get you a blanket and something to eat. Soon as I can."

He looked carefully around. His uncle was nowhere in sight—the chances were that he was in the house, resting. Lately he'd done a lot more resting than he'd used to. Ever since he'd gone to the doctor in town and come back with a big bottle of medicine.

"Ail right, boy," he said. "It's all right." He took a step forward, then stopped. He stared at the dog's collar. He turned it, and there was a little tag at the end with a number and some words on it.

Ben unbuckled the collar and threw it far into the woods where no one would ever find it, where the fall from the fir trees would cover it soon. Maybe that was a dishonest thing, he thought. Maybe it was the kind of thing they could send you to reform school for. But even that didn't matter. This was his dog now—

a dog that must have run away from a cruel tyrant of a master. No dog would run away if he had a good home and someone to care for him.

"Come, boy," he said. The dog followed eagerly. Once inside the well house the worst of the worries lifted; at least, they hadn't been seen. He led the dog to a sheltered corner and stroked him gently, talking to him in soft, repeated words. "Just stay here, boy, and I'll be back. Don't worry, boy. I'll be back with your dinner in no time. I'll get you a dish of water, too, and something to sleep on. You just rest now, boy, and be quiet. Remember—you got to be quiet."

The dog lay down and closed his eyes. Ben left the well house and pushed the sagged door to. He waited for an apprehensive moment, fearing the dog would bark, but there was no sound. The dog was safe and snug inside the secret place, and Ben thought that he would like it there, rude as it was. It was the right kind of place for a weary dog who had run away from an unhappy home.

Luck was with him—his uncle was still resting. The problem of food was the most difficult; there was little enough of it, and any serious shortage would be noticed at once. He found some stale bread, a marrow bone intended for the soup pot, and a jar of the home-canned tomatoes his uncle bought from a woman down the road. He got a worn-out horse blanket from the barn, and a jar of a preparation he'd seen used to treat wire cuts on the cows. These, with a big can of water, he took to the well house.

The dog rose when Ben came in. His eyes were on the food in Ben's hand, his nostrils moved, and saliva dripped from his jaws. But he made no move to seize it. He stood waiting, watchful and dignified.

Then Ben was dead certain that this was no common dog. The farm dogs of his experience leaped on you if you had as much as a bit of bread in your hand, and the worst of them had to be booted off, yowling and nasty. He was something remarkable in the way of dogs, and he was Ben's own.

Ben fed him, made his bed, and doctored the hurt paw. The dog ate quickly, but not voraciously, and he looked frequently at Ben, as if trying to express thanks. When all the food was gone he licked Ben's hand once, then lay down and returned to the heavy, silent sleep of an exhausted animal.

Ben stayed there as long as he dared, stroking the dog very lightly, being enormously careful not to disturb him. Nothing he had ever seen was so wonderful as this dog. Nothing could even be compared to the dog. He had wanted a dog for years, wanted one passionately, knowing in the full bitterness of his heart that the want would never be satisfied so long as he lived here. But he had never so much as dreamed of having so splendid a dog.

"Goodby, boy," Ben said softly. "I've got to go. Don't you ever worry. Maybe I won't be able to come back for a while, but you know I'll come when I can. We have to be careful, boy. It won't be long till we go away, but we have to be mighty careful till then."

The dog half opened his eyes, and Ben thought that he was smiling. Then the heavy eyes closed once more.

AFTER that, Ben saved part of his own meals for food, and searched the garbage for everything edible before burning it. He went to the well house only when his uncle was safely away and there was small chance of his appearing for a considerable time.

He talked to the dog constantly, explaining the situation to him, holding him in his arms and saying earnestly, "You're feeling better now, boy, but you got to stay here. You can't let him see you. And you got to remember to be quiet, no matter what happens. You just keep in

Collier's for March 20, 1948

here out of sight and be quiet and everything will be all right."

He knew that the dog must understand him, because he never barked. He was filling out now, and his paw was almost healed. His brushed coat was clean and glossy. Sometimes Ben couldn't help thinking that legally he was someone else's dog, and valuable—worth fifteen or twenty dollars maybe. But he always managed to put the thought out of his mind. He was Ben's dog, by any standard of justice, and where they were going no one would ever find either of them.

Ben performed the farm chores perfectly, so there'd be no question or complaint. Evenings he sat for a while in the living room of the old farmhouse with his uncle and listened to him talk about crops and the terrible cost of building the new barn and how slowly the saved money in the bank increased. "They say times are good for the farmer," his uncle said. He had a crooked, satiric smile, and his thin face was lined and gray. He had to rest more and more, and when he moved he stepped cautiously, as if not quite sure of himself. "Maybe they are some places, but they don't know this county. They don't know this damned land." He shrugged. "Well, no use crying about it. I've got it, and I'm stuck with it. If things don't go too bad maybe we'll get the new barn next year. Then we'll be able to sell milk to the city dairy and there'll be some profit in that."

"Yes, Uncle Fred." Ben was only half listening. He was thinking of the dog out there in the dark well house. He and the dog would have to get away as soon as possible. Maybe in a couple more days—

His uncle stood up, straightening himself slowly. "I'm going to bed." He looked at Ben a moment. His eyes were set deep in his skull, and they were very dark in the poor light. He was a stingy man, Ben thought, though he wasn't really a mean man in other ways. He just wasn't interested in Ben or in anything that interested him. He was always far-away and aloof. You couldn't stay with a man like that. You had to go away and see what the world was like. And you'd never be alone, because your dog would be with you.

He waited until his uncle had been in bed for an hour. Then he slipped across the field, pulled open the door to the well house and stepped inside. The dog came to him, licked his hands, and made soft sounds in his throat. All the time Ben was there he and the dog talked to each other.

Early the next morning he brought the dog fresh water and as much food as he dared to take from the kitchen. He brushed his coat and treated his foot. When he left the well house his uncle was

standing on the path waiting for him.

Ben felt a quick, burning panic. His mind began searching hysterically for excuses that would put his uncle off. He could say he was looking for a board to make a repair in the barn. He could say he'd been thinking that maybe the well house could be put to some use. Then his uncle said, his voice level and hard, "All right, what you got in there?" and Ben knew there was no hope.

"Nothing. I was just—" "Don't lie to me," his uncle said. "Never lie. I'm not a fool, you know, Ben. I missed the soupbone and the canned stuff. I missed other things too. So I kept my eye on you."

He stared at Ben, frowning. He hadn't raised his voice. He was talking evenly and implacably.

"Get out of my way, Ben," his uncle said. He threw open the well-house door and looked inside. Then he whistled. "A springer. An English springer, and a damn' good one."

THE dog was standing, looking quietly at Ben's uncle. Ben said, "He's mine, Uncle Fred. He's my dog, and he won't cost you—"

"Shut up, Ben." His uncle ran his hand over the dog. It was a curious gesture, not rough and not affectionate.

"Where'd he come from, Ben? No lying now!"

Ben's mind was trying to make plans, but everything was confused and frightening. The only sure thing was that he and the dog couldn't wait any longer—they'd have to go away at once. But he couldn't let his uncle know that.

"He was in the woods," Ben said. "Over there. By the big tree."

His uncle nodded. "There's no collar on him. That's a funny thing. A valuable dog like this would naturally have a collar. You take one off him?"

"No, sir," Ben said. "He didn't have any collar. He's just the way he was. Only I fixed his foot and cleaned him up."

His uncle stared at him for a long time, his face thoughtful. "Look here," he said. "This isn't your dog. He's worth a mint of money. Maybe three hundred dollars. Maybe twice that if he's as good in the field as he looks. This is a hunting dog, a springer spaniel. You don't see dogs like that around here. They're rich men's dogs. When I was a kid—" His uncle's laugh was short, almost a snort.

"Maybe you had a dog like him, then," Ben said.

"No. But I used to see some. I hunted over one a time or two. But never mind that. Someone'll be offering a reward for this dog. Maybe a big reward. Fifty or a hundred dollars even. A hundred dollars would do us a lot of good right now."

Ben walked past his uncle and laid his



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hand on the dog's head. He had an idea of the kind of man who could pay a hundred dollars just to get a dog back. He'd be a man with many dogs, who paid no attention to any of them. A man who thought dogs were just property, like houses and automobiles and boats, and bought what people said were the best, for the sake of show.

"He wouldn't ever find him here," Ben said. "No one comes here. This dog doesn't eat much. Why, I could snare enough rabbits—" Then he looked at his uncle's face and was still. There was no power in words. His uncle's mind was made up, and nothing on earth could change it. The only chance was to escape.

"No," his uncle said with cold emphasis. "No. There's the reward, and I want that. And there's something else, too—a man's entitled to his property back, whether he's a man you know or not. That's all. Now get to work. The dog can stay here for the present."

BEN moved toward the door, and the dog took a step after him. His uncle's voice, raised and commanding, said, "Steady, you!"

The dog froze, head turned, body taut, watching Ben's uncle.

"He's been trained right," Uncle Fred said. "You can't tell from looking at a box what's inside it, but I've a hunch he's a wonder in the field. He could be a champion. Somebody's ready to pay a pretty piece of change to get that dog back."

His uncle too was thinking of the dog in terms of property, as if he were a house or an automobile or a boat, and it was a terrible thing. Money didn't have anything to do with it. The dog was Ben's dog, his by a right that went far beyond the cold legalities of purchase and lawful ownership.

He wanted to say these things—say them strongly and bitterly. But he said nothing, because it was a time to be tremendously careful, and he had a great deal of thinking to do.

He and the dog looked at each other. He held out his hand, and the dog moved toward him quickly and confidently and licked his fingers.

His uncle said, "That'll do. You can hurt the best dog with too much attention. You treat a dog like you treat a man working for you, fair and square but no foolishness, and you get the right kind of results. We'll go now, Ben."

It was an order and Ben obeyed. Then, outside the well house, his uncle paused. "Wait a minute," he said. "I want to take a look at that tree where you first saw the dog."

They walked up the path in silence. Ben didn't feel panic any longer. He just felt nervous and worried and uncertain. He'd keep on feeling that way until he and the dog were well out of the county. He'd have to stay far away from farms and houses and villages, because the dog would be certain to arouse curiosity if anyone saw him. But in the city—

His uncle pointed to the big tree. "That the place?"

"Yes, Uncle Fred. He was right there, and he was all dirty and hungry, and he had a cut on his foot. He'd come a long way—"

His uncle's eyes were cold and knowing in the worn face. "Now I want you to do something, and I don't want any argument. I want you to get the dog's collar and bring it to me."

Ben started a protest that died in his throat. His uncle knew, and denial would be useless.

"Now!" his uncle said.

Ben found the collar after a short search, and already there was a small fall of needles on and about it. In another few days it would have been hidden forever. He didn't look at his uncle when he handed it to him.

His uncle read the metal tag. "Good,"

he said. "He'll have a phone. And he'll be mighty glad to hear from me."

Ben didn't move. He was looking at the fine round leather collar with its tell-tale tag. He felt a sense of outrage, of sheer, growing anger. His uncle had known all along. He must have known. And he'd waited, laughing to himself—"You saw me," he said. "You saw me, but you never told me."

"No," his uncle said. He turned the collar in his hands. The hands were twisted and grimy, and the nails were broken. "I didn't see you, Ben. Maybe you won't understand, but what I did was put myself in your place. I knew a dog as fine as this would be wearing a collar. And then I thought what I'd have done if I'd been you and meant to keep him. It was that easy, and I was right."

It had been a trick then—a mean man's trick. Ben could have insisted that there was no collar, and he couldn't have been proved wrong. But it would have been hopeless even so—those knowing eyes could take all the fight and resolution out of him. He and the dog had to escape those eyes.

His uncle said, "I'm going down to Macomber's to phone. You'll come along with me."

And there was nothing to do save get into the ancient truck and go.

Ben waited in the truck while his uncle made the call. There was a look of satisfaction on his uncle's face when he returned, but he said nothing until they were back at the place again. Then he said, "Look here, Ben. I know how you feel, but you're wrong. Keeping this dog would be stealing. That's the truth, and I'm not going to have any trouble about it. This man has a small kennel, and he was awful glad to hear from me. Been advertising, he said, and there's seventy-five reward. He'll be here before noon tomorrow. This is one of his best dogs and he thinks maybe he has a buyer for him in the East. That's seventy-five dropped in my lap when I need it bad."

Then Ben knew that he and the dog must go away tonight, because tomorrow would be too late. They would go at midnight, when his uncle would be sure to be asleep, and he began planning it in his mind.

HE LEFT the house soundlessly. He had hidden a packet of food in the kitchen, and he had some money, almost three dollars, that he'd been saving to buy a used .22 rifle. He wasn't frightened and nervous now, but intent and alert.

Outside the well house he spoke softly through the cracked walls to the dog "Boy—it's me, boy. We're getting out of here." When he opened the door the dog came to him swiftly. The dog was strong again, and ready for anything, and Ben felt a surge of affection and pride. He'd made the dog well, and the dog loved him. There was nothing finer than that.

He took a road that led west and went around the hamlet. There was no harm in using the road now, for no one would be about. The houses were dark, and the world was silent save for the occasional barking of a farm dog in the distance. Ben's dog ignored these sounds completely, as if the idle baying of a dog in the night was beneath his notice. He trotted steadily at Ben's side, his gait easy and tireless.

"You know we're going away, boy," Ben said. "You know it all right. I'll bet you never saw a place like the city. I don't know much about it, but I was there once. You'll like the city."

He thought about the city for a while, and it worried him. It might present problems he wasn't prepared to meet. Then he put the worries aside, because there was no profit in anticipating difficulties. He'd do what seemed best when the time came. And he'd never be lonely or scared so long as the dog was with him. There was a marvelous strength in

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having the dog. It made you somebody. It gave you the confidence you'd lack if you were alone. Everything would turn out all right because it had to.

The night was soft and white, with a three-quarter moon swinging in the sky, and they made good time. He was a country boy and he knew how to put the miles behind him. You didn't hurry, because you'd tire and lose distance in the long run. You just kept a good, steady pace that you could hold for days if you had to.

When the morning light came they left the road and followed trails, always moving toward the west.

After a time, they stopped by a small stream to rest. They drank, then Ben opened the package of food and they ate frugally. A man with a long hike ahead of him didn't want either a full stomach or an empty one. He wanted just enough to keep the hunger back and his strength up. A dog would be the same way. You traveled best when you were a little lean.

Ben closed his eyes and slept for an hour or so. When he awoke the sun had ridden to the top of the sky, and the dog was lying beside him, awake and watchful. He drank again, sparsely, and splashed the cold water over his face and neck and arms. The dog rose and stretched, and looked at him questioningly.

"All right, boy," Ben said. "Let's go."

He kept to woods and fields and lonely trails for several hours more. When he figured they had covered twenty-five miles and there was small chance of encountering anyone who knew him he returned to the road. It was straight and smooth, and there wasn't a great deal of traffic. No one paid any attention to him or the dog.

He came to a crossroads and carefully spelled out the signs. One of them read, "Jefferson City 40 Miles."

"That's it," he said. He was talking both to himself and to the dog. "That's the city. Forty miles isn't so bad. We could make that walking on our hands if we had to, couldn't we, boy? Forty miles isn't any worse than four. It just takes a little longer, boy."

He laid his hand on the dog's strong neck. He was tired, good and tired, but that didn't matter. He and the dog were safely away now. And he'd never have been able to make it without the dog, though he hadn't realized that before. He'd have been frightened and indecisive. But now he had the dog.

"Let's go, boy," he said. "That's the city, right down this road a ways. We'll be there before we know it."

There was more traffic now, cars and

trucks and farm wagons, but they just went by and no one looked back at a boy and a dog walking quietly along the shoulder of the road. He began thinking again of what he'd do when they reached the city. It was a puzzling thing. Perhaps they could find a deserted shack on the outskirts to live in for the time being—the weather was fine and warm, and they'd need only the bare necessities. He had his money, and he could make it last a long time. Getting a job would be the big thing. Some people would be suspicious of a strange boy asking for work, even if it was summertime with the schools closed, and he'd have to have a story ready on his tongue. He couldn't afford any mistakes.

THE passing station wagon escaped his notice until it braked to a stop a few yards ahead. His uncle got out quickly and a strange man followed—a short, sparse man in worn slacks and shooting jacket who looked at the dog with light, acquisitive eyes.

His uncle said, "All right, Ben, we're here."

It was a moment before Ben could believe it—it had the quality of a frightful nightmare from which you would awake sweat-soaked and shaking. But there were the car and his uncle and the strange man with the light eyes. He stood there looking at them, with his hand laid protectively on the dog's head.

Then he said, "No."

His uncle made a tired gesture with his right hand. "You couldn't get away, Ben," he said. "It wasn't possible. It was sure to happen this way. You made a fool of yourself, you did the wrong thing, and that's the end of it. Mr. Collison here could make trouble for you if he had a mind to. He could say you tried to steal his dog, and he'd be right."

The man with the light eyes said quietly, "I'm not making any trouble, so long as I get my dog back. I can get five hundred for him. They don't come any better for his age."

The old sense of outrage was strong and biting in Ben. In some way he'd been betrayed, and injustice had triumphed. "Somebody told you," he said bitterly. "They saw me and they—"

His uncle shook his head. "No. It was like the collar. I put myself in your place. I thought your thoughts. I figured you'd head for the city, and I was right again. And—well, here we are."

His uncle took a step toward him and Ben backed away. "No," he said. "We're not going back. Neither of us. We'll run and you can't catch us. You can't move fast enough for us. We—"

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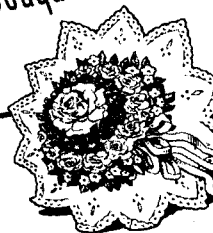
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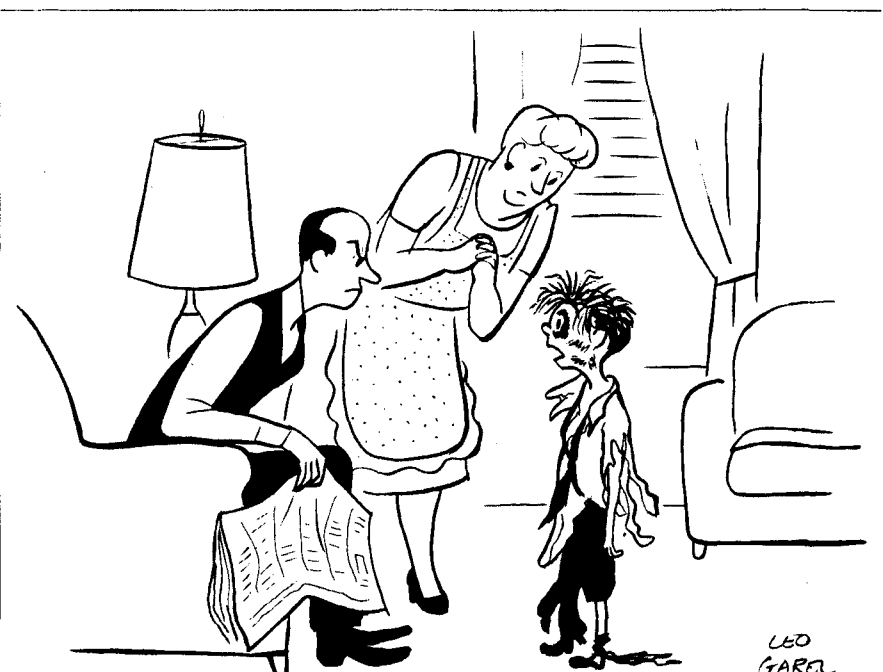
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The man with the light eyes said, "Here, Cary. Come here, sir."

The dog moved toward him, his tail straight but still. Ben watched him, his mind whirling with crazy, undefined thoughts. The dog was going to the man because he had been trained, because obedience was part of his nature. If Ben called him he would come back. If Ben said to run away, he would run away. If Ben said—

The man reached into the station wagon and brought out a collar with a leash attached. The dog stood still, head turned toward Ben, while it was buckled on. When the man was through he smoothed a bit of rumpled fur on the dog's flank. Ben stared at the man, hating him. This was the cruel tyrant from whom the dog had run away.

Then Ben realized sharply that the man wasn't really a cruel tyrant at all. The dog wasn't afraid of him. He hadn't been ill-treated. The man was just impersonal. The dog was property, valuable property, and you cared for him accordingly, as you cared for a house or a car. The man was like Uncle Fred—disinterested, remote.

What the man didn't know was the dog needed companionship and affection, just as a boy needed them. The dog had never known anyone except Ben who thought of him as a being instead of a property. But it was too late to call him now, because the collar was around his neck and they had lost each other forever.

Uncle Fred had his hand on Ben's shoulder. "Get in the car, Ben. Mr. Collision will drive us home. You can have a third of the reward for yourself. You can get that .22 you've been talking about and have a lot left over."

Ben looked at his uncle. The old power to dominate him, to destroy his resolution, was gone. He wasn't frightened of his uncle. He wasn't even angry. He was drained of all emotion. He said, "You can't keep me there. I'll get away no matter what you do."

His uncle dropped his hand to his side. "Look, Ben," he said slowly. "I know how you feel. But that dog—he's not our kind of dog. Ben. Maybe it would be all right if you got a pup from one of the neighbors. Jones' bitch had a litter a while ago. I wouldn't object to a pup."

"No," Ben said. "And you can't keep me there."

HIS uncle looked at him for a long time, and the eyes were dull and tired. He said, "I ran away once too, Ben. And I stayed away. It wasn't because of a dog, but maybe you didn't run away because of a dog either. I don't think you did. I think you were figuring to run away anyhow, and this dog just hurried things along. I've been remembering the way it was with me, but that was a long time ago and sometimes it's hard to remember clearly."

His uncle's voice faded, and he was silent for a long time. Then he said, "Get in the car, Ben," and now his voice was low and indistinct.

There wasn't much talk driving back. Once Mr. Collision said something, just for the sake of conversation, but Ben's uncle shut him off. He did it courteously enough, but at the same time he made it clear that he was busy thinking and not interested in idle chatter.

Once the dog made a low sound in his throat, but Ben didn't turn around to look at him. He just sat quietly in his seat, staring ahead through the windshield and seeing nothing. He thought that he'd never want a dog again after losing this one. He'd never really want anything again.

When the car stopped at the farmhouse Ben's uncle didn't move. He was looking at the dashboard, his face aloof and still. Finally he said, "Go in the house and wait for me, Ben. I want a word with Mr. Collision."

Ben obeyed as the dog had obeyed Collision—doing what he was told because it was instinctive. He sat in the living room and wondered what it would be like to run away without the dog for company. It would be very hard to go alone, but it would have to be done. And he would always love the dog, and he thought that the dog would always love him.

Then he heard the station wagon start and roar off. The door opened and his uncle came in, with the dog following.

"Here he is," his uncle said. "He's yours. I'm a damn' fool and he's yours. God knows what the bank'll think when they see that check."

The dog was licking Ben's hand. He was pressing against Ben's legs, his body firm and strong. And his stub of a tail was moving like a plucked string.

"It came out of the barn money," Ben said.

"The barn's waited a long time," Uncle Fred said. "I guess it can wait a little longer. The trouble is I know how to put myself into your mind. Maybe I'm too good at it. And so I was a damn' fool."

BEN was staring at his uncle's face. It was still an old, tired face, but there was a strange softness in it that hadn't been there before. Or maybe it had been there, and he just hadn't been able to see it. He didn't know—these were deep waters, and there were some questions you couldn't answer on the spur of the moment.

"Uncle Fred," he said. "I'll work harder than I ever did. I'll see that you get paid back. You'll never be sorry—"

His uncle laughed, and the sound was dry and harsh. "You'll work," he said. "You'll earn that fancy dog you've got. You'll earn him twice over. I've a mind to take it a good deal easier myself. Maybe if I do that I'll hang on until you're grown up, and then the place'll be yours. It'll be up to you to worry about it and not me. When that time comes maybe you'll have something besides a fancy dog on your mind and maybe you won't. All we can do is wait and see."

"Yes, sir," Ben said. But he hadn't really been listening. He'd been thinking that this could not possibly have happened, and yet it had happened. He was happier than he'd ever been in his life, but it was a thoughtful, controlled kind of happiness. And he knew that there were some strange, new things he would have to think about, all by himself.

"Now go to work," his uncle said. The harshness was still in his voice, but Ben thought now that it was only habit. He'd never understood it before. "Take your dog with you. He's all yours, and I only hope he comes up to expectations."

"He will, Uncle Fred. We'll get along fine." He and his uncle looked at each other for a long moment. Then his uncle turned quickly and went plodding up the stairs to his bedroom.

Ben left the house, but he didn't go to work at once. He ran across the field, the dog running with him, and down the path to the well house. But a very queer change had occurred. It looked exactly as it always had, but it wasn't the secret place any longer. It was just an old ruin of a building that should be torn down for the few sound boards that might be left in it. It was a useless eyesore.

He stepped inside and looked down into the well. He saw the old tin cans and odds and ends of metal that had been dumped into it. The surface of the water was dark and oily, and there was scum at the edges.

Something had happened to the secret place, something he couldn't understand clearly yet. But, as he and the dog left the well house and started across the field toward the barn, he thought that it didn't make any difference. He wasn't sad or sorry. He didn't need the well house any more, and the dog, trotting beside him, didn't need it either.

THE END

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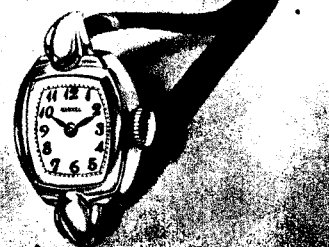
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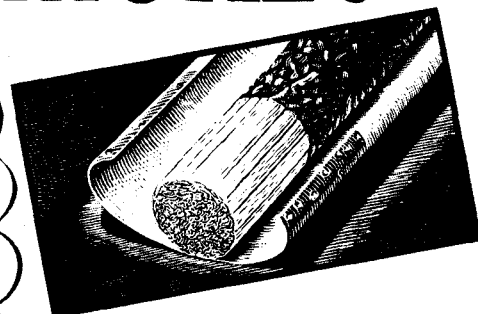


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FOOD FOR SPECULATION

Continued from page 27

the wheat pit, where he receives his orders for the day placed by customers in half a dozen states. "Buy 50 May wheat at market," says one, which to Carl means, "Buy 50,000 bushels of wheat for May delivery at the opening of the market."

The hands of the great Board of Trade clocks have moved to 9:25 and other linen-coated men are drifting toward the Board's four pits, where futures contracts are traded in wheat, corn, oats and lard. They swap the latest rumors as they go, appraising their effect on prices.

Carl takes his place on the top step of the wheat pit, facing other tense men who crowd the narrowing, descending rings. A hush falls over the pits as the clock ticks off the last ten seconds before the opening. Carl quickly plans his campaign for acquiring "50 wheat" at the lowest price. Then as the gong crashes he leaps upward, fist clenched, shouting, "I give 50 wheat, I give 50 wheat."

Frenzied Buying and Selling

Other shouts mingle with the crash of the gong and rise upward in one great roar as the men about Carl break up into wildly agitated knots. A livid broker shoves his palms outward into Carl's face, indicating he wants to sell. Carl's clenched fist, in pit language, had meant, "the nearest even price or \$3 a bushel." The deal is closed in a split second at the nod of Carl's head and he notes the buyer's name on a card.

For three and three-quarters hours the buying and selling swirl around Carl, the prices on the big blackboards bobbing up and down like corks. Half the men in the pit are brokers, like Carl, executing orders for customers. The other half are scalpers, speculators on the moment-to-moment swing of prices.

At 1:15, the gong crashes three times, ending the session. Carl sinks to a seat on the pit steps and watches the day-end horseplay at the cash grain tables where brokers and messengers are showering one another with sample corn. Once, thinks Carl, that corn would have fed the squadrons of pigeons that flocked to the open windows of the old Board of Trade. But feeding pigeons is now taboo along with many other things in this modern Board of Trade. They've even got iron pickets embedded in the window ledge to keep the birds away. And to Carl, whose commissions have fallen off from the old days—this is symbolic of the new, closely policed trading.

For all the clatter and bustle, the century-old wheat pit has passed into a sedate maturity that, to old hands, contrasts sadly with its brawling youth. In it, giant plungers once won meteoric riches and power, and just as often went down to disaster. In it, the great manipulators toyed with the nation's bread.

Vignette from the gone but not regretted past is the case of twenty-eight-year-old Joe Leiter. Joe was the son of Levi Z. Leiter, Chicago merchant who left 50 millions when he died. The old man would have left nine millions more if son Joe had not tried to corner the wheat market. To corner wheat is to control so much of it that buyers must come to you and get it at your price. It was once the ultimate in manipulation because it stopped free trading.

In 1897 Europe's crops were poor, and only America had surplus wheat for shipment abroad. No petty planner, young Joe Leiter shot for control of May-delivery wheat by cornering the American surplus. This done, Leiter happily proceeded to dictate the price of wheat, secure in the knowledge that the wheat, which could smash his corner, was locked in Minnesota ports behind the Great

Lakes ice. Not so happy were the bears who had to buy their May agreements at Leiter's prices.

One bear was P. D. Armour, founder of the packing fortune, and no mean plunger himself. Growling, he organized a great fleet of tugs, battered a lane through the ice to Duluth, flooded Chicago with wheat and broke the price. Leiter now held what is known as "the corpse of a corner"—16,000,000 unwanted bushels. Burial, at distress prices, cost Leiter's father \$9,000,000.

Only one man, Benjamin P. Hutchinson, an eccentric gray figure remembered as "Old Hutch," ever got completely away with a corner. He did it in September, 1888, and, sitting beside the pit in a chair which speculators dubbed the "throne," he ordered the helpless bears to "step up and pay the captain."

All subsequent attempts at corners, even before they were outlawed, failed. When prices rise too high, wheat can price itself out of the market. People will eat rye. Farmers will uncover hidden stores of wheat, and plant every available inch to get in on the high prices. Yet many speculators have tried for corners, and one of the biggest of all was the United States government, which tried to engineer it under President Hoover. Armed with a \$500,000,000 kitty, Hoover's Farm Board bought 50,000,000 bushels of wheat futures and vast contracts in cotton with the aim of dictating prices, i.e., supporting them for the farmer. Prices fell anyway, and the government's little flier in the futures markets cost an estimated \$500,000,000.

One man once held even more wheat futures than Hoover's Farm Board. Arthur W. Cutten is believed to have held 50,000,000 to 100,000,000 bushels and to have parlayed his speculative winnings into a \$100,000,000 fortune. He was one of the few men reputed to have outsmarted the wheat pit. P.S. He lost much of his fortune in the 1929 stock market.

Pit's Giants Closely Watched

When Leiter and Cutten and Jesse Livermore and similar giants bestrode the pit, great armies of little speculators tagged on to their coattails, buying on rumors that the great men had bought, selling on rumors they had sold. In the pit, brokers trained themselves to read lips 50 feet away so that they could discern whether Leiter or Armour or Livermore was telling lieutenants to buy or sell. Some in the pit even learned to follow the strokes of a pencil and decide whether the big speculator across the room was writing "buy" or "sell."

All this and the great speculators, too, were swept from the pit by government regulation. The Commodity Exchange Act of 1936 killed manipulation, for now no speculator can acquire more than 2,000,000 bushels of any one grain. And while this is a tall ceiling, it is obvious that corners and squeezes are impossible when the wheat crop usually ranges between 750,000,000 and a billion bushels. All large speculators must now report their holdings to the government every night, a process which tends to take the romance out of the business.

Besides, the government compelled the commodity exchanges to boost margins or deposits to 33 1/3 per cent last October. To speculate in wheat, for instance, it's now necessary to put up at least \$1,000, or \$1 per bushel for a minimum 1,000-bushel job lot. Speculation has thus become largely a rich man's game, and even among rich men there are few who can command the liquid cash to take on a million bushels of wheat. True, the government's lists indicated speculators who held more than 1,000,000 bush-

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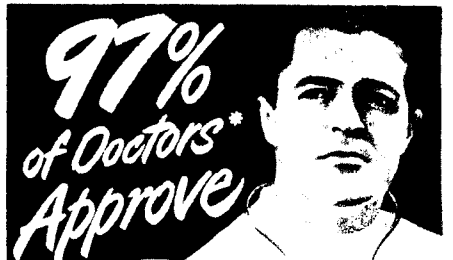
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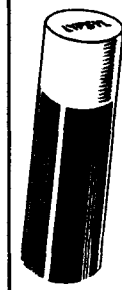


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5 Models To Choose From Pictured here is the Cushman SOLO model. SIDE-KAR, PACKAGE-KAR, STAKE-KAR, and SPORT models give you finest selection of Motor Scooters available.

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For 47 years Cushman has produced high quality small air-cooled and water-cooled engines. These engines are available to original equipment manufacturers and other users. Write for details.

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Collier's for March 20, 1948

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THE BRUSH WITH
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Sweeps
Cleaner, Faster!
Outlasts Ordinary
Brushes 3 to 1

Milwaukee Dustless Brush Co., Milwaukee 3

HOW THOUSANDS EASE PAIN OF SIMPLE PILES

● Here's a single soothing preparation to speed relief from miseries of simple piles. It's amazing Pazo*. Acts at once to relieve pain and itching—soothes inflamed tissues—helps prevent soreness—reduce swelling. The help you get is wonderful!

So, to speed relief from itching and pain of simple piles, get Pazo*. Your doctor can tell you about it. At all druggists' in tubes with perforated pile pipe for simple, thorough application—also tins and suppositories.

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PHONOGRAPH NEEDLES

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for beautiful reproduction of cherished
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GUARDIAN OF YOUR RECORDS

Putnam Needle Company, Springdale, Conn.

els of wheat. But these were acquired prior to last October 7th, when the margins were hiked.

Although speculation in wheat has become a blue-chip operation requiring sizable cash, the little people still plunge in it. From the marble-halled grandeur of the \$40,000,000 Board of Trade Building I walked around the corner to Chicago's "Open Board of Trade," where some 20 brokers and scalpers were crying their bids and offerings lustily in a pit of sorts that opens off Quincy Street.

Where the Small Fry Can Trade

No ticker tape flashes the prices quoted on the Open Board, and no newspaper pays any attention to it. It is, as William H. Rohn, its secretary, told me, a "place of last resort," a sort of poor man's board of trade, where the little fellow who can't support a regular brokerage account can dabble. A man could once walk off the street, hand an "Open Board" broker \$20 and stand beside him to watch his money grow or shrink. Now he needs at least \$1,000 for wheat and about \$850 for corn. Yet the room, the size of a small grocery store, was full.

In a chair near the pit, a blind man dozed, his wife shaking him occasionally to report a quotation. Toward the back of the room, three housewives in cloth coats and cotton print dresses jotted the

THE PERFECT REACTIONARY

**As I was sitting in my chair
I knew the bottom wasn't there,
Nor legs, nor back, but I just sat,
Ignoring little things like that.**

—Hughes Mearns

fluctuating prices in well-thumbed nickel notebooks.

A gray-faced elderly lady in a shabby cloth coat and shapeless black hat came in from the street. "She has \$2,500 in an account here, and had a big year last year. She made \$3,500," the Open Board's secretary told me.

I sat down beside a man whose black Homburg and chesterfield coat seemed curiously out of place. He was absorbed in a price chart on which occasionally he drew lines with a transparent plastic rule.

"This stuff"—he waved at the pit and the price quotations on the blackboard—"is all mathematical figures. No guesswork at all. The job is to catch the turn." The man in the Homburg had a system. "See this rule?" he said. "I invented it myself. You put down the price every 25 minutes, then watch your low points. The market moves in cycles, and the cycle number is 13."

I watched in amazement as this chart player sold for \$3.06 some wheat which he had bought that day for \$3.02. It gave him a 4-cent-per-bushel profit on 2,000 bushels, or \$80. "If Dow-Jones can figure out a system, why can't I?" he wanted to know. "It's all mathematical figures," he repeated comfortably as the price started to fall from the high point at which he had sold.

Back in the Board of Trade Building I talked to an old-line, large-scale professional speculator, E. T. Maynard, who was listed on September 17, 1947, as being long 1,650,000 bushels of May wheat futures. A trader for 30 years, Mr. Maynard told me he devoted all his energy and time to keeping abreast of crop developments, political trends and other factors that affect prices. He was no plunger but a taker of calculated risks, he said.

"Speculation is as different from gambling as night is from day," Mr. Maynard said. "The speculator assumes the

risk of the ownership of grain from the time the grain is harvested until it's consumed. The gambler, unlike the speculator, creates a risk.

"Why publish speculators' names?" he asked. "Why hold them up to public scorn? I wish they'd give us a clean bill of health or close us up."

The speculator's risk-taking permits merchants and manufacturers to hedge, and hedging requires trading in futures. Let's see how both work:

It's two weeks, say, before Thanksgiving, and the housewife orders a turkey to be delivered at an agreed price the day before Thanksgiving. The housewife, the buyer, has thus gone long one turkey. The butcher, seller, has gone short one turkey. The deposit the housewife puts down to assure she'll go through with the purchase is the margin. When the butcher calls his wholesaler and orders a turkey, he has gone long a turkey, and thus matched his short sale to the housewife. If, after all this, the housewife decides to eat in a restaurant and finds a neighbor to take her turkey order off her hands, she has sold her turkey futures contract.

In an actual futures transaction the buyer or seller doesn't really buy or sell anything. He agrees to buy. Nor does he take delivery. He closes out his agreement or contract before the delivery date comes around.

Clear? Now let's tackle hedging. Sam Smith, grain dealer, buys 50,000 bushels of wheat from farmers at \$2.50 a bushel and stores the \$125,000 worth of wheat in his grain elevator.

If the price of this wheat (cash wheat) fell before Sam Smith could sell his grain to millers, he'd lose his shirt. So he assumes the sort of a risk that will make him money if prices fall. He sells 50,000 bushels of wheat short in the futures market. Prices in cash and futures markets usually move up or down together. If, a month later, the price of wheat has dropped 50 cents a bushel, Sam hasn't lost a cent. True, his \$125,000 of wheat in his grain elevator is now worth only \$100,000. But when Sam buys in his \$125,000 futures contract at the lower wheat price he makes up the \$25,000.

Where does the speculator come in?

Hedging to Ward Off Disaster

When Sam Smith sold wheat short, somebody had to buy it, for in every futures transaction there is a buying side and a selling side. The speculator took the long, buying, side of Sam's short, selling, sale. The government lists were full of hedging traders like Sam Smith. As prices rise and the danger of price collapse mounts, an increasing number of merchants and manufacturers seek to protect themselves through hedging.

But again: How much speculation will there have to be to absorb the trading business of the merchants and manufacturers?

The government argues that the professional speculators provide all the trading necessary to match the trading of the commercial hedgers. When margins were hiked last October 7th, speculation fell off 45 per cent yet there have been no complaints from hedgers, government spokesmen told me.

"Nonsense," commodity exchange people say, "there can't be too much speculation. Every bit of speculation is needed to make an orderly, liquid market. In a limited market, the hedger could lose money when he places his hedges. One commodity exchange spokesman told me, 'We won't have free markets until every barber, every plumber can speculate in the markets if he wants to.'"

And there, in this election year, the matter rests.

THE END

"It's

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Sir"

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Philadelphia 1, Pa.

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on your next Twosome*

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WINS WITH
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OF PEPPERMINT
CANDY...

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YOU CAN'T
BEAT THAT
TASTE—GOT
A PACK
HANDY?

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GOT TO
KEEP FRESH TO
LEAD THE LEAGUE...
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WASHINGTON

★ ★ ★ ★ PARTY LINE ★ ★ ★ ★

THAT Olympian political silence John L. Lewis has affected, since his A.F. of L. cuffing and "disassociation," isn't wholly a deep-freeze sulk. The miner czar has been cogitating a new grandiose adventure. It's a combination labor organization and political party.

As founder and angel of the C.I.O., Lewis has had experience in conjuring up a new labor organization. Also, he has a potent nucleus to start with—his large, tightly knit and well-heeled (\$15,000,000 in the treasury) United Mine Workers, and the miscellany of left-wing C.I.O. unions chafing under Phil Murray's anti-party-line whipcracking. These left-wing elements comprise approximately one fourth of the C.I.O. membership.

Whether they would bolt and team up with Lewis depends on a number of things. But it wouldn't be the first time he and they have played footsie together, in spite of the fact that Lewis is no Commie.

He was their idol until Hitler marched into Russia. Currently, he is again their darling because of his hostility to the Marshall Plan and the anti-Red provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act.

If Lewis does launch his scheme, take a tight grip on your hat. The brawling will be wild and woolly.

A NEW ham-and-egg movement is firing up steam in California. It's called "The California Bill of Rights Association, Incorporated," and its bait is a \$100-a-month pension for everyone over sixty, free of cost.

GENERAL THOMAS HANDY, commander of the Fourth Army at San Antonio, has the lead in inner Army circles as General MacArthur's successor in Tokyo. Deputy Chief of Staff to General Marshall during the war, Handy has had no occupational experience. Also, he knows nothing about Japan. But the Army rates him as a good administrator—and he has four stars.

HENCHMEN of Boston's Mayor Jim Curley are muttering direful threats to get Representative Jack Kennedy. The young war hero and son of former Ambassador Joe Kennedy refused to sign a pardon petition when Curley was in jail. So the latter's stooges are putting out the word that there will be a Curley candidate in the Democratic primary against Kennedy. But he's not worrying too much. Young Kennedy won his seat as an outsider against both strong Democratic and Republican opposition, and has made an outstanding record as a hard-working and forthright Congressman.

THERE will be no steel strike this spring. U.S. Steel Corporation boss Benjamin Fairless, whose father was a miner, and C.I.O. President Phil Murray, a one-time miner, have talked things over privately and reached an understanding that will keep Murray's 900,000 United Steel workers wage-happy.

ARAB threats to embrace Russia, if Palestine partition is enforced, leave Senator Owen Brewster cold. This is the reason for the Maine Republican leader's skepticism: "When I was in Cairo, I had a long talk with Asam Pasha, who is the real brains of the Arab League. During the

first half hour he explained in great detail why Communism and the Moslem faith were incompatible. Then he spent another half hour explaining why the Arabs could go Communist if they didn't get their way. Apparently, it never occurred to him that he didn't make sense."

QUIP in the Senate cloakroom during the Marshall Plan debate: "From the way the Democrats are talking, Truman is going to run against Stalin like Roosevelt did against Adolf Hitler in 1940 and 1944."

AS a would-be hot-shot member of the Federal Reserve Board, ex-Commodore Jake Vardaman has got nowhere in a big way. When he snagged the choice plum, the socially ambitious Missourian, who skyrocketed from reserve officer to commodore via the White House aide route, let it be known that he was going to show 'em. The dinner tables and cocktail buffets rocked with Vardaman's boastful pronouncements.

He has done nothing. His colleagues treat him courteously, but with a big hunk of cold shoulder. Vardaman swings about as much weight on the Reserve Board as Texas' blatant Pappy O'Daniel does in the Senate. And that is zero-zero.

CERTAIN Texas utility interests are after Democratic House Leader Sam Rayburn's scalp, but getting it will be quite a chore. It's been tried before, always without success. The able, popular little Texan isn't as young as he used to be, but he is as scrappy as ever. Further, Sam will also be running for the Speakership. If the House goes Democratic again, he will get back his old job as Speaker—provided he is re-elected.

NOT all the proposed foreign relief spending is in the out-and-out bills for that purpose. There are hidden millions in the budgets of practically every government department. These buried costs are in the form of requests for additional personnel to handle the multitudinous administrative problems arising from the gigantic foreign aid program.

The total of these buried costs is impossible to ascertain. It's certainly not less than \$100,000,000; may run as high as \$250,000,000. Encouraged by the White House-controlled Budget Bureau, the departments were not modest in their requests. And the inside word is that all these requests were accepted by the Budget Bureau. Both their encouragement and approval are unprecedented.

VERMONT'S able, conscientious Senator Ralph Flanders is one member of Congress who knows what it means to "meet a pay roll." A successful businessman, he preaches the doctrine that the solution for high prices is for industry to keep its profits within bounds and for labor not to make excessive wage demands.

A friend to whom Flanders was expounding this view asked, "Who's your evangelist?"

"I am," said Flanders. "I'm my own John the Baptist."

"Well, you know, he was beheaded," the friend reminded him.

"Yes," replied Flanders, "but it didn't hurt long."

ROBERT S. ALLEN

Collier's for March 20, 1948

You cannot bring back
...last year's dead.



You cannot eat
...last year's bread.



You cannot give
...on last year's basis.

THE PIONEERS, at watch in the parched sands of the Negev, do not complain: "We had our fill of dust and danger last year." The weary hearts, still beating to reach Palestine, do not moan: "No use—we failed last year."

The United Nations decreed a Jewish State *this* year. Born out of the agony of those who need it, dedicated with the life-blood of those who build it.

All glory to the builders and fighters! So it must be when liberty is born... *But the givers, too, have their part.* We in America know this.

THERE WAS A DAY in 1776 when our young republic tottered. France voted 19 million francs to save the light of freedom in the new world.

There was a day in 1782 when our newly-born republic needed givers. Haym

Salomon, at prayer in his synagogue in Philadelphia, heard the summons. He could have answered, "No." He could have said: "Sorry, but I sacrificed a fortune to the cause of liberty last year." Haym Salomon re-entered the synagogue; he entered history, for with the aid of his fellow-worshippers the sum was raised—at once, *within the hour.*

THE ROLL-CALL of history is being answered proudly on every ambushed road, in every beleaguered village of Palestine. The roll-call now sounds for the Jews of America also. *The givers, too, have their part.*

In this historic moment, what will *you* do? ... So that the homeless can be fed and sheltered, so that the harried house can be held, so that the land of Israel can rise gloriously from the long wastes of suffering.

1948 Destiny Campaign—for \$250,000,000 minimum

WHAT MUST BE DONE IN 1948...

1. Supplementary aid for 250,000 displaced Jews in Germany, Austria, Italy and Cyprus.
2. Relief, rehabilitation, and reconstruction for one million Jews in Eastern and Western Europe.
3. Immigration and reception in Palestine of 75,000 homeless Jews, including 24,000 children.
4. Housing, retraining and settlement for the newcomers in Palestine.
5. Reception and adjustment of 25,000 refugees who will enter the United States in 1948.

UNITED JEWISH APPEAL

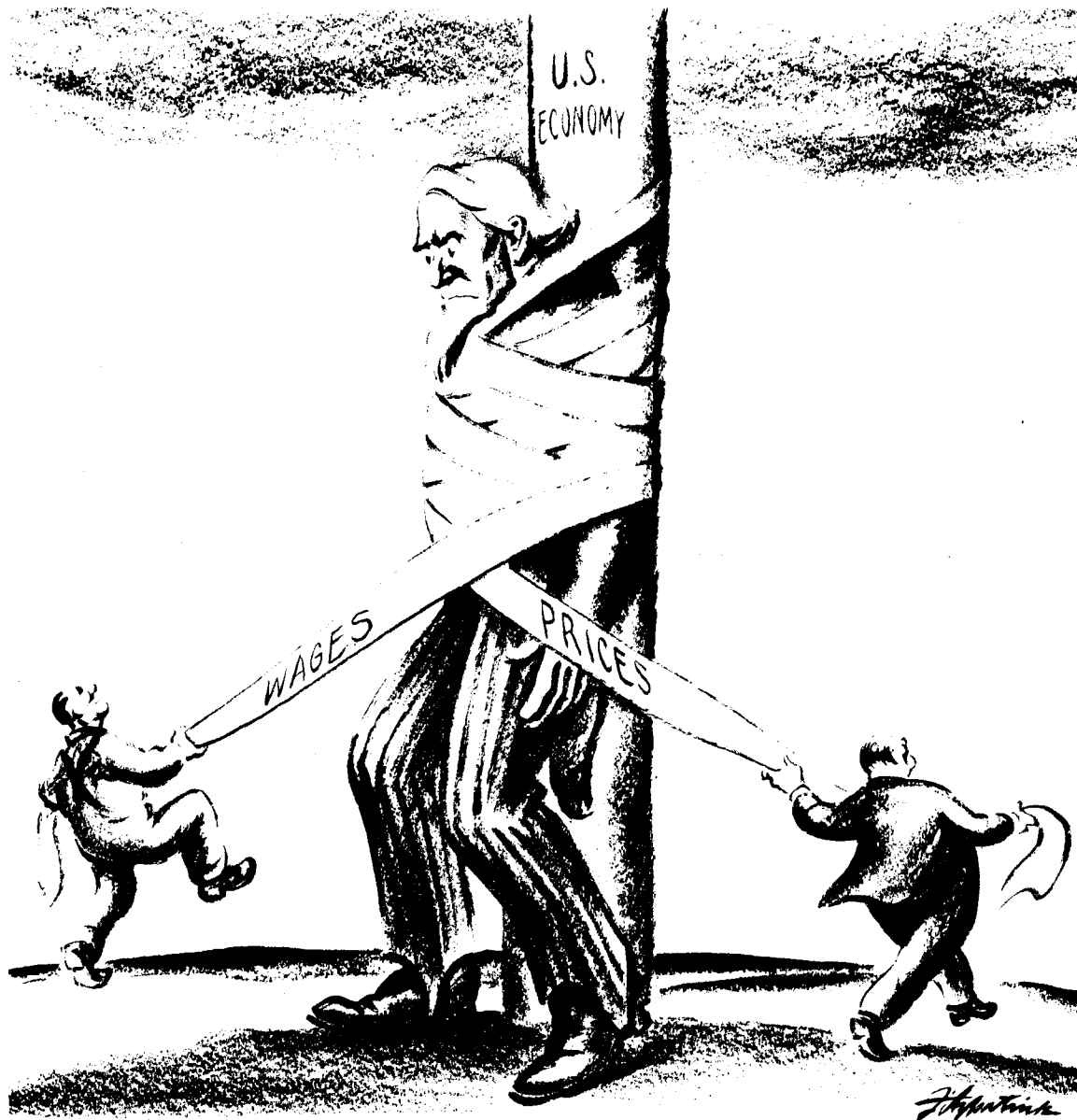
For the Relief, Rehabilitation and Resettlement Programs of

Joint Distribution Committee, United Palestine Appeal and United Service for New Americans

165 West 46th Street, New York 19, New York

Henry Morgenthau, Jr., General Chairman

Collier's believes...



...THAT WORK WILL STOP INFLATION

THE above caption is not a very cheery one, but it sums up a notion which is seeping slowly into the American consciousness these days. That notion is that it might be a sound idea to lengthen the prevailing 40-hour work week in proper cases by four or five hours, with or without higher pay rates for the overtime.

Bernard M. Baruch has been hammering on this thought for quite a while. A.F. of L. President William Green recently came out for it, though with qualifications concerning higher pay for the extra hours, plus a call for restoration of some rationing and price control.

We think the idea has merit, for two main reasons.

For one, there are various fancy and allegedly painless, perspirationless ways to attack inflation; but the hardpan method which gets the fastest results is to bring production of goods closer to the total amount of money bent on buying goods.

We now have about all the people in paying jobs

that can be attracted onto pay rolls from the U.S. labor pool—almost 60,000,000. Production can be stepped up materially only if a lot of those people take to doing more work. They can do that either by increasing their efforts during present working hours (something which wouldn't help much in mechanized jobs) or by working more hours per week.

For another reason, the Marshall Plan, which seems virtually certain to be adopted in some form, will add a big four-year export obligation to the domestic calls on U.S. production. If we don't adjust output to take care of that, we can count on continued and probably worse inflation.

There is nothing sacred about the 40-hour, five-day week, though there is plenty that is pleasant and desirable about it. It came in during the big depression, where there was a need to spread around insufficient work among a surplus of workers.

Now, we have a surplus of work to be done, and

insufficient workers to do it in short work weeks. Hadn't we better do something pretty drastic to meet this extremely drastic change in our whole economic and industrial situation?

... THE RED CROSS NEEDS YOU: The American Red Cross during March is putting on its annual drive for funds, and is asking for a total of \$75,000,000. We hope it does even better than that.

We're aware of assorted squawks, some from a few of the Red Cross' own chapters, that \$75,000,000 is a lot of money to ask in a peacetime year. However, 1947 was a disaster year in this country as well as elsewhere, what with the April tornadoes in Texas and Oklahoma; the frightful 500-death, 3,500-injury explosion and fire at Texas City that same month; the June floods in seven states; the Florida and Gulf Coast hurricane in September; the fierce New England forest fires in October.

Altogether, the Red Cross in 1947 allocated more than \$10,000,000 for disaster relief involving more than 300,000 persons, and a lot of rehabilitation work for many of these is still going on. These expenditures were in addition to the organization's regular activities.

We think it will be only sensible for Americans to meet the \$75,000,000 request and then some.

... IN A UNION OF WESTERN EUROPE: History whizzed around a highly important corner when Messrs. Clement Attlee and Ernest Bevin, for the British government, announced recently that Great Britain was quitting its old balance-of-power policy vis-à-vis the continent of Europe, and hoped to organize an economic "western union" of states this side of the Iron Curtain.

The change was as significant, and may conceivably have as far-reaching results, as the announcement of our Monroe Doctrine a century and a quarter ago.

What will happen if the British project succeeds in full will be that about 270,000,000 people in western Europe will get together in a huge customs union, with their tariff barriers largely knocked down. This economic union could move eventually into a political union, much like the United States of America. As for the military aspect, British leaders clearly will shed no tears if this "western union" produces a series of self-defense pacts designed to keep Russia from expanding any farther toward the Atlantic.

As we've remarked often before, we don't see how any American can wish the United States of Europe idea anything but well. The big wars have been starting in Europe for centuries, and the basic cause of them has been Europe's glittering galaxy of national hates and jealousies. We got into the latest two of these European conflicts, and shall almost inevitably get into the next, if there is a next.

Anything that will postpone or prevent that tragedy should have our devout support and endorsement, we believe; and a U.S.E. looks as if it could deliver the goods.

Oh, and by the way, congratulations on this point to Winston Churchill. The wartime British Prime Minister has been pushing the U.S.E. project for more than a year; wrote a powerful article on it for Collier's, among other things. Messrs. Attlee and Bevin merely recognized a good idea after a considerable while, and proceeded to pick it up and parade it as their baby. To repeat, we hope the U.S.E. may become a reality; but if it does, we also hope Mr. Churchill will get a large slice of the credit.



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think of Coca-Cola



For Coca-Cola makes any pause
the pause that refreshes
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